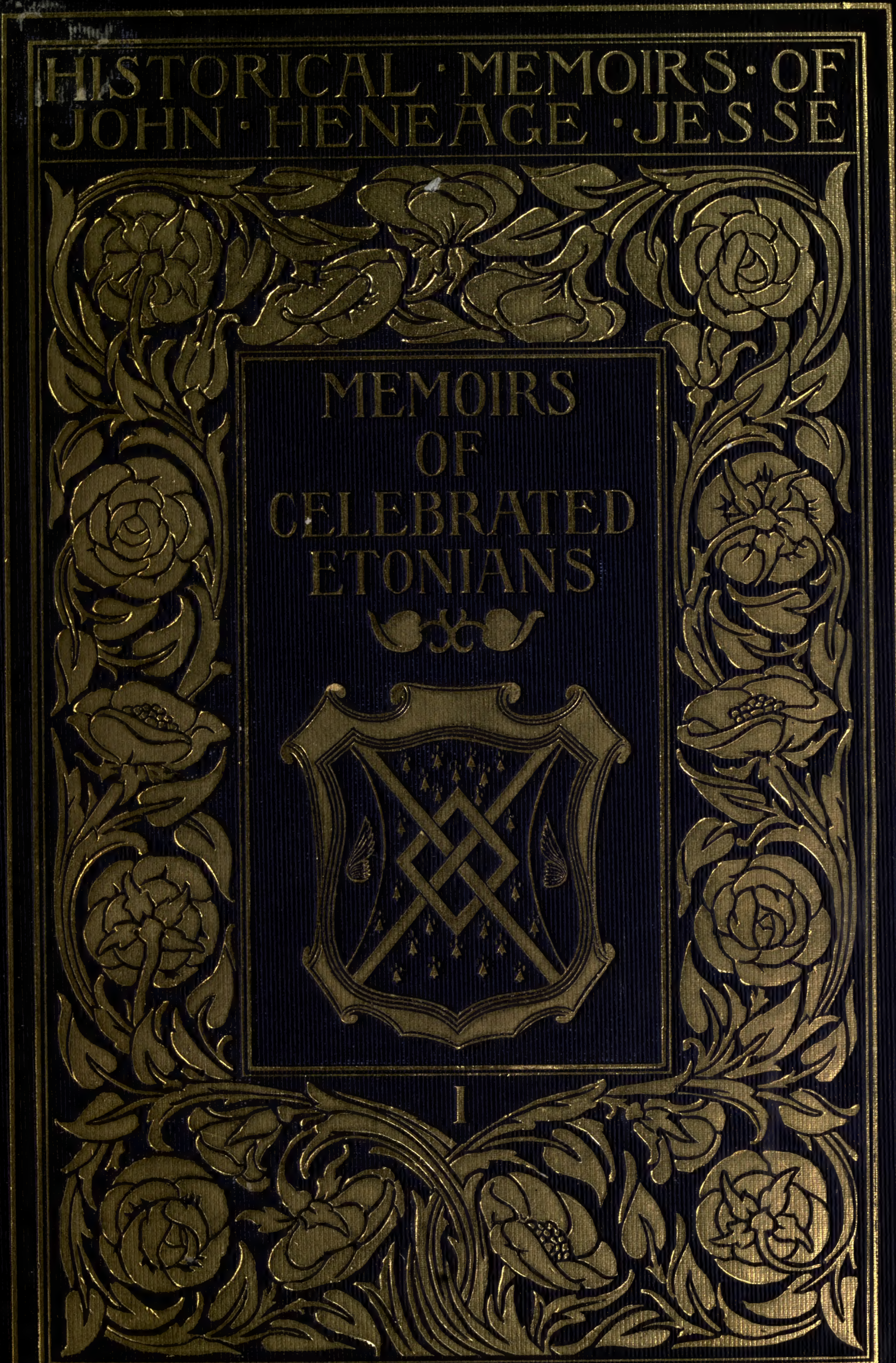

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CELEBRATED ETONIANS.

CHAPTER I.

NICHOLAS HARDINGE.

THIS eminent scholar and accomplished antiquary, poet, and lawyer, was the son of the Rev. Gabriel Hardinge, Vicar of Kingston in Surrey, *patris bene merentis*, as he is designated by his son. The subject of this memoir was born in 1700. Educated on the foundation at Eton, he was transferred thence to King's College, Cambridge, in 1718–19; took his degree as B. A. in 1722, and as M. A. in 1726. "At Eton and Cambridge," writes Nichols, "he had the fame of the most eminent scholar of his time; and had very singular powers in Latin verse, perhaps inferior to none since the Augustan age." His friends, indeed, are said to have given the preference to his Latin verses even over those of Doctor George, the celebrated Provost of King's College. According to his accomplished son, Judge Hardinge, "Vultu erat severo, et a venustate omni remoto, sed liberali et aperto, moribus cum integerrimis tum humanissimis, et mirâ inter suos caritate ornatis."

Prejudiced, it may be mentioned, as was the great critic, Richard Bentley, against some of the King's College men of his time, he made an exception in favour of Nicholas Hardinge. The King's men, he said, were all puppies, except Hardinge; and "Hardinge," he added, "is a King's man."

On quitting Cambridge, Mr. Hardinge devoted himself to the study of the law, and having in due time been called to the bar, was appointed attorney-general to William, Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden celebrity. In 1731 he was constituted chief clerk of the House of Commons, the duties of which office, owing to his assiduity, tact, and knowledge of precedents, he is said to have discharged with singular advantage to the public service. Horace Walpole, for instance, incidentally speaks of him in this capacity as having the history of England at the ends of his Parliamentary fingers. He was still, it may be mentioned, holding this appointment when, during the fierce Parliamentary debates which preceded the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole from power, that great minister, in applying to himself the well-known line in the epistles of Horace:

> "Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ," —

incorrectly made use of the word *nulli* instead of *nullâ*. The faulty grammar naturally offended the classical ear of the then leader of the opposition, the celebrated William Pulteney, afterward Earl of Bath, who had been a Westminster, as Walpole had been an Eton, scholar; and accordingly, in replying to Walpole's speech, he plainly told him that his logic was as bad as his Latin. The prime minister, however, not only warmly insisted on the correctness of his Latinity, but, with his customary disregard for Parliamentary formalities, offered to lay Pulteney a bet of a guinea, which the other accepted, that the word was *nulli.* Nicholas Hardinge was much too eminent a scholar, and much too near at hand, not to be sent for to decide the wager; and accordingly, his decision being adverse to Sir Robert, the minister drew a guinea from his pocket, which he tossed over to the opposition benches, where it was caught by Pulteney, who appears to have thoroughly enjoyed his triumph. Holding up the coin to the view of the House, "This," he said, "is the only money I have received from the treasury for many years, and it shall be the last." Among Pulteney's effects at his death was found this identical guinea, wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which were inscribed the playful circumstances under which it had come into his possession.

In February, 1747, Mr. Hardinge resigned his appointment as chief clerk of the House of Commons, on being elected member for Eye, and in 1752 was nominated joint secretary of the treasury. He continued to represent the borough of Eye in Parliament till 1754.

Of Mr. Hardinge's English poetical compositions, the two which were held in the highest esteem by his contemporaries appear to have been his "Dialogue in the Senate House at Cambridge," written in 1750, and the "Denhill-Iliad," or "Denhilliad," originating in the trifling circumstance of the hounds running through Lady Grey's garden at Denhill, in East Kent. They are severally to be found in a collection of his "Poems — Latin, Greek, and English," edited by his son, Judge Hardinge. His Latin poems are doubtless far superior to his English. Of these, the best known is probably his "Sapphic Ode," addressed to Sir Robert Walpole the year after the fall of the latter from power, Archdeacon Coxe having given it notoriety by transcribing it at length in his life of Sir Robert.

Mr. Hardinge would seem to have been highly favoured in his married life. In December, 1738, he married Jane, second daughter of Sir John Pratt, of Wilderness, Kent, and sister of the great lawyer, Lord Camden; a lady who combined with great strength of mind, and a deep sense of her religious duties, a singularly cheerful disposition and the liveliest conversational talents. After having borne him nine sons and three daughters, this "angel-mother," as her son the judge designates her, expired on the 17th of May, 1807, having survived her husband forty-nine years. Mr. Hardinge's own death took place on the 9th of April, 1758. His remains were interred in the vault of his family at Kingston.

Prefixed to Mr. Hardinge's "Poems," as well as in Nichols's 'Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century," will be found a portrait of him, engraved from the original picture by Ramsay. It should be mentioned that the late esteemed soldier and statesman, Henry, Viscount Hardinge, was the grandson of the scholar.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD WESTON.

Apparently no less beloved for his virtues by the wise and good than he was admired by them for his literary abilities, it cannot but be regretted that so little should be known of this accomplished Etonian. The son of Dr. Stephen Weston, Bishop of Exeter, he was born at Eton in the year 1701; was admitted to King's College in 1719, a year after the admission of his friend, Nicholas Hardinge; took his degree as B. A. in 1723, and as M. A. in 1727.

Adopting the state as his profession, Mr. Weston was at an early age appointed secretary to Charles, second Viscount Townshend, when secretary of state, and in that capacity was in attendance on George II. during his visit to Hanover in 1729. He subsequently served for some years as under-secretary of State, under the secretaryship of William, first Earl of Harrington, and, on the appointment of that nobleman to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was employed under him in that kingdom, of which he became a Privy Councillor.

As a man of letters and learning, the merit of Mr. Weston's literary productions would scarcely seem to bear out the considerable literary reputation which he enjoyed in his lifetime. The only printed works of which he would appear to have been the author are a pamphlet on the Jew Bill, published in 1755; "The Country Gentleman's Advice to his Son on his coming of Age;" "A Letter to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London, on the Earthquake at Lisbon;" and, lastly, "Family Discourses," republished after his death by his son, the Rev. Charles Weston, Rector of Therfield, in Hertfordshire, with an affectionate record of his father's virtues. Bishop Warburton, it may be observed, in referring to him in one of his letters as one of his literary antagonists, speaks but slightingly of him as "by inclination a Methodist, connected with Sherlock." "I am afraid," adds the bishop, "he will be a sharer in that silent contempt with which I treat my answerers."

The object of Mr. Weston's affections, to whom he was afterward married, was Miss Penelope Patrick, granddaughter of the learned and pious Dr. Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely, and niece of Mrs. Sherlock, wife of Dr. Thomas Sherlock, Bishop of London. Respecting this young lady, it is related that her lover, at least on one, if not on more than one, occasion of her having been a "toast" of the evening, drank her health in as many glasses of wine as there were letters in the word *Penelopea;*

this apparently being the name conferred upon her by his classical friends. The circumstance is introduced by Nicholas Hardinge into one of the happiest of his Latin odes:

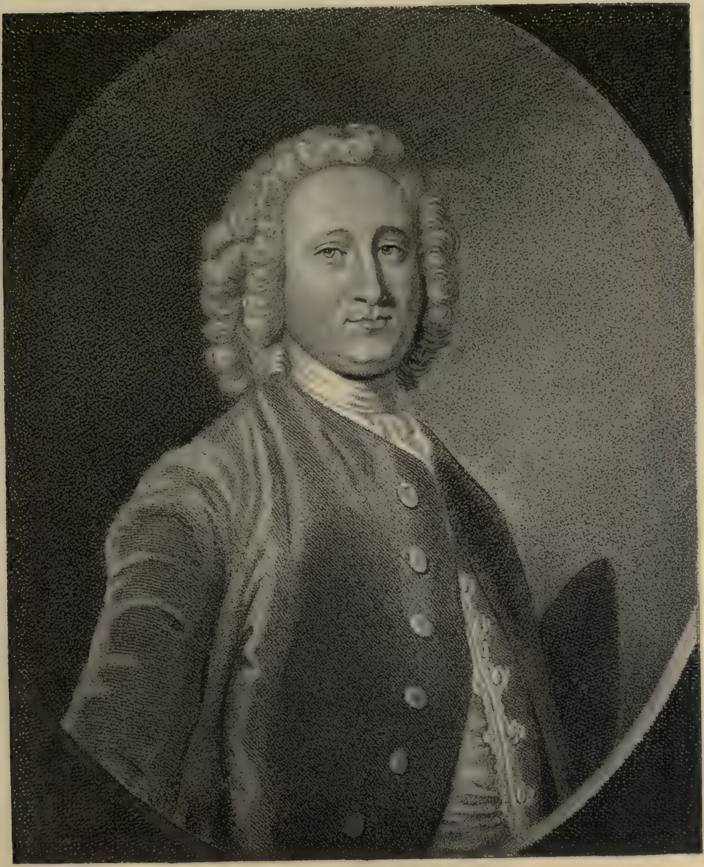
> "Ipse Westonus calices, relictis
> Imperî rebus, petet, ebriusque
> Ter bibet ternis facilem culullis
> *Penelopeam.*"

Mr. Weston's second wife was Miss Anne Fountaine, who was also a niece of Mrs. Sherlock. It may be mentioned that the long inscription on the tomb of Bishop Sherleck in Fulham churchyard has been supposed to be the composition of Mr. Weston.

Conjecture points to December, 1775, as the probable date of Mr. Weston's decease. At all events, at the close of 1776 he was no longer living.

Thomas Townshend.

Photo-etching from a rare engraving by E. Harding.



CHAPTER III.

THE HON. THOMAS TOWNSHEND.

THOMAS, second son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, and father of Thomas, first Viscount Sydney, was born on the 2d of June, 1701, and, after having quitted Eton, was educated at King's College, Cambridge. "To name this gentleman," writes Judge Hardinge of his father's friend, "is to add that he was the most amiable and respectable gentleman of his age; that a more highly cultivated understanding, more engaging manners, a higher sense of honour, and of public as well as private virtue, or a more benevolent heart, never blessed the world." To this panegyric it may be further added, that of the accomplished knot of scholars who were Mr. Townshend's contemporaries at Eton and King's College, he was acknowledged not to be the least elegant. The intimate friend of Nicholas Hardinge, it was to Mr. Townshend that the latter addressed the clever Latin ode from which we have quoted in the preceding memoir. Inviting his friend, soon after his marriage, to visit him at his chambers in the Temple, the ode commences:

"Si placens uxor sinit, et *Quadrillam*
Spernis, hybernos iterare ludos
Parce, nec mecum pudeat morantem
Frangere noctem.
Est mihi splendens focus," etc.

On quitting Cambridge, Mr. Townshend, like his schoolfellow Weston, chose the service of the state as his profession; at the same time, however, entering himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn. His first employment was in the office of his father, then secretary of state, whom he accompanied in his journeys to Hanover when in attendance on George I., and afterward on George II. His ability for business, not less than his literary attainments, would seem to have been at a very early age appreciated by his contemporaries. At the age of twenty-one he was returned to Parliament as member for Winchelsea, and in the general election which followed was elected, conjointly with the Hon. Edward Finch, a member for the University of Cambridge, in which seat of learning, in conjunction with his colleague, he instituted prizes for the senior and middle bachelors. He was at the same time elected member for Hastings, but preferring to sit for the scene of his education and early friendships, he continued to represent the university during as many as six successive Parliaments; retiring from its representation only when the advance of years warned him of the wisdom of well-timed retreat.

Intimate with, and appreciated by, Sir Robert Walpole, by Henry Pelham, and by other leading statesmen of his day, Mr. Townshend, it is said, but for his diffidence and the amiable sensibility of his nature, might have been selected to fill high office in the state. As it was, the only appointment which he seems to have held, besides his employment in his father's (Lord Townshend's) office, was that of a tellership of the exchequer, to which post he succeeded in the year 1727. In 1739, indeed, he had accepted the situation as chief secretary to William, Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when the death of a beloved and amiable wife not only so completely prostrated him as to compel him to forego the appointment, but incapacitated him for business during several subsequent years. This lady, it should be mentioned, was Mary, daughter of Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, in Gloucestershire, and sister of the celebrated wit, George Selwyn. Not less amiable a person, whose loss, some years afterward, Mr. Townshend had also to deplore, was his third and gallant son, Henry, a lieutenant-colonel in the First Regiment of foot guards, who, apparently not less beloved by the army than he had formerly been beloved as a schoolboy at Eton, was killed, in 1762, at the battle of Wilhelmstadt, in Germany.

Nevertheless, Mr. Townshend's old age was happily a contented and cheerful one. "His society, of which he formed the delight and happiness, was," we are told, "composed in general of his particular friends and his family. In their company he enjoyed and exhibited his great and amiable talents till within a very few weeks of his death, which happened just upon the close of his seventy-ninth year, in 1780.

CHAPTER IV.

THOMAS MORELL, D. D., F. S. A.

THIS learned writer and lexicographer was born at Eton on the 18th of March, 1703, and at the age of twelve was entered on the foundation of its famous school. His acquaintance, William Cole, the antiquary, though his junior at Eton by some years, well remembered the time when Morell's mother and sister kept a "dame's," or boarding-house within the precincts of the college. On the 3d of August, 1722, he was elected to King's College; in 1726 he took his degree as B. A., in 1730 as M. A., and in 1743 became D. D. The first church employment which he enjoyed is said to have been as curate of Kew, on which duty he entered on Lady Day, 1731. He was also for some time curate of Twickenham, at a period when Pope was residing there, and when

> "Twickenham, where frolic Wharton revelled,"

had become the most classic village in England. At length, in 1737, on the presentation of King's College, Cambridge, he was instituted to the rectory of Buckland, the only church living which he ever enjoyed.

In 1738 Doctor Morell married Anne, daughter of Henry Barker, Esq., of Chiswick; an event principally of importance as having been the occasion of introducing him to the great painter, Hogarth, by whom he was subsequently consulted in regard to his "Analysis of Beauty," and whom he assisted in its composition. Another illustrious person to whom he afforded literary assistance in his art was Handel, for whose oratorios he adapted the words. Mason, in a letter to Walpole, incidentally, and somewhat contemptuously, speaks of him as "Handel's poet, Doctor Morell."

Doctor Morell, besides having been one of the earliest writers in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, and the author of several occasional sermons, poems, etc., republished, in 1748, King's edition of four of the tragedies of Euripides, 2 vols. 8vo, the same being followed by an edition of the "Prometheus Vinctus" of Æschylus, 4to; a "Lexicon of Greek Prosody," 4to; an "Abridgment of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary;" a translation of the "Epistles of Seneca," with notes, 2 vols. 4to, and a modernised edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in which he assisted. He also left notes on Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," which had been prepared, it is said, at the instance of Queen Caroline, consort of George II. "As long," writes Nichols, "as learning is cultivated amongst us, the value of his labours will be known, and the public neglect of him while he lived will be lamented."

Unhappily, the long life of this eminent scholar was chequered by the depressing consequences of improvidence and debt. Not that he seems to have been the slave of any particular extravagance or vice, but that his want of knowledge of the world, and constant devotion to study, sadly interfered with his proper management of his worldly affairs; while his cheerful, convivial disposition, his taste for the drama, and passion for music and for musical society, though certainly not necessarily involving laxity of morals or conduct, were calculated to prejudice him as a clergyman in the good opinion of those persons in whose hands the dispensation of ecclesiastical preferment was vested. From whatever causes, however, Doctor Morell may have been exposed to the importunities of the dun and to the intrusions of the bailiff, the picture which the story of his life presents, of neglected talent battling with penury, is none the less painful to contemplate. Sad and humiliating, indeed, is the reflection that, toward the decline of his laborious existence, the only patron from whose influence he had to hope for advancement in his sacred profession was a fashionable dancing-master and violinist.

> "There mark what ills the scholar's life assail —
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."
>
> — *Doctor Johnson.*

This person was the once celebrated Desnoyers, an especial favourite of the then heir to the throne, Frederick, Prince of Wales. The hopes, however, thus raised by Desnoyers's friendship were destined to be frustrated; first of all by the death of Prince Frederick, who died in March, 1751, and, not long afterward, by the death of Desnoyers himself. The prince, it may be casually mentioned, expired in Desnoyers's arms; nor may it be impertinent further to point out that the court dancing-master and the scholar have been severally immortalised by the pencil of Hogarth, the former as dancing in a grand ballet (Fig. 20, Plate 1, in the "Analysis of Beauty"), and the scholar as a cynic philosopher. The latter likeness is said to be admirable.

The now veteran scholar had, in his more hopeful days, repudiated the notion of publishing his works by subscription; but necessity, as he subsequently discovered, has but little choice. To Boswell, for instance, David Garrick writes, on September the 14th, 1773: "Shall I recommend to you a play of Æschylus (the 'Prometheus'), published and translated by poor old Morell, who is a good scholar, and an acquaintance of mine? It will be but half a guinea, and your name shall be put in the list I am making for him. You will be in very good company." At all events, the old man would seem to have borne his distresses with equanimity. "Old as I am," he writes, in preparing his "Seneca's Epistles" for publication, "I never knew an injury that was not easily forgiven, nor a distress but what was tolerable, and, as the world goes, rather required a contemptuous smile than a tear."

At length, though not, apparently, till he was in his seventy-third year, fortune cast a gleam or two of sunshine across the scholar's path. In 1775 he was appointed chaplain to the garrison at Portsmouth; the Society of Antiquaries about the same time creating a new office for him as one of its secretaries. His death took place on the 19th of February, 1784, when he had nearly completed the eighty-first year of his age. His body was interred at Chiswick, thus giving additional interest to ground which already contained the remains of Hogarth.

CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM BATTIE, M. D.

THE character of this distinguished scholar, physician, and humourist, is sketched in a few words by Judge Hardinge in his Latin fragment of the life of his father: "Battius, faber fortunæ suæ, vir egregiæ fortitudinis et perseverantiæ, medicus perspicax, doctus et sapiens, in scientiis liberalibus diligens et eruditus, integritatis castissimæ, fideique in amicitiis perspectæ." William Battie, the son of parents who seem to have been of good birth, though of small fortune, was born at Medbury, in Devonshire, in 1704. He was educated on the foundation at Eton, where he is said to have manifested much industry and desire for advancement. His father, the Rev. Edward Battie, had formerly been an assistant master at Eton, but died rector of Medbury, on the 6th of September, 1714, leaving his child only ten years old. After his death, his widow, loath to be separated from her promising son, fixed her residence at Eton, where, in due time, we not only find her rendering herself conspicuous by declaring war against Mrs. Morell, the mother of her son's equally clever form-fellow, but having the hardihood to beard to his face the formidable head master and eminent polemical divine, Doctor Snape. Believing that, owing to the latter having "delayed a remove" for a few days till the recovery of young Morell from an illness, he had deprived her son of the chance of passing over his schoolfellow's head, she boldly taxed the doctor, if not with injustice, at least with favouritism. In the meantime, the two young men, following the example set them by their mothers, had contracted a feud of their own. It should be mentioned that the late head master, Doctor Bland, had recently introduced amongst the scholars a system of argumentative controversy, which, with whatever advantages to learning it may have been fraught, was obviously not without a tendency to engender jealousy, if not quarrels, between the rival disputants. In the instance of Battie and Morell, not only was this the case, but it appears that one day, although they were both old enough to have reached the sixth form, they came to blows. After a fair set-to, writes Morell, "I knocked his head against the chapel, and this put an end to the affair for the present." So indignant, it may be remarked, was Mrs. Battie at the turn affairs had taken, that, two or three days afterward, happening to encounter young Morell as he was going into chapel, she gave him, to use his own words, a "swingeing slap in the face."

In 1722 young Battie was transferred to King's College, where Morell had preceded him, and whither he was either accompanied or followed by his devoted mother. Doubtless, when, three or four years afterward, her son carried off the Craven Scholarship from half a dozen accomplished competitors, it was no slight satisfaction to her that the son of her old foe, Mrs. Morell, was among the discomfited candidates. The proceeds of this scholarship, combined with those of his fellowship at King's, not only afforded Battie the means of living comfortably at the university, but were indirectly the occasion of his acquiring an influence which, in after years, enabled him to found at Cambridge a scholarship of his own, still well known as the "Battie Scholarship." In 1726 he took his degree as B. A., and in 1730 as M. A. In 1729 he increased his reputation for scholarship by publishing at Cambridge his edition of the "Orations of Isocrates," the only one, perhaps, of his literary productions by which he is at present remembered.

The profession which Doctor Battie, had he followed his own predilections, would have adopted, was the law. His pecuniary means, however, not being sufficient to enable him to reside in one of the Inns of Court, he turned his attention to medicine, and in due time set up as a medical practitioner at Cambridge. Here, if we may judge from the early period at which Horace Walpole mentions his having attended "Doctor Battie's anatomical lectures," it may be assumed, we think, that his credit for surgical knowledge had fairly kept pace with his reputation for classical erudition.

But whatever may have been Doctor Battie's professional success among his friends at Cambridge, we find him, on a favourable opportunity offering itself at Uxbridge for the services of a physician, shifting his residence to that place. Here, shortly after his arrival, his importance was probably not a little enhanced in the eyes of his country neighbours by the venerable Provost of Eton, Doctor Godolphin, on a good-natured pretext of desiring to consult him professionally, sending his coach and four horses to carry him to the provost's lodge. The provost's only complaint, however, appears to have been the weight of ninety summers, and, accordingly, when the new practitioner took up a pen to write him a prescription, the old man at once interrupted his purpose. "You need not trouble yourself to write," he said; "I only sent for you to give you credit in the neighbourhood." In 1738, or 1739, Doctor Battie married a young lady to whom he had been for some time attached, a daughter of Barnham Goode, under master of Eton School, immortalised by Pope as —

"Lo! sneering Goode, half malice and half whim;
A friend in glee, ridiculously grim."[1]

---

[1] Goode, it seems, had provoked Pope's ire by writing a satire on him, entitled "The Mock Æsop."

At Uxbridge, Doctor Battie contrived by hard work and economy to save the sum of £500, a proof of frugality so gratifying to two old bachelor cousins of his, rich retired London citizens of the name of Coleman, that they not only received him into the favour which they seem to have hitherto been slow in extending to him, but eventually bequeathed to him the considerable sum of £30,000.

From Uxbridge, Doctor Battie's next removal was to London, where in due time we find him established as superintendent of a private lunatic asylum near Islington, besides being appointed physician to St. Luke's Hospital, which latter position he continued to fill till his resignation of it in 1764. In relating, however, the story of his advancing fortunes, we must not ignore certain entertaining eccentricities which marked his character; such, for instance, as his devoting himself at one time to the study of classical or theological literature, or to the preparation of a Lumleian Lecture, to be delivered before the College of Physicians, and immediately afterward imitating the buffooneries of a penny showman. Yet these violations of dignity seem in no degree to have interfered with his steady rise to high reputation and affluence; not even though the happiest examples of his tomfoolery would appear to have aimed at no higher excellence than to render whimsical imitations of Punch. "By successfully mimicking this character," writes Nichols, in 1782, "Doctor Battie is said to have once saved a young patient's life. He was sent for to a gentleman now alive, but then only fourteen or fifteen, who was in extreme misery from a swelling in his throat. When the doctor understood what the complaint was, he opened the curtains, turned his wig, and acted Punch with so much humour and success, that the lad, thrown almost into convulsions from laughing, was so agitated as to occasion the tumour to break, and a complete cure was the instantaneous consequence." Curiously enough, the doctor's successful imitation of this famous puppet would seem on another occasion to have proved almost as effectual in preserving his own life. He had purchased, it should be mentioned, a small estate, called Court Garden, near Marlowe, on the Thames; he not only took a warm interest in, but risked between one and two thousand pounds, in a speculation for causing the barges to be drawn up the river by horses instead of by men. This scheme, whatever may have been its merits or demerits, rendered him, it seems, so unpopular with the bargemen, that, having one day waylaid the doctor, they were about to throw him over Marlowe Bridge, when he so enchanted them by suddenly striking up his merry imitation of Punch, that they took their hands off him and let him depart:

> "So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

From this time, however, whenever he happened to be at Marlowe, the doctor is said to have carried pistols. Another of the eccentricities in which he indulged during his sojournings in the country, was his dressing like, and aiming to be taken for, one of his own day-labourers; but still, as we have just pointed out, his most notable vagary was evidently his mimicry of Punch, — a vagary thus alluded to in a contemporary satirical attack on him entitled, "The Battiad:"

> "See him, with aspect grave and gentle tread,
> By slow degrees approach the sickly bed;
> Then at his club behold him altered soon;
> The solemn doctor turns a low buffoon:
> For he who lately, in a learned freak,
> Poached every lexicon and published Greek,
> Still madly emulous of vulgar praise,
> From Punch's forehead wrings the dirty bays."

In 1776 Doctor Battie, who, with all his eccentricities, figures as a person of true rectitude and benevolence, was seized with a paralytic stroke, of which, on the 13th of June in that year, he died in apparently his seventy-third year. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Lady Ossory, incidentally mentions that he had died worth £100,000. On the night on which he expired, he addressed a few solemn words to a youth who had been entrusted with the charge of attending by his bedside. "Young man," he said, "you have heard, no doubt, how great are the terrors of death. This night will probably afford you some experience; but may you learn, and may you profit by the example, that a conscientious endeavour to perform his duty through life will ever close a Christian's eyes with comfort and tranquillity!" Shortly afterward he gently breathed his last. By his own direction, he was buried at Kingston, in Surrey, as near as possible to his wife, without any monument or memorial to mark his resting-place.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. THOMAS BROUGHTON.

Thomas Broughton, an author of no mean reputation in his day, was born in London on the 5th of July, 1704, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, of which parish his father was minister. Of his youth we know at least so much, that he was entered at an early age on the foundation at Eton: that he prematurely distinguished himself by his abilities and love of study; and that before he was eighteen he had composed two tragedies, which, however, remained in an unfinished state at the time of his decease. Having been superannuated from Eton from the want of a vacancy for him at King's College, he entered himself, about the year 1722, at Caius College, Cambridge, where, besides going through the usual academical course of instruction, he devoted himself to the study of modern languages. In 1727, having previously taken the degree of B. A., he was admitted to deacon's orders, and the following year was ordained priest and took the degree of M. A. His first exercise of his duties in his new calling was as curate of Offley, in Hertfordshire.

Mr. Broughton's earliest patron was the celebrated minister, John, fourth Duke of Bedford, whose chaplain he became, and by whom, in 1739, he was instituted to the rectory of Stibbington, in the county of Huntingdon. His next preferment, for which he was selected a short time afterward, was to the readership to the Temple, an appointment which, from its requiring him to make London his constant residence, was the means of his forming the acquaintance and gaining the esteem of most of the men of high intellect of his day. Among these was Handel, to whom a passion for ancient music, common to both, seems to have introduced him, and for many of whose musical compositions, like his schoolfellow, Morell, he supplied the words. As reader to the Temple he also acquired the friendship of Doctor Sherlock, Bishop of London, by whom his talents and sterling virtues were so entirely appreciated that, in 1734, he presented him with the valuable vicarage of Bedminster, near Bristol, together with the annexed chapels of St. Mary Redcliff, St. Thomas, and Abbot's Leigh. By the bishop also he was subsequently collated to the prebend of Bedminster and Redcliff in the cathedral of Salisbury.

The first-named of these preferments rendered necessary a change of abode from London to Bristol; and accordingly it was thus that at Bristol Mr. Broughton passed the next and closing thirty years of his existence. During this period, his private life, distinguished by many virtues, presents, as might be expected, but a mere uniform, though far from uninstructive, picture of a liberal, mild, cheerful, and zealous Christian, devoting himself to the interests and happiness of his wife and children, and deriving further enjoyment from the society of his books. His wife, by whom he was the father of seven children, six of whom survived him, was the daughter of a Mr. Thomas Harris, of Bristol.

Mr. Broughton was the author of numerous publications, lay as well as religious, which may be found enumerated in the "Biographia Britannica," as well as in Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica." Of these, the Lives (marked T.) which were written by him for the "Biographia Britannica" are probably those alone which are consulted in our time. He left behind him, however, at his death, some fugitive poetical pieces, which are said to have possessed no inconsiderable merit, and was also the author of a musical drama, called "Hercules," which was set to music by Handel, and performed at the Haymarket Theatre about the year 1745.

It may be mentioned that it was during the time that Mr. Broughton was vicar of St. Mary Redcliff, that Chatterton, the poet, produced his famous literary forgeries, which he pretended to have discovered in an ancient chest in St. Mary's Church.

Mr. Broughton died on the 21st of December, 1774, in his seventy-first year, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Redcliff.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REV. JOHN CHAPMAN, D. D., ARCHDEACON OF SUDBURY.

In chronicling the several erudite scholars who were fellow denizens of "Long Chamber" during the first half-decade of the eighteenth century, we must not omit to mention the once eminent controversialist divine, John Chapman. Son of the Rev. William Chapman, rector of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, he was born at that place in 1704, the same year in which his schoolfellows, Battie and Broughton, also first saw the light. In 1723 he was transferred to King's College, whither he was followed the same year by two other gifted schoolfellows, John Ewer, afterward successively Bishop of Llandaff and Bangor, and by John Sumner, afterward twenty-seventh Provost of King's. In 1727 he took his degree as B. A., and in 1731 as M. A. Subsequently, as a tutor of King's, he seems to have met with distinguished success; at least, if we may judge from the fact of the great Lord Camden, Horace Walpole, Jacob Bryant, Sir William Draper, and the eminent physician, scholar, and critic, Sir George Baker, having been among his pupils. When, some years afterward, he became a candidate for the provostship of King's College, it seems to have afforded no indifferent evidence of his popularity and merits, that it was only after a severe contest that he was defeated, notwithstanding his rival competitor was no other than the famous scholar, Doctor George.

The powerful friend to whom Mr. Chapman was mainly, if not entirely, indebted for his promotion in the Church was Doctor Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom he was not only appointed to be his domestic chaplain, but was presented to the rectories of Mersham, in Kent, and of Alderton, with the chapel of Smeeth. In 1741 he was instituted Archdeacon of Sudbury, about which time also the University of Oxford, in acknowledgement of his literary labours in the cause of religion, conferred on him a diploma of D. D. Another Church preferment which he held, though only for a short time, was that of Precentor of Lincoln, to which, as executor to Archbishop Potter, he had considered he was entitled to present himself. A decision, however, of the House of Lords, after a hearing which lasted three days, deprived him of the preferment.

The literary work by which Doctor Chapman seems to have been best known to his contemporaries was his "Eusebius," published in two volumes octavo, in which he attacked the deistical principles of Morgan and Tindal. In addition to this, and to other publications enumerated in Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica," he wrote against Anthony Collins, on the Prophecies of Daniel, and against Dr. Conyers Middleton in defence of Doctor Waterland, besides entering into a controversy with Doctor Sykes on the subject of the celebrated eclipse recorded by Phlegon. Notwithstanding, however, Doctor Chapman's acknowledged talents and learning, the circulation of his works would seem to have been less extensive than either their merits deserved or than their author perhaps had anticipated. "I remember," writes his old pupil, Horace Walpole, "a story of poor Doctor Chapman, one of Doctor Middleton's antagonists, but I have so entirely forgotten his works that I shall tell it very tamely. He went to his bookseller, and asked how his last work had sold. 'Very indifferently indeed, sir.' 'Ah! why, how many copies are gone off?' 'Only five, sir!' 'Alack! and how many of my "Eusebius" (I think it was) have you left?' 'Two hundred, sir!' 'Indeed! well, but my book on (I don't know what), how many have you of them?' 'Oh! the whole impression, sir!' 'Good now! good now! that is much. Well, Mr. ——, I cannot help it; I do my duty, and satisfy my conscience.'"

Doctor Chapman died at Mersham on the 14th of October, 1784, in the eightieth year of his age.

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. JOHN SUMNER, HEAD MASTER OF ETON, AND PROVOST OF KING'S COLLEGE.

Ably and zealously as Doctor Sumner may very possibly have discharged the arduous duties of head master of Eton School, we miss in the story of his career those incidents of interest and those talents of a high order which would otherwise have ensured him a more prominent place in our gallery of Eton worthies. He was born at Windsor about the year 1704. In 1723 he was elected from the foundation at Eton, to King's College, Cambridge, and, having obtained his fellowship at that college, returned to Eton as an assistant master. In 1734 he became lower master, and in January, 1745, on the resignation of Dr. William Cooke, was elected to succeed him in the head-mastership, which he filled till 1754. In the meantime, in 1750, he had been appointed a canon of Windsor; the same year he was presented by Lord Edgecombe to the rectory of Berwickin-Elmet, Yorkshire, and in 1753 to the living of Castleford, in the same county. On the 18th of October, 1756, he was elected Provost of King's College, and in 1772, about the age of sixty-eight, he died.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY FOX, LORD HOLLAND.

WHEN, on the memorable 30th of January, 1649, Charles I. stepped through the broken wall of his own beautiful banqueting-room at Whitehall upon the fatal scaffold, there is said to have been in attendance upon him, besides two of his gentlemen of the bedchamber, Harrington and Herbert, a young page in waiting, whose name, as Sir Stephen Fox, subsequently became a familiar and an honoured one during the reigns of four successive monarchs. Three years after the tragical fate of his royal master, we find the young man attaching himself to the almost ruinous fortunes of his exiled sovereign, Charles II., at whose small court in the Low Countries he faithfully and ably filled the unremunerative post of cofferer of the household. He returned with Charles to England at his restoration, and, after having there filled with great credit a succession of honourable and lucrative public employments, married in 1703, at the mature age of seventy-six, a second wife, by whom he became the father of two sons, Stephen, subsequently created Earl of Ilchester, and Henry, afterward Lord Holland, the subject of the present memoir.

Henry Fox, the future political rival of the illustrious Chatham, was born in 1705, and had probably already become an Eton scholar when, at the age of eleven, he lost his venerable father, who died on the 28th of October, 1716, in his eighty-ninth year. His nature was quick and ardent, and accordingly, when thus left unfettered by paternal advice or control, our surprise is the less at finding that the first two or three years which he passed after his removal from Eton were given up by him to the pursuit of dissipation and wild frolic; most of that time having been passed by him on the Continent, and most of his patrimony during that period having been squandered at the gaming-table. Happily, however, libertine as he was, the desire of knowledge, a taste for the classical writings of antiquity, and a love of the fine arts, went far to preserve him from entire demoralisation. Moreover, such was the versatility of his genius, that the pursuit of politics, to which it inclined him, came no less easy to him than the pursuit of pleasure; and accordingly it was not surprising that he should have turned his attention betimes to the House of Commons, as alike offering him a rare opportunity of gratifying an ambition of no ordinary intensity, and of repairing his embarrassed fortunes. Happily, too, for his political prospects, the admiration and affection which he ever expressed for Sir Robert Walpole were reciprocated by that great minister. Thus, then, matters stood with him when, in March, 1735, he was returned to Parliament as member for Hendon, in Wiltshire, two years after which he was indebted to Sir Robert for the appointment of surveyor-general of the Board of Works. On the 25th of June, 1741, he took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Windsor, for which borough he continued to sit during successive Parliaments till, twenty-two years afterward, he was raised to the House of Lords. In the "Broad-bottomed Administration," formed by the Pelhams in 1743, Mr. Fox was appointed a lord of the treasury. In 1746 he was appointed secretary at war, and sworn of the Privy Council, and in 1755 was nominated secretary of state, which office, however, he held no longer than till the following year, when he was compelled to resign it into the hands of his great rival, William Pitt, the future Earl of Chatham. Lastly, in 1757, Mr. Fox was appointed paymaster of the forces, which lucrative post he continued to enjoy till the commencement of the reign of George III.

The credit and importance which Mr. Fox had early and deservedly achieved for himself by means of his eminent abilities, he afterward improved by running away with and marrying Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, great-granddaughter of

Charles II., and sister of the memorably lovely Lady Sarah Lennox. The ceremony was solemnised at the private residence of Mr. Fox's intimate friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; another of his friends, Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, giving away the bride. This, it may be mentioned, was the same young duke whom, to the infinite annoyance of his imperious old grandmother, the famous Duchess Sarah, Mr. Fox succeeded in winning over to the court. "That's the fox," she said of her grandson's tempter, "who stole my goose." In the meantime, the sensation created at the court of George II. by the marriage of Mr. Fox with Lady Caroline Lennox was not the less lively that it had been a clandestine affair. According to Horace Walpole, "not only was all the blood royal up in arms," but he adds that had the runaway bride been the king's august daughter, the Princess Caroline, the clamour could not have been greater. To Sir Horace Mann, Walpole also writes, May 29, 1744: "Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lennox; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather a king: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!*" Eventually, however, having discovered the means of reconciling himself to his powerful brother-in-law, Charles, Duke of Richmond, Mr. Fox would seem to have succeeded in reaping all the advantages which he had probably anticipated from the marriage.

In private life it would apparently have been difficult to discover a more delightful companion than Mr. Fox. His wit was playful and sparkling, his conversational powers considerable, his temper agreeable even to sweetness. Thus appreciated, then, by the gay and the cultivated, his society, on his marriage to Lady Caroline, was naturally much missed by his former companions, and by no one seemingly more than by his old Eton schoolfellow, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who thus pleasingly recalls the happy bachelor evenings he had been accustomed to pass in the society of his friend :

> "Such are the nights that I have seen of yore;
> Such are the nights that I shall see no more;
> When Winnington and Fox, with flow of soul,
> With sense and wit, drove round the cheerful bowl.
> Our hearts were opened, and our converse free;
> But now they both are lost — quite lost to me.
> One to a mistress gives up all his life,
> And one from me flies wisely to his wife."

Another distinguished person, in whose verse are recorded the better qualities of Mr. Fox, was his friend, the accomplished John, Lord Hervey, the "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny" of Pope's satire, a nobleman many years Mr. Fox's senior in age. A circumstance, it may be mentioned, which was not a little creditable to the heart of the former, had strengthened their original intimacy. When, in 1729, the wretched health of

Lord Hervey compelled him to try the effect of the air of Italy, it appears that Mr. Fox, then a young man only twenty-four years old, cheerfully renounced for a time the calls of ambition and the allurements of pleasure for the purpose of accompanying and comforting his sick friend. It was in testimony, then, of this true act of humanity and affection that, on the arrival of Lord Hervey at Florence, he addressed to his young companion the following graceful lines, written in imitation of the sixth ode of the second book of Horace, — "Septimi Gades aditure mecum," etc.:

"Thy steady love, with unexampled truth,
Forsook each gay companion of thy youth —
Whate'er the prosperous or the great employs,
Business and interest, and love's softer joys —
The weary steps of misery to attend,
To share distress, and make a wretch thy friend.
If o'er the mountains' snowy tops we stray,
Where Carthage first explored the venturous way;
Or through the tainted air of Rome's parched plains,
Where want resides, and superstition reigns;
Cheerful and unrepining still you bear
The dangerous rigour of the varying year;
And, kindly anxious for thy friend alone,
Lament his sufferings, and forget thy own."

The following year we find Mr. Fox acting as second to Lord Hervey in his well-known duel with William Pulteney in the Green Park. Both the principals, it may be mentioned, were slightly wounded.

The main interest in the political career of Mr. Fox is centred, we need scarcely say, in his long and brilliant competitorship for power with William Pitt, afterward "the great" Lord Chatham. "Both these rival statesmen," writes Archdeacon Coxe, "were younger brothers nearly of the same age; both were educated at Eton; both were distinguished for classical knowledge; both commenced their parliamentary career at the same period, and both raised themselves to eminence by their superior talents." As an orator, Mr. Fox's speeches were remarkable rather for close reasoning, for sound argument, for quickness in reply, and keenness of repartee, than for that brilliant and overpowering flow of diction, metaphor, and invective which distinguished the orations of his rival, Pitt. "Fox," writes Horace Walpole, "always spoke to the question, Pitt, to the passions; Fox to carry the question, Pitt to raise himself; Fox pointed out, Pitt lashed the errors of his antagonists; Pitt's talents were likely to make him soonest, Fox's to keep him prime minister longest." Thus, not unequally matched, for many years these two remarkable men continued to divide the suffrages of the nation; for years they seemed to run a neck-and-neck competitorship for the premiership. Pitt, however, was no sooner afforded an opportunity of displaying his great abilities as a war administrator, than the balance turned in his favour. When, in 1756, George II., yielding to the universal outcry of the people of Great Britain, recalled Mr. Pitt to power as secretary of state, and virtually as first minister, it was a crisis when the military honour of this country had been reduced almost to the lowest state of degradation. During the war which was then being waged with France, defeat had been followed by defeat, and disaster by disaster. Scarcely, however, had Pitt taken the helm, before the tide of national ignominy rolled back. As if with the wand of a magician, he stirred up the spirit of a gallant people; in every part of the globe success attended the British arms; the fleets which had recently threatened England were swept from the seas; before the close of the war no fewer than thirty-six sail of the line had been either captured or destroyed; France and Spain had been humiliated, and Canada and half of Hindostan had been added to the territorial possessions of Great Britain.

But the war, and with it the power and popularity of Pitt, could not last for ever. On the 25th of October, 1760, died George II., and with the advent of a new reign there naturally ensued a modification of dominant political principles and interests. George III., bent on bringing to a termination a war which, however glorious, he regarded as a ruinous, sanguinary, and no longer a necessary one, seized, without a moment's hesitation, the first opportunity of ridding himself of Pitt's services, and of replacing him, as his chief adviser, by the celebrated John, Earl of Bute, whose convictions that the exigencies of the country demanded his return to a peace policy were not less deeply rooted than those of the young king himself. Moreover, the putting an end to the war would be virtually tantamount to putting an end, for a time, to the long despotism of the great Whig party, a further consideration with the king and his new minister which each had equally warmly at heart. Unfortunately, however, the war was generally popular in the country; peace was only to be obtained by the acquisition of a majority in Parliament, and obviously a majority in Parliament was to be obtained only by such measures of intimidation and bribery as no right-minded minister would venture to employ. But, in the opinion of the court, necessity knew no law; and accordingly it was resolved, by means however unconstitutional and however costly, to procure the desired majority. The first and great difficulty lay in the acquisition of an agent sufficiently fearless, unscrupulous, and versed in the arts of parliamentary corruption, to conduct to a successful issue the irregular service required of him by his employers. These qualifications, in the opinion of Bute, were to be met with in Henry Fox, at this time paymaster-general, and to Fox accordingly it was resolved that the necessary overtures should be made. "We must call in bad men," said the young king to George Grenville, "to govern bad men." Properly speaking, it was to Grenville, as leader of the House of Commons, that the arraignment of the war, the advocacy of peace, and the management of refractory members of Parliament should have been committed. To ensure success, however, needed the combined qualities of tact, a good temper, eloquence, and a complete understanding with his colleagues, none of which requirements Grenville was likely to bring very prominently into play. Moreover, though, like more than one other statesman of his age, he had apparently no great objection to benefit by the corrupt practices of others, he shrank from the risk of forfeiting his reputation for spotlessness by directly resorting to those expedients himself. Fox, on the other hand, was singularly daring, insinuating, and unscrupulous; a cynical condemner of the opinion of the world, and a disbeliever in the existence of political virtue on the part of others; and accordingly, by a man so constituted, the offer, when made to him, was but naturally accepted with but little hesitation. Of late, in fact, the love of power had yielded in Fox's mind to a love of money, and consequently, instead of returning to his former post of secretary of state, it was stipulated by him that, as the price of his undertaking the leadership of the House of Commons, — a charge, by the bye, which Grenville, with no very good grace, resigned into his hands, — he should be allowed to retain his far more lucrative employment of paymaster of the forces. "I was with difficulty," writes Fox to the Duke of Bedford, on the 13th of October, 1762, "excused from being secretary of state. The rest was insisted upon, or rather asked in such terms, and in such a manner, that, in short, I was brought to feel it a point of honour to obey."

Fox had many motives for listening with complacency to the overtures of Bute. Not only were his political prospects in danger at this time from the aversion in which he was held by the king's mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, but he had also to contend against the dislike of the young king himself, — a dislike apparently induced partly by the irregularities of his past life, and partly perhaps, to use the words applied to him by his contemporary, Lord Chesterfield, by his having "no fixed principles of religion or morality," and by his unwariness in "ridiculing and exposing them." To be thus, then, invited by the court to join its councils, to be thus enabled to lay his sovereign under an obligation in his hour of need, must have afforded no slight satisfaction to the hitherto almost proscribed minister. "His Majesty," he writes to the Duke of Bedford, "was in great concern lest a good peace, in a good House of Commons, should be lost;" and he adds, "I was that person who could do it." Fox, moreover, had long been impatient for a peerage; and accordingly, as the contingent reward for the exceptional work which he was expected to perform, it was stipulated by him that, at the close of his labours, he should receive a coronet. He had, in fact, everything to gain by a victory, and little to lose by defeat. If successful, he would have the option of either continuing the foremost person in the House of Commons, or else of exchanging the bustle and excitement of St. Stephen's for the easy dignity of the House of Lords. At all events, in either case he would still remain in the enjoyment of his comfortable post of paymaster-general, a place sufficiently remunerative in time of peace, and likely to be still more so in the event of a prolongation of the war. In the meantime, under the auspices of the Duke of Bedford, in his ambassadorial capacity at Paris, the preliminaries of a treaty of peace had been signed between France and England, and were now awaiting the sanction of Parliament.

It was during this interval, then, that Fox put forth all his resources of argument, insinuation, threats, and promises, for the purpose of securing the required parliamentary majority. Inflamed by the powerful motives of self-interest, ambition, and revenge, he entered upon his unworthy mission with all that earnestness and energy which was to be expected from his reckless and unscrupulous character. His agents were at work in all quarters. No expedient was left untried, and no influential individual overlooked. Some were bribed, and others frightened into submission. The Earl of Orford was tempted with the rangership of St. James's and Hyde Parks. Messengers were stationed at the different seaport towns to waylay the Marquis of Granby on his return from the Continent, and to tempt him with the choice of either the ordnance or the command of the army. Marshal Conway was got rid of by being selected to conduct the army to England; and, lastly, in order to silence the tongue of the king's brother, the Duke of York, whose boyish abuse of Bute and the Scotch appears to have given great offence to the king, his Royal Highness was despatched on an idle expedition to Italy. Moreover, one persecution followed another persecution. The Duke of Devonshire — "the Prince of the Whigs," as he was styled by the princess dowager — was not only summarily dismissed from his post of lord chamberlain, but the king was induced to send for the Privy Council book and with his own hand to strike the duke's name off the list of privy councillors. The Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, and the Marquis of Buckingham, were severally deprived of the lord-lieutenancies of their respective counties.

Still more shameful was the principle of oppression which Fox carried into the second, and sometimes into the third and fourth, grades of the state. A Mr. Schultz, who for seven years had been a gentleman of the bedchamber, was dismissed merely because he was without a seat in Parliament; and a worthy and gallant officer, Admiral Forbes, was removed from the Board of Admiralty, to enable Fox to make room for one of his own friends. Far indeed from being satisfied with cashiering lord lieutenants of counties, and removing tellers of the exchequer and lords of the admiralty, Fox and his myrmidons extended their searching scrutinies and their inhumanity even to the humblest departments of the state. Hitherto Fox had been regarded by his friends as a kind-hearted, and admitted even by his enemies to be a good-natured, man. He was certainly a warm friend, a devoted husband, and, as a parent, was indulgent even to weakness. But now his entire nature seemed to have undergone a change. His conduct, in fact, amounted in many cases not only to persecution, but to positive cruelty. It was only necessary to discover that a clerk in a government office owed his situation to being related to an opposition member of Parliament, or that a Whig opposition peer had obtained a messenger's place for his wife's footman, or an exciseman's situation for the son of his gamekeeper, and these unfortunate underlings were frequently sent about their business, in order to supply places for those who were ready to support the peace.

A poor man in Sussex, who had distinguished himself by his gallantry in a desperate affray with smugglers, was deprived of his pension for no better reason than that it had been procured for him by the Duke of Grafton, while a no less unworthy affront was put upon the house of Cavendish. A lady of that name, the widow of Admiral Philip Cavendish, instead of having been placed on the pension-list at the time of her husband's decease, had been appointed housekeeper of one of the public offices. Probably her place was wanted for another, but, at all events, Fox's emissaries chose to presume that her late husband had been related to the Duke of Devonshire, and accordingly orders were given for her instant dismissal. The amount of distress which was thus entailed on private families it would be difficult to exaggerate. "Fox," said the Duke of Cumberland, "has deceived me grossly; for I thought him good-natured, but in all these transactions he has shown the bitterest revenge and inhumanity."

But, atrocious as was this system of persecution, the venality which accompanied it was almost worse. Fox had no sooner accepted the terms of the court, than he also plunged into a course of wholesale bribery and corruption, with a tithe of which even that old arch-jobber, the Duke of Newcastle, would have hesitated to bespatter his late administration. Places were recklessly multiplied in the royal household, and pensions no less profligately conferred. "Leaving the grandees to their ill-humour," writes Walpole, "Fox directly attacked the separate members of the House of Commons, and with so little decorum on the part of either buyer or seller, that a shop was publicly opened at the Pay Office, whither the members flocked and received the wages of their venality in bank-bills, even to so low a sum as £200." It was subsequently admitted by Martin, secretary to the treasury, that no less a sum than £25,000 had been issued from the public exchequer in one morning for the basest purposes of corruption.

But Fox had promised the courtiers a triumph, and he did not disappoint them. As the day appointed for the meeting of Parliament drew near, the mingled feelings of interest and curiosity which had for some time prevailed throughout the country increased almost to intensity. With the mass of the population of London the war had been almost universally popular; and accordingly, when, on the 25th of November, 1762, Parliament assembled, the king, on his way to Westminster, was so far coupled in the minds of his subjects with the peace policy of his ministers, as to be received by the large assembled multitude with an ominous silence. Bute, on the same occasion, was not only hissed and pelted, but on his return had the windows of his sedan-chair broken, and, indeed, narrowly escaped with his life. Fortunately for him, affairs within the walls of Parliament went on more smoothly than without. Pitt was ill, — too ill to appear in his place and oppose a measure which, it is almost needless to say, he entirely deprecated ; and thus the victory of the ministers was complete. Fox of course claimed the peerage which had been guaranteed him, and accordingly, on the 16th of April following, he was created Baron Holland, of Foxley, in Wiltshire. Even now, however, his satisfaction was incomplete. Four years afterward, for instance, we find him with almost childish eagerness preferring his claims to an earldom. "He sent for me," writes Walpole, in 1767, "and meekly pretending that it was to gratify his wife, of all women the most indifferent to grandeur, he supplicated me in the most flattering terms to obtain him an earldom from the Duke of Grafton." "I did earnestly labour at it," adds Walpole, "and really the Duke of Grafton did too, as he promised me he would, but the king could not be persuaded to grant it." About the same time, also, it may be mentioned, we find Lord Holland writing to another friend, George Selwyn, urging him to use his influence with his friend, the Duke of Grafton, then prime minister, for the same purpose. In the meantime, not only had Lord Holland's once powerful political influence thus lamentably declined, but it would seem by his letters that for some time past he had become a soured and discontented man. Speaking of himself to George Selwyn, as "universally despised," he adds, "I am humbled, and shall endeavour to conform to my fate."

It was the conviction of Lord Holland's contemporaries, as is well known, that, during the period he held the office of paymaster-general, he had been a wholesale tamperer with the public purse. That he availed himself to the very fullest extent of the advantages and perquisites of his office cannot, we think, admit of a doubt. Whether, however, he was guilty of the sweeping peculations with which he has been charged; whether, in the nervous language of his accusers, the Corporation of the city of London, he was really a "public defaulter of unaccounted millions," may be reasonably doubted.

Horace Walpole — principally on the score, it would appear, of a copy of verses written by Lord Holland, entitled "To a Lady with an Artificial Rose," printed in the "Annual Register" for 1779 — has included his lordship in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." Park, also, who has reprinted this trifle in his edition of Walpole's work, has exaggerated its importance by styling it a "little brilliant;" an epithet, however, which scarcely seems to be borne out by its merits. As regards, however, the mediocrity which we have thus imputed to it, if, as Walpole has satisfied himself was the case, it was not till toward the end of Lord Holland's life that he "attempted poetry," his poetical efforts should not be too severely criticised. Certainly, the only two other specimens of his muse, of the existence of which we are cognisant, were not composed till after he had passed the age of sixty. Of these, the following, addressed by Lord Holland to his lovely sister-in-law, Lady Sarah Lennox, appears to be the most pleasing. "Indeed," he writes, in enclosing a copy of it to George Selwyn, "I do not expect compliments, but I am not ashamed of it; for consider it is wrote by a sick old woman, near her grand climacteric."

"IMITATION OF AN ODE IN HORACE.

"'Lydia, dic per omnes,' etc.

I.

"Sally, Sally, don't deny,
But, for Heav'n's sake, tell me why
You have flirted so, to spoil
That once lively youth, Carlisle?[1]
He used to mount while it was dark;
Now he lies in bed till noon;
And you not meeting in the Park,
Thinks that he got up too soon.

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[1] Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, the poet and politician, born in 1748, whose once familiar "Verses on his Schoolfellows at Eton" contain pleasing tributes to the merits of William, second Earl Fitzwilliam; Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch; Charles James Fox; James, first Duke of Leinster; Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester; Anthony Morris Storer, and others.

II.

"Manly exercise and sport,
Hunting and the tennis-court,
And riding-school, no more divert;
Newmarket does, for there you flirt!
But why does he no longer dream
Of yellow Tyber, and its shore;
On his friend Charles's[1] favourite scheme,
On waking, think no more?

III.

"Why does he dislike an inn?
Hate post-chaises, and begin
To think 'twill be enough to know
His way from Almack's to Soho?
Achilles thus kept out of sight
For a long time; but this dear boy
(If, Sally, you and I guess right),
Will never get to Troy."

Lady Sarah, it should be mentioned, was at this time the wife of Sir Charles Bunbury.

In the decline of life we find Lord Holland no less chary of the health with which he had formerly so recklessly trifled, than he had become economical of the residue of that wealth which he had once so lavishly squandered. Principally, then, in the hope of repairing his shattered nerves and constitution, he erected at Kingsgate, on the dreariest and bleakest part of the coast of Kent, a fantastic

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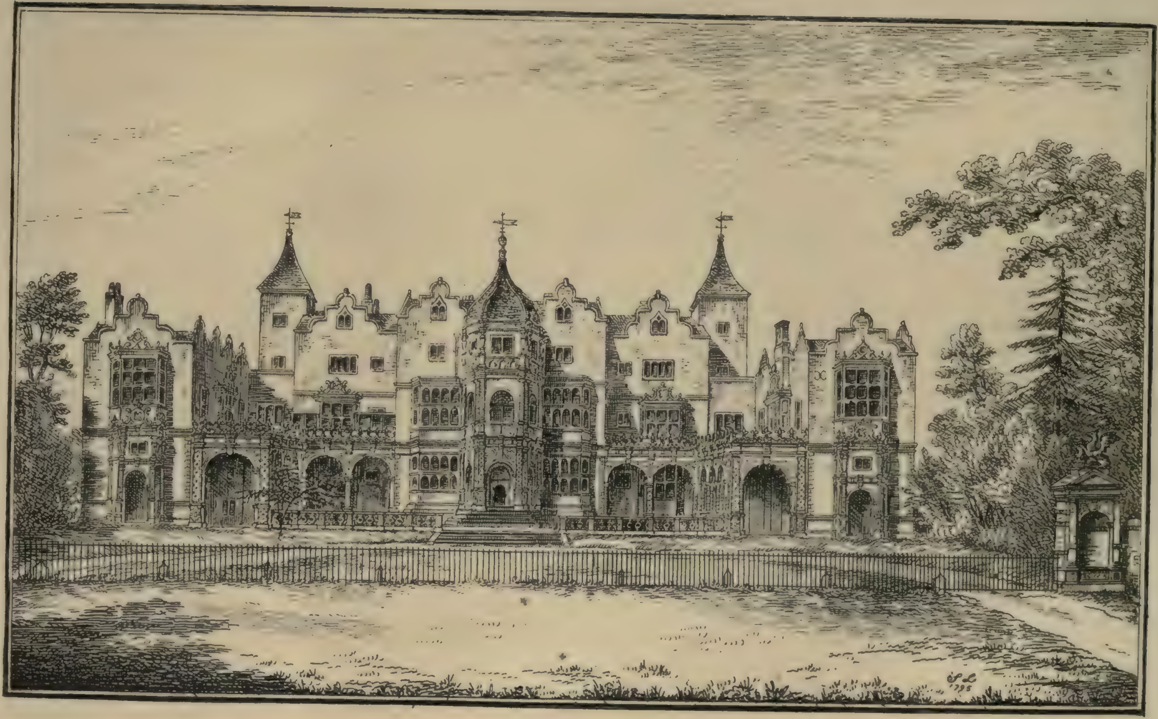
[1] Charles James Fox, Lord Holland's second son, and Lord Carlisle's intimate friend.

Holland House.

Photo-etching from a pen and ink sketch.



marine villa, to which the disappointed statesman frequently retired. It was this mansion and these circumstances which elicited from Gray, the poet, those memorably severe and clever verses, of which, inasmuch as they are omitted in more than one standard edition of his works, we venture to transcribe the opening stanzas:

"Old, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A ruined character and constitution.

"On this congenial spot he fixed his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwrecked, dread to land.

"Here reign the blustering north and blighting east;
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast;
And he invokes new horrors still to bring.

"Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise;
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall;
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all," etc.

Another contemporary poet, Churchill, in his "Epistle to William Hogarth," has dealt no less severely with Lord Holland's character:

"Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod;
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one general comprehensive line

To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a Fox's heart a Dashwood's head."[1]

In the "Selwyn Correspondence," which, by the bye, contains many pleasing and characteristic letters written by Lord Holland, the last notice which occurs of him is in a melancholy letter, without date, addressed by Lord Macartney from Bath to George Selwyn. "His (Lord Holland's) mind," writes the former, "is weak and languid, like his pulse, but at times appears to recover itself, and to be quiet and strong. His speech and memory are impaired, but I think his apprehension is perfect. Poor Lady Holland is a good deal changed; she is grown thin, and looks ill. Her whole nervous system seems strongly affected; the least trifle alarms her, and in the midst of the most cheerful discourse she often bursts out into an involuntary effusion of tears."

For Selwyn, Lord Holland appears to have ever entertained the sincerest affection. "I have looked upon you," he writes to him in 1767, "to be like no other man in the world." When Lord Holland was attacked by his last illness, Selwyn, whose morbid taste for witnessing criminal executions is well known, called at Holland House to inquire after the condition of his friend. On his card being brought to the dying statesman, it revived in him a melancholy spark of the pleasantry of former days. "If Mr. Selwyn calls again," he said, "show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, — and if I am dead he would like to see me." Lord Holland died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 1st of July, 1774, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Only twenty-three days afterward Lady Holland followed her husband to the grave. Their children consisted of Stephen Fox, who succeeded his father as second Baron Holland, and who survived him only six months; of Henry, who died young; of Charles James, the celebrated statesman; and of Henry Edward, a general in the army, colonel of the 10th Regiment of foot, and Governor of Portsmouth, who died in 1811.

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[1] Afterward created Baron Le Despencer, a dissolute man of pleasure and an incompetent minister. Not only was it said of him, when chancellor of the exchequer in 1762, that he was "a man to whom a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret," but he himself observed, when offered the appointment, that people would point at him in the streets and cry, "There goes the worst chancellor of the exchequer that ever appeared."

CHAPTER X.

GILBERT WEST.

The subject of the present memoir affords an interesting and instructive example of a man of eminent talents, of many virtues, and the son of pious parents, becoming entangled in the maze of infidelity in his youth, yet, in his maturer years, recalling the beautiful precepts which, kneeling at a mother's knee, he had imbibed in happy childhood, and thus, by dint of earnest investigation and the divine blessing, reconverted to be a devout and steadfast believer. "To the early care of a most excellent woman, his mother," as he wrote to Doctor Doddridge, on the 14th of March, 1748, "he owed that bent and bias to religion which, with the co-operating grace of God, had at length brought him back to those paths of peace from which he might otherwise have been in danger of deviating for ever."

Gilbert West — of the story of whose life Doctor Johnson lamented his inability to discover but little, and to which little we regret being unable to add much more — was born in the year 1706.

His father was the Rev. Dr. Richard West, Prebendary of Durham, well known among the scholars of his day as the editor of Pindar, the same poet of whose odes his son Gilbert afterward rendered himself so eminent as the translator. He was, it may be mentioned, of the same family as West, the painter. The poet's excellent mother was a lady of high family connections, having been sister to Richard, Viscount Cobham, the friend of Pope, and aunt of Richard, first Earl Temple, and of his brother, George Grenville, the future prime minister. The first Marquis of Buckingham was her great-nephew.

With a view to his taking holy orders, Gilbert West was in the first instance sent by his friends to Eton, and afterward entered at Christ Church, Oxford; but having, in the meantime, conceived a preference for the military over the clerical profession, he obtained, through the influence of his uncle, Lord Cobham, a follower of the great Marlborough, a commission in a regiment of horse. To a person, however, of West's refined tastes and literary pursuits, the army, considering the class of persons by which it was then officered, could scarcely have afforded a very congenial occupation, and accordingly, laying down his commission, about the time of his coming of age he succeeded in obtaining employment in the office of Lord Townshend, then secretary of state, on which nobleman, as in the case of his schoolfellows, Weston and

Townshend, he was in attendance when he accompanied George II. to his German dominions.

It was about this time that, in the month of May, 1729, the poet was nominated to the situation of clerk extraordinary of the Privy Council; a post, however, from which he not only received no present salary, but for which a paid vacancy was so long in occurring that it was not till after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century that he derived any solid advantage from the boon. Nevertheless he had, in the meanwhile, deemed himself justified in incurring the expense and responsibilities of marriage; settling himself at the same time, to quote the words of Doctor Johnson, "in a very pleasant house at Wickham, in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning and to piety." Wickham, in consequence of his fixing his residence there, became classic ground. Here, for instance, we find his former illustrious schoolfellow, Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, delighting to enjoy, in exchange for the noise and smoke of London and the tumult of the House of Commons, the simple meal and choice conversation of his friend. When Johnson wrote his "Lives of the Poets," a walk which had been laid out by Pitt at Wickham was still known as Mr. Pitt's walk. Another distinguished Eton contemporary and friend, who occasionally joined West and Pitt at Wickham, was George, Lord Lyttelton, once a disbeliever in revealed religion like West himself, but who at

Wickham became inspired by those Christian truths of which he afterward proved himself so able a champion. In his Kentish retreat, West, when not invaded by friends, appears to have devoted his time to the exercise of learning and piety. "Perhaps," writes Doctor Johnson, "it may not be without effect to tell that he read the prayers of the public liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon, and then prayers."

As late as, and indeed long after, this time, the poet's income, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to obtain for him an adequately remunerative appointment, had been comparatively small. The post, indeed, of preceptor to the heir presumptive, afterward George III., is said to have been offered to him, but, owing to the restricted powers of control over the prince's education with which it was proposed to fetter him, was believed to have been refused. At length, however, in 1752, not only did the long-expected and lucrative vacancy in the Privy Council office take place, but he was also, through the interest of Mr. Pitt, appointed to the treasurership of Chelsea Hospital. But Fortune had withheld her smiles till it was too late for him long to enjoy her favours. The affliction which he suffered by the death of his only son, in 1755, not only rendered him indifferent to life, but was the occasion of an attack of paralysis which, on the 26th of March, 1756, "brought to the grave," to use the further words of Doctor Johnson, "one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors."

Gilbert West, as a poet, occupies no very prominent niche in the Temple of Fame. Pope, indeed, paid him the compliment of bequeathing him £200 after the death of Martha Blount, but the bequest was no doubt a tribute to his virtues rather than to his poetical talents. His best-known literary production is his translation of Pindar, which appeared in 1749, and of which Johnson speaks in flattering, though not unmingled terms of praise. He wrote also an original, though spiritless, poem "On the Institution of the Order of the Garter," and some "Imitations of Spenser," which are not without merit. His only published prose work appears to have been his once popular "Observations on the Resurrection," which was first printed in 1747, and of which the University of Oxford thought sufficiently well to compliment him, in 1748, with the degree of Doctor of Common Law.

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY FIELDING.

NEVER, perhaps, has there existed a sadder example of a man of illustrious talents, and at the same time of an illustrious descent, being reduced by his own indiscretions to so grievous a condition of indigence and privation as fell to the lot of the once gay and gallant Henry Fielding, the greatest novelist of his age and country. Not only was he closely related by blood to the ducal families of Pierrepoint and Villiers, but, as great-grandson to the third Earl of Denbigh, he was also descended from the imperial house of Hapsburg, a circumstance which elicited from the historian Gibbon as eloquent a compliment as probably one great literary man ever paid to another. "Our immortal Fielding," he writes, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Dukes of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburg. The former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, has slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage. The latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the Old, and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones' — that exquisite picture of human manners — will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of Austria."

Henry Fielding — "the prose Homer of human nature," as Byron styles him — was born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, on the 22d of April, 1707. His father was Lieut.-Gen. Edmund Fielding, a follower of the Duke of Marlborough in his great wars; his mother being Sarah, daughter of Sir Henry Gould, Knight, one of the judges of the court of King's Bench. By this lady, General Fielding was the father of two sons, of whom the future novelist was the eldest, and of four daughters, Catherine, Ursula, Sarah, and Beatrix, who severally died unmarried. Of these ladies, Sarah, who died at Bath on the 10th of April, 1768, obtained some reputation in her day as the authoress of "David Simple, of the Cry," "a dramatic fable," and of other publications. Like her celebrated brother, however, she seems to have been constrained to have recourse to her pen to make up for the narrowness of her means. "Sally Fielding," writes her relative, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to the Countess of Bute, in

June, 1754, "has mended her style in her last volume of 'David Simple,' which conveys a useful moral, though she does not seem to have intended it; I mean, it shows the ill consequences of not providing against casual losses, which happen to almost everybody. Mrs. Orgueil's character is well drawn, and frequently to be met with. 'The Art of Tormenting,' 'The Female Quixote,' and 'Sir C. Goodville,' are all sale work. I suppose they proceed from her pen, and I heartily pity her, constrained by her circumstances to seek her bread by a method, I do not doubt, she despises."

Unfortunately for the worldly prospects of Henry Fielding and his sisters, their father, on the death of their mother, married a second wife, Eleanor Blanchfield, the widow of a Mr. Rafa, who bore him six sons. Of these, the only one who seems to have risen to be of any note was the well-known Sir John Fielding, who, though blind from his youth, played so useful and active a part in his double capacity of a magistrate at Bow Street and as a philanthropist.

Henry Fielding imbibed the first rudiments of learning from a clergyman of the name of Oliver, who resided as a private tutor in his father's house, and for whom he evidently entertained neither regard nor respect. From the tuition of Oliver he was removed, in due time, to Eton, where, by his good nature and engaging manners, he not only acquired the boyish friendships of

Fox, Lyttelton, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and other schoolfellows of future eminence, but became distinguished by that love for, and intimate knowledge of, the Latin and Greek authors, which afterward did him such good service in his celebrated works of fiction. Indeed, even in the most reckless and dissipated hours of his subsequent career, gratitude to Eton, and the love of knowledge, seem to have been still ever near to his heart. Thus, for instance, in his invocation to genius and learning in "Tom Jones," he exclaims: "And thou, O learning! — for, without thy assistance, nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce — do thou guide my pen! Thee, in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed."

> "Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore;
> Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
> Till Thames sees Eton's sons for ever play,
> Till Westminster's whole year be holiday."
>
> — *Pope*, *The Dunciad.*

Being intended for the bar as his profession, Fielding, about the age of eighteen, was removed by his father from Eton to the University of Leyden, where for two years he remained studying — and, it is said, diligently studying — civil law. At the end, however, of this period commenced that series of necessities and distresses which, exclusive of one bright interval of Elysian happiness, continued to chequer his existence till he sank into the grave. His father, embarrassed by the constant demands on his purse, contingent on the support of a second and large family, could ill afford to continue the allowance by means of which his eldest son had been hitherto enabled to prosecute his studies at Leyden, and accordingly, after having been irregularly paid in the first instance, and afterward withdrawn altogether, its discontinuance left the young student with no other option than to return to his native country. And thus, at the age of twenty, a youth of strong passions, of brilliant genius, and of proud connections, found himself an idler in the streets of London, exposed to the most dangerous temptations, without a Mentor to advise him, and without a guinea in his pocket. His father, indeed, nominally made him an allowance of two hundred a year, but, to use the son's own words, "anybody might pay it who would." Nevertheless, whatever grounds of complaint he may have had against his father, it was highly to his credit that no word of filial disrespect or reproach was ever known to escape his lips. At all events, it was apparently by no fault of his own that, to use his own father's words, he saw no prospect before him, but either that of "turning hackney-writer or hackney-coachman." Naturally he chose the former alternative, and thus, at the age of twenty, commenced his struggle for existence by resorting to one of its most precarious means of support, that of writing for the stage.

Fielding's first play, "Love in Several Masques," a comedy, was first acted at Drury Lane in 1728, while its author was still only twenty-one years old. Not only was it received with considerable applause, but happily the same encouragement attended the performance of his second comedy, "The Temple Beau;" and accordingly, from this time till the year 1743, he continued, with various success, to be a prolific writer of comedies, farces, and other dramatic entertainments. In the single year 1733 he wrote no fewer than six dramatic pieces. The last of his plays which was brought on the stage during his lifetime was "The Wedding Day," which was first acted at Drury Lane in 1743. It was performed only six nights, and brought the author only fifty pounds. The best of his comedies is perhaps "The Miser."

It seems to have been the conviction of Fielding's gifted relative, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that had his necessities allowed him leisure to correct his dramatic writings, they might have approached the excellencies of Congreve. "If meat," is her opinion, "could have been got without money, or money without scribbling," he would have thrown into the fire many of the productions which his wants compelled him to throw into the world. But it was in writing, not dramas, but romance, that the bent of Fielding's genius evidently lay.

If ever a philosopher really triumphed over misfortune and want, it was Henry Fielding. Enviable, however, as was this superiority to fortune, one disadvantage at least attended it, that, when his present distresses were at an end, they failed to leave any effective warning on his mind. It was the observation of his friends that, though disappointments might occasionally ruffle, they were powerless to depress for any length of time a mind ever flowing with wit, mirth, and good humour. According to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "His happy constitution — even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it — made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded," she adds, "he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret." Thus, wedded to a life of pleasure and excitement, and idolised by the gay and thoughtless of both sexes, Fielding had reached the climax of his career of dissipation and debt, when Providence beneficially held out to him an opportunity of escaping from his present irregularities, and amending his past errors. He was not as yet so steeped in libertinism, but that the virtuous love of a chaste, unselfish woman had its full fascination for his better nature; and accordingly, at the age of twenty-six, he fell in love with, and married, a beautiful and most amiable young lady, a Miss Charlotte Craddock, of Salisbury, the Celia of his verse:

> "Ask you then, Celia, if there be
> The thing I love? My charmer, thee;
> Thee more than light, than life adore,
> Thee, dearest, sweetest creature, more
> Than wildest rapture can express,
> Than I can tell or thou canst guess."

It was with the picture of this charming person that Fielding, when he subsequently sketched his character of Amelia, delighted the world; a picture, by the way, which, notwithstanding the glowing colours in which it is painted, is said to have done no more than justice either to the personal loveliness or amiable mental qualities of the original.

For the sake of his wife, whom he ardently loved, Fielding now not only earnestly resolved on amending his past life, but, with this object, removed from the temptations of London to the retirement of the country. He had recently come into possession, by inheritance from his mother, of a small estate at East Stour, in Dorsetshire, producing about £200 a year, on which provision, augmented by the welcome sum of £1,500, which he received with his wife, and by such further income as he might expect to realise by his talents, it was now in his power to live, if not in splendour, at least in comfort. Of East Stour, where he took up his abode, it seems sufficient to record the fact that a remarkable locust-tree long continued to indicate the spot where the great novelist passed the happiest days of his life; but unfortunately neither of the tree, nor of the house in which he resided, does any vestige now exist. But, if these were days of rare happiness, they also proved to be days of renewed and reckless imprudence, pregnant with future and bitter unhappiness. He enjoyed, indeed, for a time, that Elysium which he himself has so glowingly painted, — "the pleasures which the morning air gives to one in perfect health; the flow of spirits which springs up from exercise; the delights which parents feel from the prattle and innocent follies of their children; the joy with which the tender smile of a wife inspires a husband; and, lastly, the cheerful, solid comfort, which a fond couple enjoy in each other's conversation." But these priceless blessings had scarcely been tasted before they passed away to return no more. Improvidence, in fact, whether his days were passed in town or country, was Fielding's second nature. Vying in display and expense with his far wealthier country neighbours, the cost of his profuse hospitality, of his hounds, and of his excessive and wasteful establishment of servants, soon swallowed up his wife's small fortune as well as his own. His costly equipage and showy yellow liveries were long remembered in Dorsetshire; the result being that, within three years from the time of his marriage, he again found himself, at the age of twenty-nine, an outcast in the streets of London, having in the meantime entailed upon himself the additional charge and responsibility of a wife and a young and increasing family. The noble and the wealthy, indeed, — such as the Dukes of Bedford, Richmond, Roxburgh, and Argyle, and especially his old Eton schoolfellows, Lord Lyttelton and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, — were generous in their assistance to him, but such assistance could not last for ever; and thus the condition of Fielding and of his gentle and unmurmuring wife grew worse and worse. According to the reminiscences of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and of her daughter, Lady Bute: "Sometimes they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without necessaries; not to speak of the sponging-houses and hiding-places where he was occasionally to be found." As far as Fielding was individually concerned, he confronted manfully, as usual, the many troubles which he had inflicted upon himself; but meanwhile, not only were care and anxiety preying upon the more delicate mind of his blameless wife, but were fatally undermining her constitution.

In the meantime, Fielding, though he may occasionally have sacrificed an hour or two to conviviality, would seem, in his altered and embittered circumstances, to have resumed his literary labours with an energy and determination which would have done credit to the most devoted husband and father. His pen, which was rarely out of his hand, was perpetually inditing either a comedy, a ballet-farce, a pamphlet, or an essay. Moreover, he not only entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, but, resuming the course of study which he had been compelled to break off at Leyden, he applied himself with so much earnestness and zeal to the study of the law, that frequently he was known to tear himself away from the congenial pleasures of a tavern, in order to pass hours of the night in poring over the most abstruse legal authorities. Neither, after he had been called to the bar, — viz., on the 20th of June, 1740, when he was three and thirty, — was his diligence less laudable. He not only punctually and assiduously attended the courts of law in London as well as on the Western Circuit, but left behind him at his death, in evidence of his industry, two unpublished folio volumes on crown law, parts of which are said to have displayed uncommon excellence. According to his friends, indeed, had the blessing of health been continued to him, he would not only have achieved success at the bar, but might have secured for himself what Gibbon styles "the first of earthly blessings, independence." Unfortunately, however, the career of dissipation which he had formerly led had by this time made sad inroads on his constitution. Frequent and painful attacks of the gout effectually prevented his following up those close attendances in courts of law and in chambers which are of course essentially necessary to secure pecuniary success at the bar, and accordingly, to his bitter disappointment, he found himself again compelled to rely on the precarious trade of literature for the means of supporting his delicate wife and four children.

In 1741 Fielding lost his surviving parent, General Fielding, who died in the month of June in that year, at the age of sixty-five. The fortunes, however, of the son appear to have been in no degree bettered by the death of the father.

It was about two years after this event that Fielding was prostrated by the one crushing calamity of his life. His beautiful, self-sacrificing, unrepining wife — she who had been so long the sharer and tender assuager of his sorrows and wants; she whose eye had ever grown "brighter as he drew near home" — sank prematurely into the grave. Her state of health, though it had raised at the time no alarm in his sanguine mind, had for some months been precarious, when she was seized with a fever, of which she expired in his arms. The blow fell upon him like a thunderstroke. He who had hitherto struggled so manfully and so bravely against all other misfortunes was prostrated to the very dust. His friends even trembled for his reason. Unhappily, too, it would have been difficult to find a person less qualified to take charge of a young family than Fielding, and of this fact no one perhaps was more fully aware than Fielding himself. He took, then, a step which, though it provoked the sneers of the worldly and the unfriendly, was, under the circumstances, perhaps the wisest which he could have taken. Heavy and sincere as was his affliction, he married again. The person, undoubtedly, on whom his choice fell, was of humble birth; but, on the other hand, as Fielding's apology, if any be required, it should be borne in mind that that choice fell on one who had watched with him the last struggles, and had mingled her tears with his, over the coffin of his late wife; that she had been the confidential servant and friend of that idolised wife, her inseparable companion during Fielding's long and dreary absences in law courts and sponging-houses, and a second and tender mother to his children. That Fielding, then, should have been induced to give his hand at the altar to this tried dependent, and to endue her with the material guardianship of these motherless children, was assuredly not only not an unnatural, but by many persons may perhaps be regarded as a commendable act. According to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who probably knew her personally and well, "The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her, nor solace, when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse."

The maiden name of Fielding's second wife was Mary Macdaniel. After having survived him forty-eight years, she died at Canterbury in 1802, at a very advanced age. By the first edition of Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," it would seem that Lord Lyttelton, to gratify his old schoolfellow, gave her away to him at the altar.

In 1748, Fielding, through the interest of the same steadfast friend, Lord Lyttelton, was nominated to be one of the paid magistrates for Middlesex and Westminster, — "trading justices," as they were then termed, — an office, be it observed, which at that time was held in very low estimation, and which had been very unworthily filled by many of Fielding's predecessors. Instead, however, of following their examples, by enriching himself with exactions from the guilty and the necessitous, Fielding not only, by his conscientious conduct, raised the office in respectability, but, in consequence of the active and zealous manner in which he discharged its duties, was, in May, the following year, unanimously elected by his brother magistrates to be chairman of their sessions at Hick's Hall.

To set forth in detail, in our brief memoir, a catalogue of Fielding's manifold miscellaneous writings would be a work of supererogation. With regard, however, to his three most important literary productions, "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia," it may not be inexpedient to exemplify their first introduction to the world by one or two observations. "Joseph Andrews," written in admirable imitation of the style of Cervantes, was published in 1742. It was written, as is well known, as a caricature of Richardson's famous "Pamela," and as such not unnaturally gave much offence to that spoiled and sensitive writer. So great, indeed, was Richardson's prejudice against his brother novelist, that, even to Fielding's own accomplished sister, the authoress of "David Simple," he had the indecency to speak of her brother as a low, vulgar fellow. "Poor Fielding!" he himself writes, with affected pity, "I could not help telling his sister that I was equally surprised at, and concerned for, his continued lowness. 'Had your brother,' said I, 'been born in a stable, or been a runner at a sponging-house, one should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company.'" In like manner, when "Tom

Jones" appeared, the rapid sale of that great work of fiction was in Richardson's jaundiced eyes "unaccountable." In "Amelia," Richardson was not only unable to discover the slightest merit, but professes to have read only the first volume.

"Tom Jones" was published in 1749, and was at once hailed with a general manifestation of delight and admiration. The world, it must be remembered, had not then learned to repel it on account of its impurities, which, after all, were little more than a reflex of the coarseness of the manners and literature of the age in which the great novelist lived. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote in her copy of the work, "*Ne plus ultra*." La Harpe has proclaimed it "*le premier roman du monde*," and Gibbon, "the first of ancient or modern romances." "I never," writes Lord Monboddo, "saw anything that was so much animated, and, as I may say, all alive with characters and manners, as 'The History of Tom Jones.'" "Upon my word," said Coleridge, "I think the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' the 'Alchemist,' and 'Tom Jones,' the three most perfect plots ever planned."

"Tom Jones" was gratefully dedicated by Fielding to Lord Lyttelton. "To you," he writes, "it is owing that this history was ever begun; it was by your desire that I first thought of such a composition;" and he adds, "without your assistance this history had never been completed."

Doubtless the completeness of "Tom Jones," both as regards its plot and its characters, is in a great degree owing to its having been written, not, like most of Fielding's other works, under the pressure and hurry of his immediate necessities, but in congenial hours, and during a protracted period extending apparently over as many as six or seven years. It was evidently, moreover, the work to which he looked forward for the realisation of those glowing "hopes of charming ages yet to come," which he himself admits to have been the ruling passion of his existence. "Foretell me," he exclaims, in a beautiful invocation to the love of fame, "that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on, future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew or saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see."

At the close of the year 1751 appeared with great success Fielding's third and last novel, "Amelia." Inferior in merit to "Tom Jones," yet superior, perhaps, to any other novel in the English language, it has been styled the "Odyssey" to Fielding's

"Iliad." Doctor Johnson, though little inclined to do justice to Fielding's genius, appears to have been so fascinated by "Amelia," that he read it through without stopping. The person to whom it was dedicated was the well-known philanthropist, Ralph Allen, immortalised by Pope:

> "Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Not only would Allen seem to have been a benefactor to Fielding in the days of his urgent distress, but, before he had any personal knowledge of him, he is said to have sent him the noble present of two hundred guineas.

It may be mentioned that for the copyright of "Tom Jones," Millar, the publisher, paid Fielding the sum of £600, to which, on its achieving its signal success, he added the further sum of £100. For the copyright of "Amelia," Millar paid him the sum of £1000.

Many of the characters in Fielding's novels were, as is well known, portrayed by him from living models. In "Joseph Andrews," his first tutor, Oliver, is believed to have sat for Parson Trulliber; Peter Walter — the wealthy usurer celebrated by Pope and by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams — is supposed to have been the original of Peter Pounce; and the Rev. William Young — remarkable for his benevolence, his absence of mind, and his passion for Æschylus — to have sat for Parson

Adams. Ralph Allen is stated to have been the original of Squire Allworthy, in "Tom Jones;" while from Fielding himself we may glean that the delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart of his first wife were depicted in Sophia Western. She certainly sat for Amelia. "Fielding," writes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "has given a true picture of himself and his first wife, in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and, I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact."

Doubtless, too, it was from living persons in the lower, as well as in the middle classes, that Fielding drew those accurate and admirable sketches of human nature and of English character for which his novels are so eminently distinguished. Horace Walpole, for instance, has bequeathed us a somewhat unjust, yet very curious, sketch of the great literary artist as he was on one occasion taken by surprise in the motley society of one or two of his living models. Of course, before accepting it as being a completely reliable description of what passed, some allowance must be made for aristocratic exaggeration on the part of Walpole's friends, if not of Walpole himself. "Rigby," writes the latter, "gave me a strong picture of nature. He and Peter Bathurst [brother of Allen, Lord Bathurst] t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before

Fielding, who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent word he was at supper; that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, a whore, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs; on which he civilised." It has been ingeniously suggested by Sir Walter Scott that the blind guest may probably have been the novelist's half-brother, Sir John Fielding.

In the meantime, severe mental exertions and anxiety, combined with the effects of earlier dissipations, had made slow, but unceasing inroads on Fielding's health. A complication of disorders, comprising asthma, dropsy, and jaundice, at length reduced him to a miserable condition of emaciation and weakness. Twice he underwent the operation of tapping, but without its affording him any permanent benefit. He now removed to a small cottage which he had hired at Ealing, in Middlesex; but, though he speaks of the air of this place as "the best in the whole kingdom," he seems to have grown worse instead of better. At length, as a last desperate chance of prolonging his life, he was recommended by his physicians to try the air of a foreign climate; and accordingly, Portugal having been suggested as the country most likely to afford him relief, he acquiesced in preparations being made for his embarkation for Lisbon. On the 26th of June, 1754, the dying novelist and fond father embraced his young children for the last time. "On this day, Wednesday, June 26th," he writes, "the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pain and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever. Under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones, during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me. Some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises, to which I well knew I had no title."

On reaching Rotherhithe, whither this mournful party was first bound, and where lay the trading vessel which had been engaged to convey him and his wife and daughter to Lisbon, Fielding's feebleness proved so excessive that it was found necessary to hoist him in an armchair, by means of pulleys, into the vessel. The voyage proved a long and tedious one; a circumstance, however, so far of advantage to Fielding's votaries that it incited him to commence and to continue his interesting "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," a narrative which, though it sparkles with much of his native wit and humour, nevertheless reads too painfully like the last words of a dying man to afford unmixed gratification. According to his biographer, Murphy, "he puts us in mind of a person under sentence of death jesting on the scaffold." "His perception of character, and power of describing it," writes Sir Walter Scott, "had not forsaken him in those sad moments; for the master of the ship in which he sailed, the scolding landlady of the Isle of Wight, the military coxcomb who visits their vessel, are all portraits, marked with the master hand which traced Parson Adams and Squire Western."

Owing to unfavourable winds, it was not till the 10th of July that the vessel bearing the invalid had passed through the Channel and appeared in sight of the Isle of Wight; this being two days previous to the date on which Fielding addressed the following hitherto unpublished letter to his half-brother, Sir John Fielding:

"On board the *Queen of Portugal*, Richard Veal, at anchor on the Mother Bank off Ryde; to the care of the Postmaster at Portsmouth. This is my date and your direction.

"July 12, 1754.

"DEAR JACK:—After receiving that agreeable £10 from Messrs. Fielding & Co., we weighed on Monday morning, and sailed from Deal to the westward. Four days' long, but inconceivably pleasant, passage brought us yesterday to an anchor on the Mother Bank, on the back of the Isle of Wight, where we had last night in safety the pleasure of hearing the winds roar over our heads in as violent a tempest as I have known, and where my only consideration were the fears which must possess any friend of ours (if there is happily any such), who really makes our well-being the object of his concern; especially if such friend should be totally inexperienced in sea affairs. I therefore beg that on the day that you receive this, Mrs. Daniel may know that we are just risen from breakfast in health and spirits this 12th inst., at 9 in the morning. Our voyage hath proved fruitful in adventures, all which being to be written in the book, you must postpone your curiosity.

"As the incidents which fall under your cognisance will possibly be consigned to oblivion, do give them to us as they pass. Tell your neighbour that I am much obliged to him for recommending me to the care of a most able and experienced seaman, to whom other captains seem to pay such deference that they attend and watch his motions, and think themselves only safe when they act under his directions and example. Our ship, in truth, seems to give laws on the water with as much authority and superiority as you dispense laws to the public, and examples to your brethren in commission.

"Please to direct your answer to me on board as in the date; if gone, to be returned, and then send it, by the post and packet, to Lisbon, to

"Your affectionate brother,
"H. FIELDING.

" *To John Fielding, Esq., at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, London.*"

After a tedious detention of eleven days off Ryde, Fielding, on the 23d of July, had the satisfaction of finding himself again under weigh for Lisbon, where he appears to have arrived early in August. During the voyage, notwithstanding his wretched state of bodily health, and the constant discomforts and perils to which he was exposed, his tender but manly nature shone forth with an unaffected serenity and resignation, which almost makes us forget the errors of his past life and sometimes licentious pen. His health, unfortunately, had not improved since he sailed from England. "The total loss of limbs," he had then written, "was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed, so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me." Yet, even in this bad condition, his brave heart could not only make the best of everything, but could even jest at his own sufferings. The comfort and welfare of his wife and daughter, and not his own, were evidently uppermost in his thoughts. The slightest kindnesses shown him on their part are recorded by him with expressions of the tenderest gratitude. His "dear wife and child," he writes after a storm, "were both too good and too gentle to be trusted to the power of any man he knew."

Although Fielding may possibly have not been, strictly speaking, orthodox in his religious principles, he was at all events a sincere believer in the pure and primitive truths of Christianity. In a skeptical age it was his honourable boast that he was a Christian. That he had devoted many earnest hours to the study of theology appears to be certain. On the day, for instance, on which he lay down to die in a foreign land, the ink could scarcely have been dry upon the pen with which, so long as his strength had permitted, he had employed himself in confuting the infidelities of Bolingbroke, as recently published under the pernicious editorship of David Mallet.

The great novelist survived his arrival at Lisbon less than two months. Affectionately watched over by his wife and child, and happily free from pain at the last, he expired, unrepiningly and without a groan, on the 8th of October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

Provision was made for Fielding's widow and orphan children, partly by his half-brother, Sir John Fielding, to whom he had resigned his magistracy at Bow Street, and partly by his former munificent benefactor, Ralph Allen, who, at his death, bequeathed an annuity of £100 to the family. By his second wife, Fielding was the father of four children, of whom his eldest son, William, studied the law, and was called to the bar. His second son entered holy orders, and resided at Canterbury.

CHAPTER XII.

RICHARD MOUNTENEY.

Richard Mounteney, whose frequently reprinted "Demosthenes Selectæ Orationes" have so intimately associated his name with that of the great Athenian orator, was the son of Richard Mounteney, of Putney, in Surrey. He was born in 1707, was educated on the foundation at Eton, and in 1725 was elected to King's College, where he remained till he obtained his fellowship.

On quitting Cambridge, the young scholar entered himself at the Inner Temple, and, after a successful career at the bar, became, in 1741, one of the barons of the exchequer in Ireland; having two years previously, in 1739, married the Countess Dowager of Mount Alexander. "His intimacy with Sir Edward Walpole at college," writes Nichols, "and his excellent [Latin] dedication of the 'Orations' to Sir Robert, together with his strict honour and great abilities, raised him to that honourable office which he filled with much reputation." The cause in which, as presiding judge, he acquired the greatest credit, was in the famous trial which commenced on the 11th of November, 1743, between Mr. James Annesley and his alleged uncle, Richard, sixth Earl of Anglesey; the former asserting himself to be the true and legitimate son of the earl's elder brother, the late lord, and to have been kidnapped in childhood by his unnatural uncle, with the object of depriving him of the succession to the family honours and estates.

Richard Mounteney died in 1768. Besides having edited the "Select Orations of Demosthenes," he published, in 1784, a treatise entitled "Observations on the Probable Issue of the Congress." His edition of "Demosthenes" was first published in 1731, when he was only twenty-four years old; this work being accompanied by critical observations on the Ulpian Controversy by his learned Eton and King's contemporary, John Chapman, Archdeacon of Sudbury. According to Nichols, Mounteney's "celebrated dedication" of his "Demosthenes" to Sir Robert Walpole, to which he partly owed his promotion to the bench, was first published in 1748; yet in 1748 Sir Robert had been dead three years. In his youth Richard Mounteney had not only courted the Muses, but, if we are to place confidence in the following adulatory verses addressed to him by Paul Jodrell, solicitor-general to Frederick, Prince of Wales, he was a poet of no mean promise:

"To love and verse young Ovid's tender mind
The Muse inspired, as Nature had inclined.
In vain his sire, his fortune to improve,
To learn his country's laws the stripling drove,
He studied nothing still but verse and love.
  Nature, to you more eminently kind,
The wide extremes of law and verse have joined.
Alike in both you happily succeed,
Resistless when you sing or when you plead.
By the same force of two commanding arts,
Men gain estates and women lose their hearts.
Whene'er the venerable coif shall spread
Its sable honours o'er thy learned head,
The Muse, expressive of thy other praise,
Around the silk shall wreathe the sacred bays."

CHAPTER XIII.

RALPH THICKNESSE.

RESPECTING this almost forgotten scholar, we have been able to glean but little information beyond a fact, probably already well known to the classical reader, that he gave to the world an edition of Phædrus with English notes. He was born in or about the year 1707. His father was the Rev. John Thicknesse, Rector of Farthinghoe, in Northamptonshire, who died in 1725, before his son had quitted Eton. His mother, Joyce Blencowe, was the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, and niece of Sir John Blencowe, one of the justices of the Common Pleas. According to one of his sons, Philip Thicknesse, — the author of a curious autobiography, from which the preceding details have been chiefly gleaned, — she brought her husband no other fortune but "her many virtues," and proved the "excellent mother" of eight children.

In 1727 Ralph Thicknesse was elected from the foundation at Eton to King's College, Cambridge; in 1730 he took his degree of B. A., and in 1736 as M. A. After having obtained his fellowship at King's, he passed ten years of his comparatively short life as an assistant master at Eton. Besides being an accomplished scholar, he was a musician, a humourist, and apparently a man much beloved by his friends.

The fact is a remarkable one, that in one and the same year (1742) the subject of this brief memoir should have been an Eton master, should have published his edition of Phædrus, have narrowly missed the honour of being elected Provost of King's by his brother fellows, and have been appointed "lieutenant of an independent company at Jamaica." His commission was obtained for him by his friend, Sir Edward Walpole, its value being enhanced by his receiving a promise of leave of absence till such time as he might succeed to the command of a company, of which the emoluments are said to have been worth £1,000 a year. He immediately hurried up to London to obtain his mandamus from the then Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Charles, famous as the "proud Duke of Somerset," to one of whose exclusive banquets he had the exceptional honour of being invited. One incident of the evening he related to his brother Philip. Dinner, he said, when served up, was announced to the company by one of his Grace's servants presenting himself, holding in his right hand a silver staff, somewhat resembling a bishop's crosier, and three times pronouncing the words, — first of all *forte*, then *piano*, then *pianissimo:* "My Lord Duke of Somerset —

My Lord Duke of Somerset — My Lord Duke of Somerset — Your Grace's dinner is upon the table."

From London Ralph Thicknesse proceeded to Bath, where he survived his arrival only a few days. He was playing the first violin at the performance of a composition of his own, at a morning concert in that city, when his head suddenly dropped, and, almost as suddenly, life became extinct. The inscription placed on his monument in the Abbey Church at Bath was written by his former gifted schoolfellow, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; besides which, a Doctor Oliver, who was at his side when he expired, composed some elegiac verses on his death; verses which — less on account of their literary merit, than as bearing testimony to the social virtues and accomplishments of the dead — we are induced to lay before the reader:

"Weep, O ye wits! who ever laughed before,
Thicknesse, your favourite Thicknesse, jokes no more.
No more his Attic salt, his Roman fire,
The social band delighted shall admire.
Hushed be all harmony except the strain
That's taught in mournful numbers to complain
How he, who sounds celestial could combine,
Was snatch'd from earth in heavenly choir to shine.
Ye poets, sweet companions of his youth,
Quit all your fables, and adorn the truth;
In elegiac plaints his story tell,
How loved he lived, and how lamented fell."

Ralph Thicknesse expired on the 11th of October, 1742, apparently at the age of thirty-five.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

DURING the more than four centuries that Eton has been the prolific mother of the gifted and the illustrious, she has given birth to no nobler son than the elder William Pitt, "the Great Commoner," as he was affectionately styled by his contemporaries, "the great Earl of Chatham" of our own time. William Pitt was born on the 15th of November, 1708. According to his biographer, the Rev. F. Thackeray, he first saw the light in the parish of St. James, Westminster; while Seward, in his "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons," no less confidently states that he was born at Stratford House, at the foot of the fortress of Old Sarum, in Wiltshire.[1] The former statement we believe to comprise the truth. His father was Robert Pitt, Esq., of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, one of the clerks of the green cloth to George II. when Prince of Wales, and member of Parliament successively for Old Sarum and Okehampton. He died in 1727, apparently about two years after his son must have left Eton. Mr.

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[1] An engraved view of Stratford House forms the frontispiece to Seward's second volume.

Pitt's mother, who survived her husband nine years, was Harriet Villiers, sister of John, Lord Grandison. Through her he was lineally descended from Sir George Villiers, father of the powerful favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; as likewise was his schoolfellow, Henry Fielding, through his ancestress, Susan, Countess of Denbigh, sister of the great duke. Mr. Pitt's paternal grandfather, it should be mentioned, was the well-known Governor Pitt, who purchased in the East Indies, for £20,400, the famous Pitt diamond, weighing 127 carats, which he afterward sold for £135,000 to the King of France.

Of William Pitt's Eton days we have little to record beyond the well-known legend of his having been once subjected to an unusually severe flogging, as the penalty of his having been caught out of bounds, to which we may add the further fact of his having, while still an Eton boy, suffered from the merciless enemy of his maturer years, the gout. On leaving Eton, where his progress in the classics is said to have been watched *placido lumine* by Doctor Bland, he studied for a short time at the University of Utrecht; a fact overlooked by his biographers, but which he has himself recorded in a letter to Lord Shelburne. His next removal was to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was admitted as a gentleman commoner on the 10th of January, 1726, and whence, without remaining long enough to take his degree, he departed on a tour through France and Italy. The profession he chose for himself was the army; his first, and, indeed, the only commission which he ever held, being as a cornet in the Blues.

In the year 1735, during the premiership of Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pitt, at the age of twenty-seven, took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Old Sarum. During the following seven years which preceded the fall of Walpole from power, Mr. Pitt figures as the formidable and uncompromising opponent of that celebrated minister, who in return avenged himself on the "terrible cornet of horse," as he paid him the compliment of styling him, by depriving him of his commission. Not only, it may be remarked, was this proceeding in itself a most exasperating one, but, inasmuch as, at this time, exclusive of his military pay, an inconsiderable annuity seems to have comprised his entire income,[1] his dismissal from the army probably subjected him to considerable embarrassment. The famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, indeed, as a token of her admiration of his patriotism and genius, bequeathed him a legacy of £10,000; but this was a windfall which did not avail him till after he had sat in Parliament for some years. Under these circumstances, then, it was fortunate for him that, in 1737, he had accepted the post of groom of the bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, a post which not only established him on a most intimate and agreeable footing at the prince's court at Leicester House, composed, as it was at that time, according to Lord Chesterfield, of "the most promising of the young Whig lords and gentlemen, and of the prettiest and liveliest of the young Whig ladies," but which was coupled with a salary of £400 a year, — no despicable addition to the means of one whose income amounted to no more than a quarter of that sum. Nor, it may be added, were at this time the tastes and pursuits of the future austere and stately minister altogether at variance with those of the sprightly court of which he now found himself a denizen. Opposed, indeed, as the fact may be to our preconceived notions of his character, these were days when, according to Lord Chesterfield, he was "a most agreeable and lively companion," when, in the language of Horace Walpole, Lady Archibald Hamilton lost the heart of her paramour, Prince Frederick, "by giving him William Pitt as a rival;" and lastly, when, according to his friend, James Hammond, the poet, he was as much distinguished by "manners soft" and the "courtier's ease" as he afterward was by the "Roman's virtue." [1]

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[1] According to Lord Chesterfield, it amounted to no more than one hundred a year.

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[1] To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair

. . . .

There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my listening grief shall charm
With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.

To the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole from power in 1742, and to the consequent accession of the Pelhams to power, Mr. Pitt had every reason to look as stepping-stones to his rising to high and responsible employment in the state. It was not, however, till after a brilliant parliamentary career of eleven years' duration that the long-deferred day of preferment arrived. In 1745, indeed, the Duke of Newcastle had earnestly recommended him to George II. for the appointment of secretary at war; but so obnoxious had Mr. Pitt rendered himself to the king, by his unbending opposition to his Majesty's partial policy in regard to his Hanoverian dominions, that the duke's appeal was at once negatived. Taking into account, however, Mr. Pitt's consummate talents and splendid eloquence, so unreasonable a repugnance as that of the king could not be allowed to prevail for ever; and accordingly, on the 22d of February, 1746, he was gazetted joint vice-treasurer for Ireland, a post which he held only till the 6th of May following, when he was nominated to the more lucrative office of paymaster-general of the forces, and, about the same time, sworn a member of the Privy Council. Displaying a scrupulous probity, which, it is to be feared, had not always been a characteristic of preceding paymasters, Mr. Pitt continued to hold this appointment during the ensuing ten years, when, on the 4th of December, 1756, his advancement to the post of secretary of state, in the room of his distinguished rival, Mr. Fox, at length afforded him full scope for the exercise and display of his transcendent abilities. In the meantime, he had greatly strengthened his political importance by marrying, on the 16th of October, 1754, a high-born as well as exemplary woman, Lady Hester Grenville, niece to Richard, Viscount Cobham, — Pope's Lord Cobham, — and sister of Mr. Pitt's Eton schoolfellow, fellow minister, and friend, Richard, Earl Temple.

We have said that the appointment of Mr. Pitt to the post of secretary of state afforded him full scope for the display of his transcendent abilities. At this time, be it remembered, a year's unpropitious war with France had reduced Great Britain to a lamentable condition of disaster and discredit. Defeat had been followed by defeat; disgrace by disgrace. The unfortunate expedition of General Braddock against Fort du Quesne; the unsuccessful attempt against Ticonderoga; the failure of the expedition against Rochefort; and the unsatisfactory result of the naval engagement between Admiral Byng and Galissonière, had alike grievously tarnished the honour of England, and fiercely exasperated the English people. It was under these circumstances that England loudly called for the services of Mr. Pitt as the wisest, the most eloquent, and the most patriotic of her sons; nor could a statesman more admirably qualified to grapple with the emergency have possibly been a nation's choice. Though not altogether without weaknesses, he was unquestionably a great man. He possessed a mind singularly fertile in resources; a perception as clear in devising expedients as it was prompt in carrying them into execution; an undaunted courage which never shrank from incurring responsibility, and an originality of genius which led him to despise precedents, and to regard as trifling hindrances such obstacles as to inferior intellects appeared to be impossibilities. Moreover, he was superior to every selfish consideration. To him the smiles or frowns of his sovereign, the applause or censure of the multitude, the tenure or loss of office, were as nothing compared with the one noble and all-absorbing object of his life, — the aggrandisement and prosperity of his native country. The patronage which accrues to office he gave up for the public good. For the claims of political friends, and the pleadings of pretty women, he had no ear. For high family connection and aristocratic pretensions he entertained the profoundest contempt. In the noblest sense of the word he was a patriot. He loved his country, and in the dark hours of her declining grandeur is said to have been impressed with the prophetic conviction that he was destined to save her. "My lord," he once said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can."

Mr. Pitt had no sooner been installed as secretary of state and war minister, than he commenced establishing a severe and personal despotism over every naval and military department of the state. He not only exacted obedience from chiefs of departments and under secretaries, but prompt, tacit, implicit obedience. On one occasion, when confined to his bed by the gout, he sent a message to the master-general of the ordnance, Sir Charles Frederick, to attend him immediately. "The battering-train from the Tower," he told him, "must be at Portsmouth by to-morrow morning at seven o'clock." The master-general attempted to explain to him that it was impossible. "At your peril, sir," said the great minister, "let it be done; and let an express be sent to me from every stage till the train arrives." By seven o'clock the train was at Portsmouth.

In his interviews with naval and military men, the dignity of Mr. Pitt's demeanour, the grandeur of his views, and the clearness with which he explained them, impressed them at once that they were in the presence of a great man. When they quitted his presence, to follow out his instructions in a foreign land, they felt that he had instilled into them a portion of his own sanguine and indomitable spirit. Civilian though he was, they admitted that the ablest commander might not only obey his instructions without a blush, but adopt his suggestions with advantage. "He was possessed," said Colonel Barré, in the House of

Commons, "of the happy talent of transfusing his own zeal into the souls of all those who were to have a share in carrying his projects into execution; and it is a matter well known to many officers now in the House, that no man ever entered the earl's closet, who did not feel himself, if possible, braver at his return than when he went in." To those who were employed by him he ever extended his fullest support. A general officer having on one occasion been asked by him how many men he would require to succeed in carrying out a certain expedition, the reply was, "Ten thousand." "Then you shall have twelve thousand," said the minister, "and if you do not succeed it will be your own fault." Irresolution it was not in his nature to feel himself, nor was he ready to pardon it in others. "Irresolution," once observed his rival, Henry Fox, "has been a general and is surely a fatal fault. I think Pitt almost the only man that I have seen in power who had not that fault, though he had many others."

Thus energetically did Mr. Pitt conduct toward a glorious conclusion a war which, had it been carried on by one of an inferior order of statesmen, might have been protracted for twenty years longer, at tenfold the expense, and probably with a tenth part only of the success with which it was ultimately crowned. Under his auspices the commerce of Great Britain was rendered prosperous beyond all precedent; colony was added to colony; while victory, gained after victory, had once more occasioned the name of an Englishman to be as much respected and dreaded over the world as it had been in the days of Cromwell and Queen Anne. "Il faut avouer," said Frederick the Great of Prussia, "que l'Angleterre a été longtemps en travail, et qu'elle a beaucoup soufferte pour produire M. Pitt; mais enfin elle est accouchée d'un homme." So habitual, indeed, became the triumphs of the British arms, that, during the later encounters between England and her foes, the one looked for victory as a matter of course, while the other appeared as if already panic-struck by the certainty of defeat. "There is scarcely more credit to be got," said a contemporary, "in beating a Frenchman than in beating a woman."

Such eminent services as these naturally secured for Mr. Pitt the love and veneration of the people of England. The masses, moreover, loved him, not only because he had provided them with conquests and triumphs; not only because the commercial prosperity of England had, under his auspices, kept pace with her ancient military renown; but also because he was the minister of their own creation and choice; because it was his boast that he derived his power, not from the favour of kings, but from the middle classes of his countrymen; and, lastly, because he was still simply Mr. Pitt, without a garter below his knee or a ribbon across his breast, without a title or a sinecure, and above a bribe.

Perhaps the best evidence which could be adduced of Mr. Pitt's vast intellectual superiority to the statesmen of the age in which he lived, was the awe in which he was held by his powerful colleagues in the Cabinet. "The whole Council," as the Duke of Newcastle admitted to Rigby, "used to be in dread lest Mr. Pitt should frown." The powerful favourite, Lord Bute, for instance, complained of his insolent treatment of him; and even Lord Mansfield, notwithstanding the dignity of his office and character, would seem, at least on one occasion, to have been treated by him with something very nearly approaching to contempt. For example, at the discussion of an important point of war policy, to which he believed that Lord Mansfield was prepared to offer opposition, Mr. Pitt summed up the opinions of the other members of the Council, without any reference to the great lawyer. "The Chief Justice of England," he said, "has no opinion to give in this matter." But it was the Duke of Newcastle himself, when prime minister, who seems to have stood in the greatest awe of, and to have winced the oftenest under, the frown of his despotic colleague. "I recollect," writes Sir George Colebrooke, "his Grace making this the subject of lively conversation at table at Claremont, but it was no subject of merriment at the time." According to Horace Walpole, if the duke happened to have committed a ministerial or official blunder, Mr. Pitt used to send for him and to read him a lecture, as if he had been a schoolboy. He once, when the wants of the army seemed likely to be jeoparded by neglect, even went so far as to threaten him with impeachment. In a like threat, by the bye, he at another time included the entire Board of Treasury.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt's master mind, his brilliant eloquence, and especially his crushing powers of withering invective, rendered him quite as formidable and despotic as he was in the Cabinet. In Parliament he was what Lord Chesterfield describes him, "*ipse agmen*, a host in himself." He was gifted by nature with almost all the qualities which are requisite to form a great orator. His figure was imposing and graceful; his eye was singularly eloquent and full of fire; his features were capable of every variety of expression; his full, rich, silvery voice was no less capable of every variety of intonation. Choice, however, as were his oratorical powers, his eloquence was not without its defects. His style was occasionally too florid, his action too theatrical. In the art of reply, and as a debater, he was inferior to more than one of his contemporaries. But, on the other hand, his eloquence was distinguished by passionate and heart-stirring appeals to the feelings; by bold flights of fancy; by striking metaphors; by varied and copious knowledge; by the occasional and happy introduction of anecdote; by animated allusions to past historical events; by clear and manly statements of his views and sentiments; and, lastly, when it suited his purpose, by fierce denunciations and bitter sarcasms. To these qualities must be added the evidence which his speeches afforded of a noble and generous elevation of sentiment; a loathing of all that is mean and sordid, and a keen appreciation of all that is good and beautiful. Mr. Pitt's set and studied orations were commonly failures. It was only when he spoke from the impulse of the occasion that his eloquence blazed forth in its full and unaffected splendour. It was usually some merely accidental circumstance in the course of a debate — the ironical laugh of a political opponent, the expression of some unworthy or illiberal sentiment, or some imagined affront to himself or to his country — which elicited from him those impassioned outbursts of eloquence on which his great fame as an orator mainly rests. On such occasions it was that, his ideas flowing faster than his words, he gave vent to those heart-stirring appeals to the patriotism of his listeners, those withering denunciations of the living, and mournful and eloquent panegyrics on the dead, which half impressed his audience with the conviction that he was an inspired being.

In the art and use of invective Mr. Pitt was unrivalled. In such terror, indeed, was he held by the House of Commons, that usually a mere glance of his eye, whether expressive of contempt defiance, or aversion, was sufficient to daunt the boldest. On one occasion, it is said, when a member, somewhat bolder than his fellows, rose to prefer a charge of inconsistency against the great minister, Mr. Pitt fixed on him a single look of mingled astonishment and scorn. That single look was sufficient. After having muttered a few words, the unfortunate man returned to his seat and his insignificance. At other times, when greatly offended or annoyed, it was his custom to bear down upon the culprit with such a vehemence of indignation, contemptuous ridicule, and insulting sarcasm, that the exhibition is said to have been almost terrifying.

Of Mr. Pitt's peculiar method of crushing a political adversary, the following anecdote may be taken as an illustration. Mr. Morton, Chief Justice of Chester, a barrister of some eminence, happened, in the course of a speech, to introduce the words, "king, Lords, and Commons," to which he added, with his glance fixed pointedly on Pitt, "or, as that right honourable gentleman would call them, Commons, Lords, and king." Astounded at his boldness, Pitt deliberately rose from his seat, and called him to order. "I have frequently," he said, "heard in this House doctrines which have surprised me; but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down." The clerks of the House having taken them down, "Bring them to me," he said, in a voice of thunder. Morton by this time appears to have been frightened out of his senses, and began to stammer out his apologies. He meant nothing, he said ; indeed, he meant nothing. Pitt sank his voice almost to a whisper. "I do not wish," he said, "to push the matter farther." Then, assuming a louder tone of voice, he added, "The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member, and, as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice." Here he paused for a few moments, and then, fixing upon the delinquent a look of withering scorn, he added, "When that member means nothing, I recommend him to say nothing."

Another instance of Mr. Pitt's contemptuous mode of crushing an enemy in the House of Commons occurred when Sir William Young once ventured to interrupt him during one of his speeches by calling, "Question, question." Mr. Pitt fixed on him the same ineffable look of scorn. "Pardon," he said, "my agitation, Mr. Speaker; but when that member calls for the 'question,' I fear I hear the knell of my country's ruin." It was observed by Benjamin Franklin that he had sometimes met with eloquence without wisdom, and often with wisdom without eloquence; but in Mr. Pitt only had he seen them both united, and then both, he thought, in the highest degree.

For the success of his oratory Mr. Pitt was apparently but little indebted to profundity of learning. Doubtless he had read much; but his reading seems to have been miscellaneous rather than deep. He once, for instance, mentioned to a friend that he had twice read Bailey's Dictionary from beginning to end; adding that he had read some of Barrow's sermons so often as to have learned them by heart. The sermons of two other divines for which he expressed an admiration were those of Abernethy and of the Reverend Mr. Mudge of Plymouth; his preference in this latter case being shared by Doctor Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Like Burke, he was an ardent admirer of Lord Bolingbroke's style, and strongly recommended it to his illustrious son as a model of English composition. Poetry Mr. Pitt delighted in; and like his eminent contemporaries, Lord Camden and Bishop Warburton, held in no contempt the fictions of the novelist. Often, moreover, in his family circle, his fine voice might be heard reciting one or other of the historical plays of Shakespeare; his custom being, when he came to any comic or burlesque part, to hand the passage over to be read out by some other person in the company. Nevertheless, there would seem to have been no single branch of learning or science on which he had expended any long or patient amount of time or thought. It was objected to him, for instance, in his ministerial capacity, by his sovereign, George the Second, that he had the effrontery to direct the affairs of the nation without having ever read Vattel on the "Law of Nations." According to his eccentric but clever sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, he knew nothing accurately except Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Of the three branches of learning — law, finance, and political economy — of which, as a statesman, he ought to have been the most cognisant, he appears to have known comparatively little; this deficiency, however, being in a great degree counteracted by the singular quickness of his apprehension, which enabled him speedily to master any subject which he took in hand. It was observed of him, for instance, by Mr. Cummins, an eminent American Quaker: "The first time I attend Mr. Pitt on any business, I find him extremely ignorant; the second time, I find him completely master of the subject."

Besides enjoying a taste for music, Mr. Pitt was not only fond of gardening, but is said to have been gifted with a happy taste in laying out pleasure-grounds, and disposing flower-beds. A Temple of Pan, for example, with the ornamental ground surrounding it, which were designed by him for his villa at South Lodge, Enfield Chase, are quoted by Whately, in his "Observations on Modern Gardening," as a very successful effort of bucolic art. With this predilection, Mr. Pitt was one afternoon employed in ornamenting the grounds of a friend's villa in the neighbourhood of London, when some important despatches were handed to him which required his earnest consideration. So fascinated, however, was he by his occupation, that he not only continued the task he had set himself, but, even after darkness had set in, remained on the spot superintending, by the light from lanterns, the disposition of the sticks which he intended should indicate where a shrub was to be planted or a flower-plot to be laid out.

However familiar Mr. Pitt may have been with the Latin classics, his knowledge of the Greek would seem to have been but superficial. The prose writer of antiquity whom he appreciated the most highly appears to have been Plutarch, from whose "Lives," as he once told the House of Commons, he had derived more instruction than from any other work he had ever read. The Latin poet whom in his youth he most admired is said to have been Virgil; although the frequency with which, in his maturer years, we find him quoting Horace, might lead to the presumption that the latter poet was the greater favourite with him of the two.

According to the competent opinion of Professor Creasy, "Pitt's Latin verses attest his devotion to the best Augustan writers;" the professor, at the same time, citing as evidence of their general excellence the copy of Latin hexameters composed by Mr. Pitt, when at Oxford, on the death of

George the First. Of Mr. Pitt's merits, however, as a Latin scholar, or rather of the merits of this particular academical production, Lord Macaulay, on the other hand, thought but meanly. "It proves," he writes, "that the young student had but a very limited knowledge even of the mechanical part of his art. All true Etonians will hear with concern that their illustrious schoolfellow is guilty of making the first syllable in *labenti* short. The matter of the poem is as worthless as that of any college exercise that was ever written before or since. There is, of course, much about Mars, Themis, Neptune, and Cocytus. The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses; Cæsar, who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women."[1]

Mr. Pitt was not only a writer of English, as well as of Latin, verse, but, in the partial opinion of his biographer, Thackeray, was qualified by natural genius to become as eminent as a poet as he had proved himself to be as a statesman. Nevertheless, of the admitted productions of Mr. Pitt's Muse, the most ambitious — namely, a poem written in imitation of Horace's fine ode, "Tyrrhena Regum progenies," etc. — not only seems to us to rank below mediocrity, but in parts to be disfigured by a bombast and an obscurity which reflects no great credit on his classical nurture. Andromeda's "effulgent sire," for instance, "flames;" Procyon's "kindled ray rages;" "maddening Leo darts his stellar fire;" and cliffs "bellow;" while the concluding stanza thus unskilfully rhymes:

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[1] Lord Macaulay, it is but fair to add, himself admits that Mr. Pitt probably wrote *labanti*, and that the printer may have misprinted the word *labenti*. Mr. Pitt, indeed, could scarcely have forgotten the double authority for the *a* in *labenti* being long, as exemplified in the following familiar couplet of his favourite Horace:

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."
> —*Epist. I. Lib. 2.*

"Midst all the tumults of the warring sphere,
  My light-charged bark may haply glide,
Some gale may waft, some conscious thought shall cheer,
  And the small freight unanxious glide."[1]

We have quoted this defective stanza as it has been rendered, not only by Thackeray, but also by Seward, who, with the permission of George, Marquis of Buckingham, first printed the poem from the original MS. at Stow. On the other hand, it may be true, as charitably suggested by Lord Macaulay, that, in the last line, Mr. Pitt, instead of glide, might have intended to write guide.

The death of George the Second, on the 25th of October, 1760; the accession of his youthful grandson to the throne; the consequent rise to influence and power of the celebrated John, Earl of Bute; the aversion of the new sovereign to the great Whig party, of which Mr. Pitt's genius and popularity were the mainstays; and, lastly, the ardent desire of the young king to substitute a lasting and honourable peace for what he regarded as a costly and sanguinary war, had, as we have already indicated in our memoir of Lord Holland, the effect of completely interfering with, for the present, the triumphant position of England's greatest statesman. During the first five months of the new reign, Lord Bute, it may be remembered, had contented himself with having been sworn a privy councillor, and with filling the subordinate post of groom of the stole. The time, however, had now arrived when, in his opinion, a blow might be struck at the "great Whig families" with good effect, and accordingly, as a preliminary step, the king, by the earl's advice, was induced to dismiss from the post of chancellor of the exchequer an efficient statesman, Henry Bilson Legge, a younger son of William, first Earl of Dartmouth; this step being speedily followed by the appointment of Bute as secretary of state in the room of the Earl of Holdernesse, and, not long afterward, by the fall of Mr. Pitt. At the commencement of October, 1761, he and Bute sat together at the same Cabinet council for the last time, and on the 5th of that month he resigned the seals of office into the king's hands.

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[1] "Invitation to South Lodge;" addressed "To the Right Hon. Richard Grenville Temple, Lord Cobham."

In the following very few words Mr. Pitt has epitomised the immediate cause of his fall. "I submitted," he said, "to a trembling Council my advice for an immediate declaration of war with Spain;"[1] this advice, as it is almost needless to remark, being but coldly received by the majority of his colleagues. In the language of Horace Walpole, he had, by some "masterpiece of intelligence," obtained private information of the existence of a secret treaty — a treaty afterward known as the "Family Compact" — between the Kings of France and Spain, by which the two princes of the house of Bourbon had covenanted to make common cause against Great Britain. Had Mr. Pitt's advice, then, been followed, and the warlike preparations of Spain been anticipated by prompt action on the part of this country, Spain might have lost her American fleet with its golden cargoes, while Havana, Martinique, and the Philippine Islands would probably have been at the mercy of England. But Bute, warmly supported as he was by the king, was now all powerful in the Cabinet, and accordingly he not only unhesitatingly raised his voice against the bold and sagacious measures proposed by Mr. Pitt, but had even the temerity to denounce them as "rash and unadvisable." Lord Temple alone supported the proposal of his illustrious brother-in-law, and accordingly Pitt found himself with no choice but to retire from the ministry. He was grateful, he said, on taking leave of the Council, to such members of the Cabinet as had afforded him their support in the prosecution of the war. As for himself, he added, he had been called to the ministry by the voice of the people; it was to them that he looked upon himself as responsible, and, in justice to them, he felt that it was impossible for him to continue in a situation in which he would be made answerable for measures over which he had no control. Indignant at the democratic character of this language, the president of the Council, Earl Granville, rose from his seat. "When the gentleman," he said, "talks of being responsible to the people, he talks the language of the House of Commons, and forgets that at this board he is only responsible to the king. However, though he may possibly have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we should be equally convinced before we resign our understandings to his direction, or join with him in the measure he proposes." Nevertheless, notwithstanding the strong incredulity and reprobation of Lords Bute and Grenville, Mr. Pitt's intelligence and advice proved to be triumphantly correct. Thus, on the 2d of January, 1762, the king in full Council announced that peace with Spain was no longer maintainable; on the 4th Great Britain declared war against that country, and on the 16th Spain declared war against Great Britain.

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[1] Debate in the House of Lords, November 22, 1770.

In the meantime, no sooner had it transpired that Mr. Pitt had ceased to be a minister of the Crown than, in the words of Walpole, the nation was "thunderstruck, alarmed, indignant." The City of London proposed an address to the throne, desiring to be acquainted with the cause of his dismissal; others suggested a vote of thanks and condolence to the fallen minister; while many went so far as to propose a general mourning, as in a time of national affliction.

Such, then, were the flattering tributes in the course of being paid to Mr. Pitt's patriotism and genius, when, four days after his resignation, it was announced, to the indignation of thousands, and to the disappointment of all, that the Great Commoner had stooped to accept a pension of £3,000 a year for himself and a peerage for his wife. That he merited a quarter of the obloquy which was notoriously heaped upon him on this occasion may very fairly be disputed. "It is a shame," said Burke, "that any defence should be necessary. What eye cannot distinguish the difference between this and the exceptional cases of titles and pensions? What Briton, with the smallest sense of honour and gratitude, but must blush for his country if such a man retired unrewarded from the public service, let the motives for that retirement be what they would!" Lord Temple also, on the 16th of October, 1761, writes to Wilkes: "The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Ferdinand, Sir Edward Hawke, etc., did not disdain to receive pecuniary and honorary rewards for their services, perhaps of a very inferior kind to the deserts of Mr. Pitt. I think, therefore, he would have been the most insolent, factious, and ungrateful man living, to the king, had he waived an offer of this sort, which binds him to nothing but to love and honour his Majesty." Such also appears to have been the light in which Mr. Pitt himself viewed the question. To the king he not only expressed himself all gratitude and devotion, but, on delivering up the seals in the royal closet, he was singularly and painfully affected. He almost wished, he told his Majesty, that his services had remained unrewarded, in order that, as an entirely independent member of Parliament, he might have opportunities of showing how deep was his gratitude, how disinterested were his zeal and affection for his sovereign. When, on their parting, the young king expressed his regret at losing the services of so able a minister, "Sir," said Mr. Pitt, "I confess I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness: pardon me, Sir, — it overpowers — it oppresses — me!" and he burst into tears.

That Mr. Pitt's decline in popular favour was but temporary was made sufficiently manifest when, on the 9th of November, — only three or four weeks after the scene in the royal closet, — the young king and his newly wedded consort, Queen Charlotte, dined in state at Guildhall. It was the king's first visit to the citizens of London since his accession, and being also "lord mayor's day," the streets were, as may readily be imagined, crowded to excess. Among the anticipated guests were Pitt and Bute; and accordingly the favourable or unfavourable reception which awaited each in their necessary progress through the streets on the day of entertainment was naturally a matter of anxious speculation to the friends of both. Doubtless it would have been worthier of Mr. Pitt's high character if, instead of running a race for popularity with his sovereign and with his sovereign's constitutional advisers, he had listened to the dictates of his better judgment, and absented himself from the banquet. The fact, however, is, that, in accepting the lord mayor's invitation, Mr. Pitt had been influenced less by his own inclinations than by the exhortations of his intriguing and turbulent friends, Lord Temple and Alderman Beckford. "Men's hopes and fears," wrote Beckford to him, "are strangely agitated at this critical juncture; but all agree universally that you ought to make your appearance at Guildhall on Monday next with Lord Temple." "My old friend," writes Lord Lyttelton, "was once a skilful courtier; but since he himself has attained a kind of royalty, he seems more attentive to support his own majesty than to pay the necessary regards to that of his sovereign."

At length the anticipated day, the 9th of November, arrived. Fortunately for Bute, so little familiar, at this time, was the London populace with his person and liveries, that it was not till his equipage had approached to within a quarter of a mile of Guildhall that they were identified. On Ludgate Hill, indeed, he was mistaken for Mr. Pitt, the result being that the courtier was greeted with the plaudits which were intended for the patriot. At St. Paul's, however, a stentorian voice, with a fierce oath, apprised the crowd of its error, when immediately groans, hisses, yells, shouts of "No Scotch rogues!" "No Bute!" "Pitt for ever!" resounded from all sides. A rush was made at the coach, which fortunately Bute's friends had had the precaution to surround with prize-fighters, hired for the occasion. In the mêlée, however, which followed, not only the rich liveries of the premier's coachmen and footmen, but the lace ruffles of the chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Barrington, who had the courage to accompany his friend, were bespattered with mud. The hired bruisers fought their best for their employer, but, just as the coach was turning down King Street to Guildhall, they were overpowered and driven back. The mob, thus victorious, now turned its whole attention toward Bute, who was, in fact, in a most critical situation. The leaders of the outrage were on the point of cutting the traces of the carriage; in a moment or two more the unpopular minister would probably have been in the gripe of an infuriated rabble, when a large force of constables and peace officers succeeded in forcing their way to his assistance. Even then it was with no slight difficulty that they were able to effect his safe ingress into Guildhall; nor was it till after some time had elapsed that he became sufficiently composed to enable him to face the company which had assembled in the reception-room. At night he wisely accepted an invitation of the lord chancellor to return with him in his state coach, and thus eluded the vigilant lookout of the rabble.

In the meantime, the reception of Mr. Pitt had been very different from that which had greeted the recognition of his successful rival. As he passed through the crowded streets, seated in the same carriage with his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, the people, we are told, huzzaed him "to the very echo;" handkerchiefs were waved from balconies and windows, while many persons were seen forcing their way through the crowd, contented so long as they were able to shake hands with one of his footmen or kiss the head of one of his horses. Lastly came the king. As the cumbrous gilt state coach rolled on between the avenues of people, scarcely a handkerchief was waved; scarcely a voice cheered. Not less chilling was the reception which he encountered in the grand old hall, as, preceded by the lord mayor, he passed up it to his seat at the banquet-table. Even when the impressive trumpet resounded, and when the toast-master, advancing to the front of the dais, intimated that "our sovereign lord the king" drank the "loving cup" to the health and prosperity of the Corporation of London, scarcely a murmur of applause was elicited by the gracious announcement. Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, had been previously welcomed at his entrance with a burst of huzzas and an enthusiastic clapping of hands, in which the members of the corporation, headed by the impetuous Alderman Beckford, had been among the first to join. On that day — in the famous hall from which Mr. Pitt's statue still frowns down, as if denouncing the misgovernment of kings — the triumph of the Great Commoner was complete.

On the 3d of November, 1762, just a year after the king's visit to Guildhall, the preliminary articles of peace between England and France were signed at Fontainebleau by John, Duke of Bedford. Their final ratification or rejection, however, still awaited the acquiescence of Parliament, which was appointed to assemble on the 25th of that month, and accordingly, inasmuch as upon that acquiescence depended the continued existence or downfall of the unpopular Bute ministry, it was only natural that the approaching meeting of the two Houses should be looked forward to by the public with extraordinary interest and curiosity.

The chances, we should mention, were greatly in Bute's favour. Not only, as may be remembered, had Fox guaranteed him a parliamentary majority, but, to the dismay of the popular party no less than to the satisfaction of the court, it transpired that Mr. Pitt was too ill to admit of a probability of his appearing in his seat in the House of Commons at the opening of the session. There was still, however, a chance of his being able to be present on the 9th of December, — the day fixed upon for the discussion of the peace preliminaries, — and accordingly, when that day arrived, Palace Yard was filled by dense masses of people, who, as Bute and other advocates of the peace made their appearance, greeted them with yells and execrations; the uncertainty whether Mr. Pitt would be well enough to be present doubtless increasing the excitement. In the meantime, within the walls of the House of Commons, the friends of government, emboldened by the deferred arrival of their dreaded opponent, found themselves breathing more freely. Already they had begun to feel themselves safe for a season from the bitter taunts, the fierce denunciations, and the contemptuous language of their great political opponent; already, to their imaginations, the majority of votes on which they calculated was swelled into an overwhelming triumph, when suddenly there arose from the dense crowd in Palace Yard a shout of exultation which pealed through every part of the ancient palace of the Confessor. The voice of the member who was addressing the House was drowned by the noise. The advocates of the peace were seized with consternation. After the lapse of a few seconds, a concourse of people, shouting and huzzaing, were heard ascending the stairs. The doors of the House of Commons were thrown open, and the imposing figure of the Great Commoner, supported by two attendants, and pale almost to ghastliness, presented itself to the astonished assembly. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet; his legs and thighs were wrapped in flannel; his feet were enclosed in buskins of black cloth. His servants having set him down within the bar, several of his friends hurried to his assistance, with whose aid and with that of his crutch he reached his accustomed seat. "He had the appearance," writes Walpole, who was present, "of a man determined to die in that cause, and at that hour." The languor which pain had imprinted on his emaciated countenance, the recollection of the great and brilliant services which he had rendered to his country, the place, the occasion, and the attire so well timed and so artistically arranged, made a lasting impression on those who had the good fortune to be present on this memorable occasion.

Exhausted as he appeared to be, the great orator, by means of frequent recourse to cordials, was enabled to speak for three hours and forty minutes. Notwithstanding, he said, the excruciating tortures to which he was a martyr, he had resolved to attend Parliament upon that day, in order to lift up his voice, his hand, his arm, against a measure which not only threatened to rob the war of half its glory, but which, in his opinion, was opposed to the most vital interests of the nation. Toward the close of his speech, his strength failed him, and he was compelled to discontinue his efforts. Like many of Pitt's premeditated orations, his speech on this famous occasion was not one of his happiest efforts. It was deficient, indeed, neither in argument nor in occasional beauties of thought and language; but was altogether wanting in that fiery grandeur and in those impassioned outbursts of eloquence which had so often, on less momentous occasions, awed and silenced his opponents. His voice, moreover, which had formerly been so sonorous and thrilling as to penetrate the remotest lobbies of the old Saxon palace, was now so faint as at times to be inaudible even within the House itself. Mr. Pitt had no sooner concluded his speech than Fox rose to reply to him, on which, to the infinite surprise of all present, the great orator raised himself from his seat, and, with the aid of his friends and his crutch, withdrew from the assembly. Whether, in thus yielding the battle-ground to his dexterous and unscrupulous rival, Mr. Pitt was desirous of conveying an impression to the House that he despised Fox too much to care about replying to his arguments; or whether, as his biographer supposes, he was really completely exhausted and in "an agony of pain," would appear to be far from certain. At all events, his withdrawal threw a fatal damp over his party, and left Fox an easy triumph. On the illustrious invalid again making his appearance in Palace Yard, the former huzzas were redoubled. As his chariot drove off between the dividing masses of people, the crowd, affected by his emaciated aspect, still more loudly expressed their sympathy; many of them shouting out, in reference to the length of his speech, "Three hours and a half! three hours and a half!" It should be mentioned that the peace preliminaries were eventually approved of in the House of Commons by the large majority of 319 against sixty-five. In the House of Lords they were carried without any division.

From October, 1761, to July, 1766, extending over the several administrations of Lord Bute, George Grenville, and Lord Rockingham, Mr. Pitt filled no office under the Crown. Twice, indeed, in that interval, — once in August, 1763, and again in May, 1765, — he might have been at the head of an administration, but that the powers demanded by him were considered by his sovereign too excessive to be conceded to a subject. Nevertheless, during the time that he had been in opposition, the fruits of his wisdom and patriotism had not been altogether lost to his country. Even were there no other evidences of this fact than his crusades against the unconstitutional employment of general warrants, and his noble opposition to the infatuated policy of taxing America, these services should alone endear him to every lover of freedom.

In the meantime, Mr. Pitt's pension, combined with the legacy bequeathed him by the Duchess of Marlborough, had rendered him independent of the smiles and frowns of fortune. Fortune, however, had lavished still another favour upon him. In 1765 an ardent admirer of his genius and virtues, Sir William Pynsent, an octogenarian baronet, bequeathed him, though personally entire strangers to each other, his whole fortune, consisting of his estate of Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire, valued, according to the lowest computation, at £40,000, or £2,000 a year. As regards a third bequest, to which he all but succeeded, fortune was less constant to him. The Hon. John Spencer, better known in his day as "Jack Spencer," had, contingent on the death of his son, afterward first Earl Spencer, bequeathed to Mr. Pitt the large Sunderland estate of the Spencers. The son, however, by cutting off the entail as soon as he came of age, effectually deprived Mr. Pitt of the reversion.

At length, in the summer of 1766, the increasing weakness of the well-intentioned Rockingham ministry invited Mr. Pitt to resume the highest power which can be enjoyed by a subject. He was pleasantly passing his time at his new seat at Burton Pynsent, employed, as he writes to Lady Stanhope, in "farming, grazing, haymaking, and all the Lethe of Somersetshire," when, on the 9th of July, to his surprise, he received an autograph letter from his sovereign, summoning him in very courteous language to the royal presence. On the 11th he arrived in London, fatigued and in ill-health, and on the following day was admitted to an interview with the king at Richmond. The result of their conference may be narrated in a few words. His Majesty not only received him with the kindest consideration, but gave him *carte blanche* for forming an administration. He had no terms, he said, to propose; he placed himself entirely in Mr. Pitt's hands.

Up to this time, it may be mentioned, Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, both as brothers-in-law and political allies, would seem to have remained united by the closest ties of amity and good accord. "Lord Temple is my friend," Mr. Pitt had recently exclaimed in the House of Commons; "his fidelity is as unshaken as his virtue: we went into office together; we went out of office together, and we will die together." It was natural, therefore, under these circumstances, that Mr. Pitt, on consenting to accept office, should have looked to the friendship, the official experience, and the powerful family influence possessed by Lord Temple, as likely to render him the chief support of his projected administration. It was, then, agreeably with the advice tendered to him by his new minister, that the king now summoned Lord Temple from Stow, and graciously proposed to place him at the head of the treasury. To the surprise, however, of the king, no less than to the disappointment of Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple not only hesitated to come to the aid of his party, but offered every impediment to the consummation of the pending arrangements. He had expected, it seems, to be invested with powers equal to those of Mr. Pitt, including the privilege of nominating an equal number of friends to the Cabinet; and accordingly, finding himself signally disappointed in these anticipations, the earl, after two stormy interviews with his brother-in-law at Hampstead, and two equally unsatisfactory audiences with the king, indignantly refused the high post which had been offered him, and returned in high dudgeon to Stow. Thus, then, was converted, for a time, into the bitterest animosity a friendship which had probably had its birth in the early Eton schoolboy days of the now dissociated statesmen; which had since ripened into the truest affection; which had been further strengthened by the ties of family connection, and by a long participation in the same perils and in the same triumphs; a friendship, lastly, which no attempts of their enemies had hitherto been able to weaken! Of the state of Lord Temple's feelings at this time he makes no secret in his correspondence with his family. To his sister, Lady Hester Pitt, for instance, he indignantly writes that he has been offered to be stuck into a ministry as a great cipher at the head of the treasury, surrounded with other ciphers named by Mr. Pitt; adding, "I would not go in like a child, to come out like a fool." To his brother, George Grenville, he also writes: "I might have stood a capital cipher, surrounded with ciphers of quite a different complexion, the whole under the guidance of that great luminary, the Great Commoner, with the privy seal in his hand." The world, however, thought, and thought truly, that Lord Temple was inclined to rate his own importance somewhat too highly. "Temple," writes General Lee to King Stanislaus of Poland, "is eternally appealing to the public, forgetting that the public never considered him farther than they would an old pair of boots, which Mr. Pitt might, through whim, have set a value upon, which, when he chose to throw aside, it mattered not if they were thrown into a lumber-room or the fire."

Eventually Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding the defection of Lord Temple, succeeded in forming what Burke has styled his "Mosaic Administration," his professed object being to "break all parties;" but of which the unsatisfactory result was the construction of a ministry which, eminent as may have been the qualifications of some of its members, was, to an almost fatal extent, composed of persons unconnected by the ties of political freemasonary or of personal cordiality. "He made an administration," said Burke, "so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a Cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement, — here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, — patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that is indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." The Duke of Grafton was appointed first lord of the treasury; the Earl of Shelburne and General Conway were nominated secretaries of state; the celebrated Charles Townshend became chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Camden was appointed lord chancellor; and lastly, Mr. Pitt, though the acknowledged head of the government, contented himself with the office of privy seal.

As might have been anticipated, the announcement in the *Gazette* of the return of the Great Commoner to power called forth an outburst of almost universal popular congratulation and joy. The City of London not only went so far as to propose to present him with a congratulatory address, but issued orders for a public illumination, as well as for the preparation of a banquet in his honour, at Guildhall. In the midst, however, of this enthusiasm, it being authoritatively announced that the popular idol had voluntarily abandoned the arena of his greatness, the House of Commons, by having stooped to accept a peerage, the general exultation was at once converted into almost as general a feeling of indignation and sorrow. The address and the banquet were countermanded; the coloured lamps, which had already been festooned around the monument, were ordered to be removed. All his enemies, according to Lord Chesterfield, were rejoiced at his advancement; all his friends, on the other hand, were stupefied and dumbfounded. The pamphleteers and lampooners, hounded on by his merciless brother-in-law, Lord Temple, hurled at him a perfect storm of calumny and abuse. The genius and eloquence, argued his friends, which had rendered him so formidable in the House of Commons, would be thrown away in the House of Lords. "To withdraw," writes Lord Chesterfield, "in the fulness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons, which procured him his power, and which alone could ensure it to him, and to go into that hospital of incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable that nothing but proof positive could make me believe it. But true it is." "That fatal title," writes Walpole, "blasted all the affection which his country had borne to him, and which he had deserved so well." But, after all, it may be asked, were these censures fair, or were they unfair; were they just, or were they unjust? Undoubtedly, had Mr. Pitt been still in the enjoyment of his pristine vigour of mind and body, their justice would be undeniable. For a long time past, however, his failing health had been unequal to the late hours and exciting debates of the House of Commons. Severe and frequent attacks of gout had alike unstrung his nerves and enfeebled his body. Assuredly then, under these circumstances, the most illustrious Englishman of his age might, fairly and without reproach, lay claim to that ease and dignity which he had so eminently merited by the great services he had rendered to his king and country.

An unquestioned blemish in the character of Lord Chatham, as Mr. Pitt must now be styled, was an imperious assumption of superiority in his intercourse with those who, with the exception of being inferior to him in genius, had every right to regard themselves as his equals. Time, unhappily, had failed to remedy this imperfection, and accordingly, on the present momentous occasion of his resuming office, its existence could scarcely fail to give great offence to his party, and consequently tend to weaken his administration. Such, at all events, were the results which sprang from the pompous and arrogant bearing of this otherwise great man. Such haughty, such despotic language as he used to his colleagues had never, said General Conway, been heard west of Constantinople. At length his arbitrary dismissal of Lord Edgecombe from the treasurership of the household completed the dissatisfaction of his colabourers in the Cabinet. It was to no purpose that Conway, in a letter very creditable to his feelings, as well as in a stormy interview which took place between them, remonstrated with him on the "repeated injuries" which he had inflicted on his party. The great earl continued impracticable; the result being that the Duke of Portland angrily threw up the appointment of lord chamberlain, the Earl of Besborough that of postmaster-general, and the Earl of Scarborough, that of cofferer of the household. From this period the star of the Chatham administration descended lower and lower in the political horizon. The new ministers, who had been appointed to replace the recent seceders from the Cabinet, instead of adding strength to, infused fresh weakness into the administration. The epoch was, indeed, a most humiliating one in the career of the illustrious Chatham. The haughty dictator, for example, of former days had not only sunk into an ordinary bolsterer-up of a sickly administration, but of an administration as incompetent as any that had ever trembled at his sarcasms, or provoked his contempt. The aristocracy hated him for his arrogance and deference to the people; while the people imagined he had sold them for a coronet. That he deeply felt the bitterness of his position there cannot be a question. His sense of diminished greatness, his estrangement from Lord Temple, and the constant and harassing attacks of a formidable opposition, not only distressed and irritated him, but produced, as may be readily believed, a most injurious effect upon a constitution which had long been impaired by disease, and upon a mind which seems to have been by nature hypochondriacal.

Lord Chatham, then, was in this state of incipient prostration, when, on the prorogation of Parliament, he endeavoured to obtain relief from the air and waters of Bath. "He has been at Bath," writes Walpole; "they stood up the whole time he was in the rooms." Some benefit, indeed, he seems to have derived from the change, but unfortunately, on his way back to London, so completely was he prostrated by the gout, as to be detained, for more than a fortnight, a prisoner at the Castle Inn at Marlborough; the streets of which town, by the bye, swarmed during his sojourn there with his liveries. "The truth was," writes Lord Macaulay, "that the invalid had insisted that, during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the Castle should wear his livery." [1]

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[1] Lord Stanhope, it must be admitted, denies that this story has any foundation in fact; while, on the other hand, Lord Rus-

Nor during the earl's previous stay at Bath had this eccentric taste for display been much less ostentatiously manifested. "Lord Chatham is here," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "with more equipage, household, and retinue, than most of the old patriarchs used to travel with in ancient days. He comes nowhere but the pump-room. Then he makes a short essay and retires." The fact is, that a taste for dramatic effect was inalienable from the nature and habits of this illustrious statesman. Though a great man, he was not the less a consummate actor. True it is that, in his own domestic circle, no man could be more entirely free from all stage artifices, and from all assumption of stage grandeur. There, at least, he was all gentleness, simplicity, and good humour; clinging with fond affection to those who were near and dear to him, and having a smile ever ready for the humblest dependent who ate his bread. But between Lord Chatham reading the Bible aloud to his children, and Lord Chatham browbeating and overawing a colleague, there was a wide distinction. When he transacted business with his clerks, it was in all the dignity of a tie-wig and a full-dress coat; while not only were his under secretaries compelled, on these occasions, to remain unseated, but, according to Doctor Johnson, even his old friend, Lord Camden, was kept

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sell, on the authority of Lord Chatham's friend, Lord Shelburne, seems to entertain little doubt of its truth.

standing by him during their official interviews. If expecting a visit from a colleague, or from any person of consequence, the prearrangement of his easy chair, of his crutches, and of his flannels, is said to have been regarded by him as matters of consummate importance. But it was in the House of Commons, as well as latterly in the House of Lords, that he exhibited his most studied dramatic displays. Whether he was likely to produce a deeper impression by addressing his audience in a court dress and in seemingly vigorous health, or whether by limping into the House supported by crutches and swathed in flannels, appear to have been as much a matter of consideration with him as if he had been a young actor preparing for his first appearance on the stage, or a young lady arranging her toilet for her first ball.

From the date of the prorogation of Parliament in December, 1766, till his resignation of office in October, 1768, Lord Chatham's existence presents but few features of interest beyond the painful annals of a sick-chamber. "Lord Chatham's state of health," writes Mr. Whately to Lord Lyttelton, on the 30th of July, 1767, "is certainly the lowest dejection and debility that mind or body can be in. He sits all the day leaning on his hands, which he supports on the table; does not permit any person to remain in the room; knocks when he wants anything; and, having made his wants known, gives a signal, without speaking, to the person who answered his call to retire." General Lee also, on the 1st of December following, writes to King Stanislaus of Poland: "He has fits of crying, starting, and every effect of hysterics." If, at any time, according to Walpole, allusion was made to politics in his presence, "he started, fell into tremblings, and the conversation was broken off." In the meantime, when, on the 16th of January, 1767, Parliament had reassembled, the great statesman, to the despair of his colleagues, was still pronounced to be in an unfit state to take a part in their deliberations. In vain the Duke of Grafton and Lord Shelburne wrote to him for advice and instructions. The replies they received, which were usually in the handwriting either of Lady Chatham or of a private secretary, were invariably to the same purport, that he was in much too wretched a state of health to be able to attend to business. To the same effect had been his reply to the Duke of Grafton when his Grace had offered to "run down" to Marlborough, and discuss the king's affairs with him. Moreover, almost equally ineffectual had proved similar, but still stronger, appeals to his patriotism, addressed to him by his embarrassed sovereign. It was in vain that the king despatched one urgent letter to him after another; in vain that his sovereign proposed to visit him in his sick-chamber at Hampstead, whither he had been removed from Marlborough; in vain that he expressed the most earnest anxiety to converse with him, though only for a quarter of an hour. He "would not talk of business," wrote the king, "but only wanted to have the world know that he had attended him." Disappointed in these repeated and gracious appeals to his prostrated minister, the king's next endeavour was to induce him to receive a visit from the Duke of Grafton. "Your duty and affection for my person, your own honour," he writes to him, "call on you to make an effort. Five minutes' conversation with you would raise his spirits, for his heart is good. Mine, I thank heaven, wants no rousing." Overpowered at length by these pressing appeals to his loyalty and better feelings, the earl reluctantly consented to admit the Duke of Grafton to his sick-chamber at Hampstead. The interview proved to be a most distressing one for both. "Though I expected," writes the duke, "to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined. His nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind, bowed down and thus weakened by disorder, would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character. The confidence he reposed in me demanded every return on my part, and it appeared like cruelty in me to have been urged by any necessity to put a man I valued to so great suffering."

The consequences to his party and to the public of Lord Chatham's continued absence from the helm of government may without much difficulty be imagined. His colleagues, no longer overawed by his dreaded presence, and perhaps believing him to be permanently incapacitated from returning to office, not only began to differ among themselves, but to adopt measures in direct opposition to his well-known wishes and intentions. "If ever Lord Chatham," said Burke, "fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary to his own were sure to predominate. When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or system." Thus, then, for instance, it was that the first measure introduced by ministers into Parliament, a motion of Charles Townshend, as chancellor of the exchequer, for keeping up the land tax at four shillings in the pound for another year, was defeated by a majority of eighteen.

Unquestionably, in this divided and refractory Cabinet, the most arrant offender against the known views and intentions of their sick chief was that gifted, brilliant, but mercurial statesman, Charles Townshend, admittedly inferior only to Lord Chatham in genius, eloquence, and in the influence which he acquired over the House of Commons. "During his [Lord Chatham's] absence," writes Lord Chesterfield, "Charles Townshend has talked of him, and at him, in such a manner that henceforward they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives." By the independence and authority, in fact, which he had begun to assume, both at the council-table and in the House of Commons, it was evident that he was aspiring after the premiership. "His behaviour," writes his colleague, the Duke of Grafton, "was, on the whole, such as no Cabinet will, I am confident, ever submit to." It was to no purpose that the duke and Lord Shelburne severally wrote to their chief complaining of his conduct. Either Lady Chatham shrank from agitating her husband by laying their letters before him, or else Lord Chatham was in too morbid a state to heed their representations.

At this period it was that Charles Townshend, in the House of Commons, revived the famous and fatal measure of taxing the American colonies. "He knew," was his memorable expression, "the mode by which a revenue might be drawn from the Americans, without giving them offence." Agreeably astonished at this admission, George Grenville, who was still smarting from the repudiation of his favourite Stamp Act, instantly sprang to his feet, and vehemently challenged the incautious minister to make good his words. The challenge, to the inconceivable amazement of Townshend's colleagues, was at once accepted by him; and accordingly thus, in order to realise a paltry revenue of some £35,000 or £40,000 a year, was America once more set in flames, and England destined to be deprived of her noblest colonies. "Mr. Conway," writes the Duke of Grafton, "stood astonished at the unauthorised proceedings of his vain and imprudent colleague." The Cabinet, of course, had the option either of adopting Townshend's measure, or of recommending the king to dismiss him from the ministry. Unfortunately, unsupported by the authority of Lord Chatham, they chose the former alternative. "No one of the ministry," writes the Duke of Grafton, "had authority sufficient to advise the dismission of Mr. Charles Townshend, and nothing less could have stopped the measure."

At length, in the month of September, Lord Chatham had sufficiently recovered to be able to be removed from North End, Hampstead, to Burton Pynsent. Hopes had consequently been entertained that his health would be still further benefited by this change, but instead of ameliorating, it would seem to have aggravated his mysterious disorder. There even were moments, it is said, when the sight of a neighbour's house in the distance, the sound of mirth escaping from his children's playroom, or a casual allusion to a debate in Parliament, produced an irritation in his mind amounting almost to frenzy. A certain bleak hill more especially offended his morbid fancies, and accordingly he ordered his gardener to plant it out with evergreens. The man inquired of what description of evergreen. "With cedars and cypresses," was the reply. The gardener was unable to conceal his surprise. "Why, my lord!" he remonstrated, "all the nursery-gardens in the county would not supply a hundredth part. "No matter," was the peremptory rejoinder, "send for them from London;" and accordingly the trees were, at a vast expense, brought by land-carriage from London. "His sickly and uncertain appetite," writes Walpole, "was never regular, and his temper could put up with no defect; thence a succession of chickens were boiling and roasting at every hour, to be ready whenever he should call."

Nearly as late as this time, the suffering invalid had been kept in entire ignorance of what had passed, and what was still passing, at headquarters. The more painful the agitation which the intelligence was likely to cause him, the more anxious Lady Chatham had apparently been to conceal from him the distressing truth. Concealment, however, had at length been found no longer advisable, or perhaps possible, and accordingly, so soon as his nerves had gained a little strength, it had fallen to the painful lot of the Duke of Grafton to explain to his chief the momentous condition of the king's affairs. "I had to relate," writes the duke, "the struggles we had experienced in carrying some points, especially in the House of

Lords; the opposition, also, we had encountered in the East India business, from Mr. Conway, as well as Mr. Townshend, together with the unaccountable conduct of the latter gentleman, who had suffered himself to be led to pledge himself at last, contrary to the known decision of every member of the Cabinet, to draw a certain revenue from the colonies." The astonishment of Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his long sleep in the Kaatskill Mountains, or of Abou Hassan when he awoke in the bed of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, could scarcely have exceeded that of Lord Chatham as the Duke of Grafton unfolded to him the events of the last few months, and more especially the astounding insubordination and fatal policy of Charles Townshend. But, even had prevention been practicable, Lord Chatham was still incapacitated from making the required effort. He not only speedily relapsed into his late cruel state of mental distemper, but it was not till nearly a year and a half had elapsed that he was again capable of taking any interest in state affairs.

It was not, indeed, till the month of October, 1768, that Lord Chatham may be said to have recovered from his mysterious malady. In the meantime, nothing could have been more complete than the failure of his "Mosaic Administration," more distressing than his prostration both of mind and body. He had ceased alike to be consulted by his party, to be dreaded by his enemies, and almost to be remembered by his friends. Scarcely even the halo of his past glory illumined his sick-chamber. Thus, on his recovery, the painful task, which had formerly been undertaken by the Duke of Grafton, of breaking to him the principal political events which had occurred during his incapacity, devolved upon Lady Chatham. Much she had to relate which was calculated to shock or distress him, and much, especially as regarded the conduct and condition of his colleagues, which was likely to irritate him beyond measure. The brilliant Charles Townshend, in the midst of his dreams of greatness, had been summoned to the grave; the Duke of Grafton had been virtually invested with the premiership; ministers had allowed France to seize upon Corsica, and thus had abandoned the bravest of the brave in the hour of their great necessity. But that which gave him the deepest individual offence was the dismissal of his personal friend, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, from the governorship of Virginia, and the further contemplated removal of another of his friends, Lord Shelburne. It was under these circumstances then, that, on the 12th of October, Lord Chatham addressed a letter to the Duke of Grafton, in which, after having expressed his "deepest sense of his Majesty's long, most humane, and most gracious indulgence" toward him, he pleaded ill health as a bar to his remaining in office, and resigned his post of lord privy seal. His resignation, though not without some earnest, and almost affectionate, remonstrances on the part of the king, was eventually accepted.

At this period, and, indeed, for some time to come, Lord Chatham's recovered interest in life seems to have chiefly centred in the education of his second and gifted son, William Pitt, whom he brought up at home, under his own immediate eye. Years afterward, when the younger William Pitt had become prime minister, it used to be a favourite taunt of the wits at Brooks's Club, that he had been taught at home "by his dad on a stool." That teaching, however, made him what he was; that home had been the resort of the Muses, and of all the domestic virtues. "When his lordship's health would permit," writes Bishop Tomline, "he never suffered a day to pass without giving instruction of some sort to the children, and seldom without reading a chapter of the Bible with them." Lord Chatham was not only proud of his son's abilities, but made it the great object of his life to train him up to achieve a distinction equal to his own in parliamentary eloquence and statesmanship. For this purpose, he not only tutored him to express his thoughts with terseness, and to reply with readiness, but, in order to improve his naturally clear and deep-toned voice, caused him to recite the noblest passages of Shakespeare and Milton. Pitt's friends, after his death, used to recall the delight with which they had heard him repeat his favourite passage in "Paradise Lost," the grand speech of Belial in Pandemonium, in the second book. The great earl, as a further means of disciplining his son to speak with fluency, especially encouraged classical dramatic representations in his family circle. To his friend, Thomas Hollis, the philosopher, he writes on the 21st of October, 1772: "Our young people are flattered and alarmed with the thought of exhibiting to Mr. Hollis their puerile powers of the scene. Bold is the attempt, but papa and mamma, who, not undelighted, rock the cradle of Tragedy, exhort them to dismiss their fears." On another occasion we find the future prime minister, Lord Shelburne, a spectator of one of these juvenile performances. "Our youthful aspirers to honest fame," writes Lord Chatham to him on the 22d of January, 1773, "are, as I wished to see them, excessively vain of the applause with which you honour them."

Happily, Lord Chatham had scarcely retired from the ministry, when a further and still more satisfactory improvement took place in his health. Suddenly, indeed, in the month of July, 1769, the newspapers surprised the world with the announcement that the great earl had been present at the king's levee. On his being ushered on this occasion into the antechamber of the royal closet, the ministers and courtiers in attendance are said to have manifested as much bewilderment as if an apparition had appeared among them. "He — he himself," writes Walpole, "*in propriâ personâ*, and not in a strait-waistcoat, walked into the king's levee this morning." He not only looked remarkably well, but had grown stout. The king not having yet made his appearance, the Duke of Grafton glided into the royal closet to apprise him of the unexpected resuscitation. In the meantime, the earl's recognition of his late colleagues, and especially of the Duke of Grafton, had been unmistakably haughty and distant. "Even in the king's outer room," writes the duke, "where we met before the levee, when I went up to him with civility and ease, he received me with cold politeness, and from St. James's called and left his name at my door." "His lordship," adds the duke, "desired no further interview; and I had such a sense of the unkindness and injustice of such a treatment, when I thought I had a claim for the most friendly, that I was not disposed to seek any explanation." On the other hand, by the king, on his entering the levee-room, Lord Chatham, as he himself informs us, was "most graciously" received. His Majesty not only warmly congratulated him on his recovery, but whispered to him to follow him into his closet on the breaking up of the levee. There, according to the earl, "his Majesty again condescended to express in words of infinite goodness the satisfaction it gave him to see me recovered, as well as the regret his Majesty felt at my retiring from his service." The interview was so far an interesting one, that it was the last occasion on which George III. and his haughty subject ever met in the royal closet.

But though, from increasing years and infirmities, as well as from other causes, Lord Chatham never again took part in the councils of his sovereign, his wisdom and eloquence were not the less enthusiastically devoted to the service of his country; full scope, unfortunately, in the closing years of his life, being afforded him for the exercise of these qualities by the continuance of the unnatural war in which Great Britain had been so infatuated as to embark for the subjection of her American colonies. To bring, then, this miserable contest to a close, and at the same time to prevent the dismemberment of the great British empire, became the all-absorbing objects of his existence. Time after time, and in motion after motion in Parliament, despite his advanced years and his sufferings from an excruciating disorder, he continued to advocate, with much of the fervour and in all the beautiful language of former days, the cause of reason, justice, and common sense. But the time was near at hand when these touching efforts were to be made for the last time; when the House of Lords was to listen to his thrilling eloquence no more. He had been for some time past confined by the gout to his sick-chamber at his villa of Hayes, in Kent, enfeebled in mind as well as in body, when intimation reached him that the Duke of Richmond was about to move an address to the throne, recommending the withdrawal of his Majesty's armies and fleets from America. Such a motion, being evidently preliminary to a further recommendation to the king to recognise the independence of the revolted provinces, naturally inflicted a bitter pang on the heart of the prostrated, if not dying, statesman. He loved his country, and he loved her not the less that it had formerly been his hand which had raised her from her fallen state; that it had been his genius which had raised her to be glorious among the nations of the earth; and that to the end of time his name would probably be associated with many of the proudest of her triumphs. Now, therefore, that his imagination beheld her in a state of impending ruin and degradation; now that it was suggested to her to deliver up her colonies, notoriously on account of recent military disaster, and the dread of armed interference on the part of France and Spain, his great heart rebelled against so humiliating a confession of weakness going forth to exulting Europe; and consequently he resolved, so long as breath, strength, and reason might be spared him, to raise his voice in favour of war to the knife with his old and detested antagonist, the house of Bourbon. Turning, therefore, a deaf ear alike to the remonstrances of his physicians and to the affectionate entreaties of his family, he expressed his fixed determination, ill and feeble as he was, of taking a part in the approaching debate in the House of Lords, and of preventing, if possible, the degradation of his country.

It was on the 7th of April, 1778, that Lord Chatham made his last and memorable appearance in the House of Lords. He was attended to the House by his afterward illustrious son, William Pitt, then in his nineteenth year, by his third son, a young naval officer, who did not long survive him, and by his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, who severally assisted him to the private apartment of the lord chancellor, where he rested himself till the commencement of the debate. "I saw him in the Prince's Chamber, before he went into the House," writes his friend, Lord Camden, to the Duke of Grafton, "and conversed a little with him. But such was the feeble state of his body, and indeed the distempered agitation of his mind, that I forbode that his strength would certainly fail him before he had finished his speech." When subsequently he entered the House, still supported by his sons and son-in-law, the sad spectacle of his attenuated frame, combined with the memory of the splendid services which he had rendered to his country, and the expiring effort which he was making in her cause, produced, on the minds of all present, mingled sensations of sympathy, admiration, and almost awe, to which no language, probably, would do adequate justice. To the peers, who paid him a spontaneous tribute of respect by rising to receive him, he bowed courteously as he tottered to his seat. His dress was of rich black velvet; his legs were swathed in flannel. "He looked," said one who was present, "like a dying man, yet never was seen a figure of more dignity. He appeared like a being of a superior species." His face was pale and emaciated, — so emaciated, that, beneath his large wig, his aquiline nose and penetrating eye were nearly all of his features that were discernible.

As soon as the Duke of Richmond had concluded his speech, Lord Chatham, with the assistance of his sons and son-in-law, rose slowly and with difficulty from his seat. At first he spoke in a feeble and almost inaudible tone, but, as he gradually warmed with his subject, his voice became more distinct, and his manner more animated. Taking his hand from his crutch, and raising it, with his eyes lifted toward heaven, he solemnly thanked God that he had been enabled to come there that day to perform his duty. "I am old," he said, "and infirm; have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country, perhaps never again to speak in this House. I have made an effort almost beyond my strength to come here this day, to express my indignation at an idea which has gone forth of yielding up America. My lords, I rejoice that the grave has not yet closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. Pressed down, as I am, by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, whilst I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the house of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance." "My lords," he concluded, "any state is better than despair. Let us, at least, make one effort, and, if we must fall, let us fall like men. My lords, ill as I am, yet as long as I can crawl down to this House, and have strength to raise myself on my crutches, or lift my hand, I will vote against giving up the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain, and if no other lord is of opinion with me, I will singly protest against the measure." As long as he continued speaking, the attention and reverence paid him by the House are said to have been deeply affecting. It was remarked that even the fall of a handkerchief to the floor might have been heard.

Notwithstanding, in the spirited and affecting passages which we have quoted, there was much of Lord Chatham's accustomed animation of manner and language, it was nevertheless apparent to those who listened to him that his mental, no less than his physical, powers had become impaired. "His speech faltered," writes Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton; "his sentences [were] broken, and his mind not master of itself. He made shift with difficulty to declare his opinion, but was not able to enforce it by argument. His words were shreds of unconnected eloquence, and flashes of the same fire which he, Prometheus-like, had stolen from heaven, and which were then returning to the place whence they were taken." The Duke of Richmond having replied to him in a flattering, though, it is said, an irritating speech, Lord Chatham again rose, in some excitement, to address the House. At this moment he was observed to press his hand to his heart, and stagger. It was in vain that he made a painful effort to stand firm. Had it not been for the timely assistance of the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Temple, who caught him in their arms, he would have fallen to the ground. To all appearance he was in a dying state. The House was in the greatest commotion. The peers crowded around him; the windows were thrown open, and strangers were ordered to withdraw. "He fell back upon his seat," continues Lord Camden, "and was to all appearance in the agonies of death. This threw the whole House into confusion. Every person was upon his legs in a moment, hurrying from one place to another;

some sending for assistance, others producing salts, and others reviving-spirits; many crowding about the earl to observe his countenance; all affected; most part really concerned; and even those who might have felt a secret pleasure at the accident yet put on the appearance of distress, except only the Earl of M., who sat still, almost as unmoved as the senseless body itself."[1] "The scene," writes Walpole, "was very affecting. His two sons and son-in-law, Lord Mahon, were around him. The House paid a proper mark of respect by adjourning instantly."

From this, the scene of his many triumphs, Lord Chatham was carried insensible into the neighbouring Prince's Chamber, where he was promptly attended by his own physician, Doctor Addington. Thence he was removed to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, in Downing Street, where he remained till he had regained sufficient strength to admit of his being carried to Hayes. He survived, however, his seizure in the House of Lords scarcely more than four weeks. On the 11th of May, 1778, affectionately tended by his wife and children, in whose welfare and happiness was centred all the tenderness of his nature, the most illustrious Englishman of his time breathed his last at Hayes, in the seventieth year of his age.

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[1] "It appears by the journals," writes Lord Campbell, "that there were only two earls bearing titles beginning with an M present that day, — the Earl of Marchmont and the Earl of Mansfield. I am much afraid that the latter is alluded to."

In the House of Commons, which happened to be sitting at the time that the news of Lord Chatham's death arrived from Hayes, its announcement created a profound sensation. For the moment, the imperfections of the august deceased were forgotten in remembrance of his lofty genius, of the purity of his life, and in gratitude for the splendid triumphs and prosperity which he had achieved for his country. In a brief but eloquent speech, Colonel Barré proposed an address to the throne, recommending that the memory of the great earl should be honoured with the high compliment of a public funeral. This, and subsequently other tributes of veneration, were agreed to by men of all opinions and of all parties. A public monument was voted by Parliament; the sum of £20,000 was granted for the discharge of his debts; and an annuity of £4,000 a year was annexed for ever to the earldom of Chatham. The City of London petitioned that his remains might be allowed to repose under the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but, whatever may have been the reasons, Westminster Abbey was selected to be their resting-place.

The ceremony of Lord Chatham's interment took place on the 9th of June. After having lain in state for two days in the celebrated Painted Chamber, the body was brought through Westminster Hall into New Palace Yard, where, immediately in front of the great hall of William Rufus, the procession formed which was to escort the remains of the patriot earl to his last home. By a circuitous route along Parliament Street and around by King Street — both of which streets were lined by the foot guards — the body was carried to the great western entrance of Westminster Abbey. In the train of the chief mourner walked eight peers. The banner of the barony of Chatham was supported by two dukes and a marquis; the "Great Banner" was carried by Colonel Barré; Edmund Burke was one of the pall-bearers. The chief mourner was young William Pitt, who, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, and after having achieved for himself a name almost as illustrious as that of Chatham, was destined to be lowered into the same vault on the margin of which he was now solemnising a parent's obsequies.

The grave of Chatham lies near the northern door of Westminster Abbey, opposite the monument of the Duke of Newcastle. Since the day when they laid him in that time-honoured spot, the pavement around has been, from time to time, removed to make room for the remains of his illustrious son; of the brilliant lawyer, Lord Mansfield; of Charles Fox; of Grattan, Canning, Wilberforce, and Palmerston. "In no other cemetery," are the striking words of Lord Macaulay, "do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems, still, with eagle face and outstretched hand, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

Not far, it may be mentioned, from the spot here so eloquently dilated upon, now lie the remains of Lord Macaulay himself, in their hallowed resting-place at the foot of Addison's statue in Poets' Corner.

By his wife, Lady Hester Temple, Lord Chatham was the father of three sons: of John, Lord Pitt, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Chatham; of William, the future illustrious statesman; and of James Charles, an officer in the royal navy, who died at Barbadoes in December, 1780, at the age of nineteen. By Lady Hester also Lord Chatham was the father of two daughters: of

Hester, who became the first wife of Charles, third Earl Stanhope, and of Harriet, who married the Hon. Edward James Eliot, eldest son of the first Lord Eliot, by whom she had a daughter Harriet, who married Lieutenant-Colonel Pringle.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B.

THIS sparkling man of fashion, wit, poet, and diplomatist, was the third son of John Hanbury, Esq., of Pontypool Park, in Monmouthshire, by Albinia, daughter of John Selwyn, Esq., of Matson, in Gloucestershire. He was thus nearly related in blood to another celebrated wit and brother Etonian, George Selwyn, whose senior he was by ten years. He was born in 1709.

Unlike the great majority of poets, Charles Hanbury, by which names alone he was designated at Eton, was born to the enjoyment of a handsome fortune. In 1720, at the age of eleven, he succeeded, conditionally on his assuming the additional surname of Williams, to a considerable property bequeathed to him by the will of his godfather, Charles Williams, Esq., of Caerleon, in Monmouthshire; in addition to which his father, at his death, in 1723, left him his estate and mansion of Coldbrook, delightfully situated between Abergavenny and Monmouth.

Sir Charles's knowledge of classical literature, for which he was distinguished at an early age, would seem to have been acquired entirely at Eton. On quitting Eton, he set out on his travels over various parts of Europe, and, on his return to England, married in 1732, at the age of twenty-three, the Lady Frances, daughter and coheir of Thomas, Earl of Coningsby. On the death of his father, the following year he was returned to Parliament as member for the county of Monmouth.

Two marked defects in Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's character seem to have been libertinism and vanity. Nevertheless he was endowed with other and better qualities, which, combined with his social wit, his winning manners, his ample fortune, and liberal hospitality, secured him alike a prominent position in the most brilliant circles in the land, as well as the friendship of some of the most eminent men of his day. Horace Walpole, for instance, speaks of him as a man whom he loved; while Lord Holland, as well as that gifted statesman and charming companion, Thomas Winnington, alike delighted in his society, and valued his higher qualities. Sir Robert Walpole, though many years his senior, admitted him to his intimate friendship, and in return Sir Charles is said to have idolised the great minister.

Of Sir Charles's conversational wit, once so famous, the only example which we have to record consists of a remark of his on the celebrated circumnavigator, George, Lord Anson, whose want of knowledge of the world was a surprise to his friends and acquaintances. "Lord Anson," said Sir Charles, "has been around the world, but never in it."

The following distich, composed by Sir Charles on the Queen of Hungary, was greatly admired at Vienna at the time it was written, it may be more so than its merits justify:

> "O regina orbis prima et pulcherrima, ridens
> Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens."

It was once contemptuously observed by Doctor Johnson of Sir Charles Williams, that, as a poet, "he had no fame but from boys who drank with him." At the time, however, that these words were pronounced, Johnson, as we learn from Boswell, happened to be "full of critical severity;" thus rendering it probable that had his judgment, when in a less cynical mood, been consulted, his censure would have been less sweeping. Sir Charles's political squibs, in fact, are amongst the most vigorous in our language. According to Horace Walpole, for instance, his satiric odes inflicted in six months deeper wounds upon Sir Robert Walpole's powerful rival, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, than the *Craftsman*, though backed by the genius of Lord Bolingbroke, had been able to inflict upon Sir Robert in twice the number of years. Neither are Sir Charles's other poetical compositions, whether grave or gay, without considerable occasional merit. Exceptionally speaking, indeed, his once approved epitaph on his friend, Mr. Winnington, as well as his ode to Mr. Poyntz in honour of the Duke of Cumberland, may have received greater praise than they deserve; but, on the other hand, what can be more charming of its kind than his verses entitled "Isabella, or the Morning," descriptive of one of the morning receptions of the beautiful Isabella, Duchess of Manchester? Of a different description of poetry, though not less pleasing in their way, are Sir Charles's verses written on Lady Ilchester asking Lord Ilchester how many kisses he would have; verses, by the bye, which were probably sufficiently familiar to Moore, when he composed his early amatory poems, as well as to Lord Strangford, when he translated the minor poems of Camoens. It may be mentioned that Sir Charles's latest editor introduces them into the poet's works as imitated from Martial, lib. vi. Ep. 34, though the beautiful lines of Catullus commencing, —

"Quæris quot mihi basiationes," etc.,

would seem more likely to have inspired them.

"Dear Betty, come, give me sweet kisses,
  For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of our blisses,
  Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
  Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind;
For as I love thee beyond measure,
  To numbers I'll not be confined.

"Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are playing,
Or the grains that each Sicily yields.
Count how many stars are in heaven,
Or reckon the sands on the shore;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

"To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine;
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips shall be spent,
But those who can number their kisses
Will always with few be content."

Unfortunately, the productions of Sir Charles's Muse were not on all occasions as exempt from the inspiration of giving offence to others, as were the harmless and pleasing verses we have just quoted. In the year 1743, for instance, the unjustifiable use made by him, in one of his odes, of the name of the Duchess of Manchester, had the effect of involving him in a very disagreeable, if not dangerous dilemma. The ode in question, under the name of "The Conquered Duchess," was, much to the regret of his friends and admirers, composed by him on the occasion of the ill-assorted marriage of the stately and beautiful duchess, who had so far stooped from her high social position as to confer her hand on an obscure Irish gentleman, younger than herself, Mr. Edward Hussey, who, twenty years afterward, was created Baron Beaulieu, and, in 1784, was advanced to be Earl of Beaulieu.

"Fall'n is her power, her sway is o'er,
She'll be no more adored, no more
Shine forth the public care:
Oh! what a falling off is here,
From her, whose frowns made wisdom fear,
Whose scorn begot despair!

"Wide was the extent of her commands;
O'er fertile fields, o'er barren sands
She stretch'd her haughty reign;
The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
Youth, manhood, age, and impotence,
With pride received her chain.

. . . .

"But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race,
On stronger parts depending;
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding.

"Which to accomplish, Hussey came,
Opening before the noble dame
His honourable trenches," etc.

Although Mr. Hussey, influenced probably by the duchess, would seem to have behaved with much forbearance on this annoying occasion, as much can scarcely be said for some of his hotheaded fellow countrymen. We have the authority, indeed, of Lord Holland, in a warning letter to his friend, Sir Charles, that a dozen or fourteen of them, straining what may be termed a reflection on the proclivities of their race in general into personal insult, entered into a mutual agreement to affront the offender whenever they might meet him; the result being that Sir Charles, though affecting to make light of the affair,[1] retired to his seat in Monmouthshire till the passing away of the threatened storm.

It was not, apparently, till the year 1746, when Sir Charles had attained the mature age of thirty-seven, that he sought and was awarded the congenial employment which he continued for the next few years to hold in the diplomatic service of his country. According to his own account, a deep melancholy, induced by the death of his friend Winnington, — according to his enemies, a continued fear of the resentment of the Irish, — was the motive which thus led him to seek to exile himself from the brilliant and congenial society of his native land.[2]

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[1] See his ode, commencing:

"Stop, stop, my steed! Hail, Cambria, hail!"

[2] "Think you, because you basely fled
To Saxony, to hide your head,
On odes you still may venture," etc.

Although the offensive ode was written soon after the duchess's marriage with Mr. Hussey, it was not, it appears, till 1746 that, much, it is said, to its author's annoyance, it found its way into print.

At all events, in the year 1746, having previously been installed a Knight of the Bath, he resigned the profitable appointment of paymaster of marines, which had been conferred upon him by Sir Robert Walpole in 1739, and took his departure from England as envoy to the court of Saxony. Here he remained till July, 1749, when, attended by Garter king-at-arms, he was delegated to convey the blue riband to the Margrave of Anspach. The same year, at the express desire of his sovereign, George II., he was nominated minister plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin. "What you have heard about my going to Berlin," he writes to a friend, "is very true. The king was pleased of his own accord to nominate me to that court, and to give me a very large addition of salary upon the account, as he was pleased to say, of my diligent and able services. I think you will be glad to hear that I am very high in his Majesty's favour." At Berlin Sir Charles remained no longer than till 1751, when, having giving some offence to the eccentric Prussian monarch, Frederick the Great, his recall and return to his former diplomatic position at Dresden were the consequences.

Sir Charles's last mission was as ambassador to St. Petersburg, to which court he was accredited in 1755. Hitherto the diplomatic career of the man of pleasure and fashion had been an acknowledged success. Not only had his lively wit, his genial good humour, and winning manners done him excellent service at each court at which he had resided, but his negotiations had been conducted with singular shrewdness and ability, while his official despatches were admitted to be admirable. At St. Petersburg, however, a bitter disappointment awaited him. Having, agreeably with his instructions, successfully negotiated a treaty for a triple alliance between Great Britain, Austria, and Russia, he had the satisfaction of transmitting it, with the signature of the Empress Catherine attached to it, to George II., who happened at this time to be on a visit to his Hanoverian dominions. That Sir Charles's vanity and sanguine temperament exaggerated the merit of the service he had performed, and that he fondly anticipated an immediate and highly laudatory reply to his despatch, there seems to be too good reason for believing. Owing, however, to a radical change having taken place in the views of the English monarch and his advisers, the reply was long in reaching the impatient minister at St. Petersburg. At length, as he was one day closeted with his confidential friend, Count Poniatowski, afterward King of Poland, the long-expected despatch was placed in his hands, and of course eagerly opened by him. Having read it to the end, he flung it indignantly on the floor, struck his forehead with both his hands, and remained for some time absorbed in a deep reverie. "Would you think it possible," he at length exclaimed to Count Poniatowski, "that, instead of receiving thanks for my zeal and activity in concluding the convention, I am blamed for an informality in the signature, and the king is displeased with my efforts to serve him?" "This interesting anecdote," writes Archdeacon Coxe, "I received from the late King of Poland himself in 1785."

From this time, the story of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams becomes a mournful one. Not only did the reproof he received from his sovereign throw him into a painful state of despondency, but it probably sowed the seeds of that dreadful mental derangement by which he was subsequently prostrated, the advances of which, combined with the wretched state of his bodily health, compelled him, in the autumn of 1757, to return to England. At Hamburg, where he appears to have landed in a very pitiable condition, he had the misfortune to fall into the society of a designing woman, who not only extorted from him a note for £2,000, but also obtained from him a contract of marriage, notwithstanding the fact of his wife, Lady Frances, being still living. On his passage home he grew worse. A fall from the deck of the vessel into the hold dangerously injured his side; four times he was blooded during the voyage, and on his arrival in England was declared to be in a state of insanity.

Happily, Sir Charles's present attack proved to be of no very long duration. Within a little more than a month, he had so far recovered his health as to be able to revisit his paternal seat at Coldbrook, the quietude and beautiful scenery of which probably went far, during the ensuing summer, to restore him to that mental and bodily sanity, of which, for some time to come, he would seem to have remained in the enjoyment. "I am now," he writes to a friend, "as perfectly well as ever I was in my life, and improving this charming place, where I hope to see you one day to talk over things that nobody but you and I in England understand." But —

> "Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
> Uxor."

Unhappily, toward the end of 1759, Sir Charles was again seized with insanity, in which state, on the 2d of November in that year, at the age of fifty, he died. It was not only in contemplation by his friends to honour his memory with a monument in Westminster Abbey, but Horace Walpole, as he himself informs us, had actually written the inscription for it, when the design was for some reason abandoned. If, however, as has been confidently stated, Sir Charles perished by his own hand, the exclusion of the projected memorial from Poets' Corner may not improbably be assignable to the lamentable fact.

Sir Charles by his wife left two daughters, of whom Frances, who was the partial inheritress of her father's sprightly wit, became the first wife of William Anne, fourth Earl of Essex. The second daughter, Charlotte, married Captain, the Honourable Robert Boyle Walsingham, of the royal navy, youngest son of Henry, first Earl of Shannon. Captain Walsingham, when in command of the *Thunderer*, man-of-war, was lost on board that ship in the West Indies, in 1779.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

THE chief interest in the story of this benevolent and accomplished, but now half-forgotten poet and historian, consists, as in the case of his friend, Gilbert West, in the example which he affords of an unreflecting man of pleasure and fashion having been empowered, by earnest diligence and research, not only to silence to his own satisfaction the religious doubts by which he had been infected in the society of the shallow and the licentious, but to vindicate by his writings those important Christian truths which, in the heyday and confidence of youth, he had probably been but too frequently induced to make light of in his conversation. His treatise, entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," still lives to "comfort and help the weak-hearted," a treatise to which, in the words of Johnson, "infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer."

George Lyttelton, afterward the first Lord Lyttelton, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Baronet, of Hagley, in Worcestershire, by Christian, daughter of Sir Richard Temple, Baronet, of Stow, in Buckinghamshire, formerly a maid of honour to Queen Anne. The future poet was born in 1709. He is usually described, not only as having been what is called a seven months' child, but as having betrayed so little sign of life at the time he was brought into the world, that his nurse pronounced him to be still-born. Certainly his pale and lean appearance in after life lent some slight weight to the report, but on the other hand, the truth of it seems to be borne out by no family authority or tradition.[1]

At Eton, according to Doctor Johnson, young Lyttelton was "so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows." What is more unusual at public schools, he seems to have written English verses from inclination almost as early as he composed Latin verses from compulsion. His "Soliloquy of Beauty in the Country," which was written at Eton, has not undeservedly met with commendation.

"Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to dress with care?" etc.

From Eton he removed to Christ Church, where though he remained but for an inconsiderable time, it was long enough to confirm the reputation for scholarship which he had already established, as

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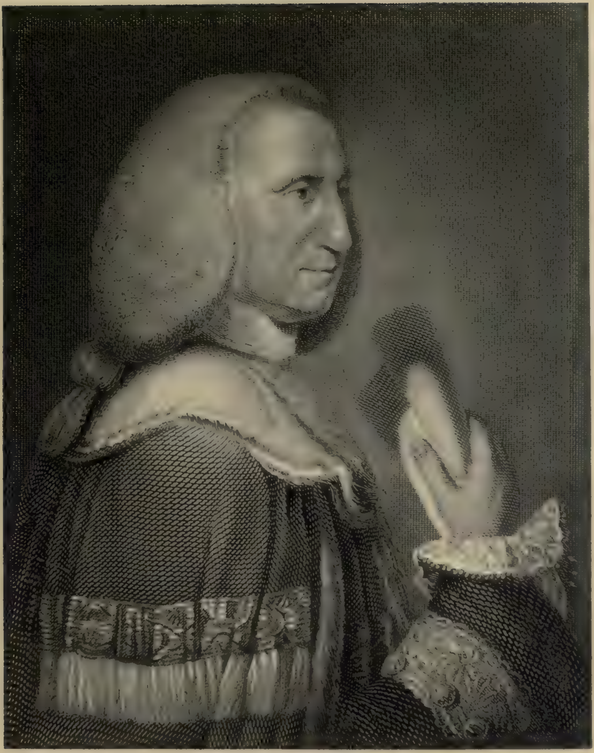
[1] Nichols's words are, "he was thrown away by the nurse as a dead child."

George, Lord Lyttleton.

Photo-etching after the painting by West.



well as to publish his "Blenheim," a poem in blank verse. His "Progress of Love" and his "Persian Letters" were also severally composed by him when very young. Of the Delia of his youthful verse we know little more than that, like Catherine Dashwood, the Delia of Hammond's love elegies, she long outlived the charms that "roused the poet's sigh." "She" (Catherine Dashwood), writes Walpole, after the accession of George III., "and Mrs. Boughton, Lord Lyttelton's ancient Delia, are revived again in a young court that never heard of them."

In 1728, at the age of nineteen, Mr. Lyttelton set out on a tour through France and Italy, prolonging his travels till toward the close of the year 1731. In April, 1734, he was returned to Parliament as member for Okehampton, in Devonshire; and in April, 1737, on the same evening that the illustrious Chatham made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, his schoolfellow, Lyttelton, also addressed the House for the first time. "So much are men mistaken at their outset," writes Lord Stanhope, "that Lyttelton appears to have been considered the greater of the two, and Pope calls him 'the rising genius of this age.'"

That of the number of gifted Etonians who were returned to Parliament during the period that Sir Robert Walpole was in the zenith of his power, a moiety should have been his devoted followers, and the other half his uncompromising opponents, was nothing more than might have been anticipated. In the former category, among the young men of the highest promise, were Fox and Hanbury Williams; in the latter, Pitt and Lyttelton. Lyttelton especially, up to the hour that the great minister was hounded from the helm of government, was his persistent and unsparing assailant. As Johnson observes, he opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole. As a speaker, George Lyttelton was very far from being a despicable foe. Though not a powerful, he was a various, and sometimes a useful, debater; while his high character for probity and consistency added weight to his political importance. "Mr. Pitt's followers," writes Lord Waldegrave, "were scarce a sufficient number to deserve the name of a party, consisting only of the Grenvilles and Lyttelton. The latter was an enthusiast, both in religion and politics; absent in business, not ready in debate, and totally ignorant of the world. On the other hand, his studied orations were excellent; he was a man of parts, a scholar, no indifferent writer, and by far the honestest man of the whole society." Twice, at all events, in Parliament, Lyttelton spoke with uncommon success; once in the House of Commons, on the 26th of November, 1753, on the repeal of the Jews' Naturalisation Bill; and secondly, in the

House of Lords, in 1763, on a question affecting the privileges of Parliament.

It has been suggested that Johnson's manifest dislike to, and depreciation of, Lyttelton may have had its origin in the doctor's jealous recollections of a preference shown in their youth, either by Miss Boothby, or Molly Aston, to Lyttelton; but if so, it could scarcely have been owing to the personal graces of the latter that he was indebted for the predilection. According, for instance, to his contemporary, John, Lord Hervey: "In his figure [Lyttelton was] extremely tall and thin; his face was so ugly, his person so ill-made, and his carriage so awkward, that every feature was a blemish, every limb an incumbrance, and every motion a disgrace; but, as disagreeable as his figure was, his voice was still more so, and his address more disagreeable than either." Horace Walpole also writes: "With the figure of a spectre and the gesticulations of a puppet, he talked heroics through his nose, made declamations at a visit, and played at cards with scraps of history, or sentences of Pindar." Other evidences of his personal ungainliness might be quoted. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, for instance, in one of his odes distinguishes his old schoolfellow as "Lank Lyttelton," which, by the bye, may have been his nickname at Eton, while an admirable caricature of the period introduces him as:

"Who's dat who ride astride de poney,
So long, so lank, so lean, and boney?
Oh! he be de great orator, Little-toney."

Owing to Sir Robert Walpole's long tenure of power, Lyttelton, notwithstanding the advantages he derived from his abilities and family influence, was necessarily slow in rising to the higher offices in the state. It was not, indeed, till the year 1737, when he had attained the age of twenty-eight, that he was enabled to realise a small, but welcome augmentation of his moderate income, by accepting the post of private secretary to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who at this time was not only living on the worst terms with the king, his father, but who, in fact, was virtually at the head of the opposition. The influence which he was enabled to obtain over the prince was not only supposed to be considerable, but is said to have been laudably employed by him in securing the patronage of his Royal Highness for men of genius and learning. David Mallet, for instance, was apparently indebted to him for the appointment of under secretary to the prince, with a salary of £200 a year, and Thomson, the poet, for a pension of £100 a year. Neither does his own purse appear to have been ever closed against the claims of literary merit, nor his heart against the attractions of literary men. He was the friend, indeed, of most of the men of genius of his day, more than one of whom have left on record the highest tributes to his virtues and talents. Fielding dedicated to him his magnificent novel, "Tom Jones;" Lord Bolingbroke proposed to dedicate to him his "Idea of a Patriot King;" Thomson has celebrated him in his "Castle of Indolence:"

"Come, dwell with us! true son of Virtue, come!" etc.;

and lastly, Pope has perpetuated his friendship for Lyttelton in undying verse:

"Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true."

In 1744, after the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole, George Lyttelton was appointed a lord of the treasury, having previously, in 1741, married Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq., of Filleigh, in Devonshire, by whom he became the father of Thomas, commonly called "the wicked Lord Lyttelton," and of two daughters. Unhappily, his connubial felicity lasted no long time, his beloved wife being snatched from him in childbed, on the 19th of January, 1747, at the age of twenty-nine. "Poor Mrs. Lyttelton," writes Mrs. Delany, two days afterward, "has left a most disconsolate mother and afflicted husband. She was happy in this world, according to our notion of happiness, and was an agreeable and deserving woman, which makes her much lamented." To the memory of this lady it was that her husband composed his once much criticised and famous "Monody," the fourth stanza of which, inasmuch as it seems to have satisfied the fastidious taste of Gray, the reader may not be unwilling to have transcribed:

"In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found.
In all the wide stretch'd prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

"O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost," etc.

In melancholy contrast with these lines is another copy of verses, anticipatory of happiness to come, composed by the fond husband, only a few months before his wife's death, at his friend Gilbert West's seat at Wickham, the scene, it would seem, of Lyttelton's honeymoon:

"Here, first, my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scattered myrtles o'er her head."

A wicked "Burlesque Ode," written by Smollett on Lyttelton's plaintive "Monody," and purporting to be an elegy on his grandmother, was familiar to the generality of readers of the middle of the last century:

> "Her liberal hand and sympathising breast
> The brute creation kindly bless'd:
> Where'er she trod, grimalkin purred around;
> The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
> Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose
> Did she glad sustenance refuse.
> The strutting cock she daily fed,
> And turkey with his snout so red;
> Of chickens careful as the pious hen;
> Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;
> While redbreast hopped before her in the hall,
> As if she common mother were of all.
>
> "For my distracted mind
> What comfort can I find?
> O best of grannams!" etc.

In further elucidation of the authorship of this irreverent doggerel, it may be mentioned that Lyttelton had formerly unintentionally given offence to Smollett, then a young medical student, who, in revenge, not only turned Lyttelton's "Monody" into ridicule, but subsequently introduced him as Gosling Scrag into the first edition of "Peregrine Pickle," besides otherwise traducing him in "Roderick Random." "Smollett," writes Walpole, "was bred a sea-surgeon, and turned author. He wrote a tragedy, and sent it to Lord Lyttelton, with whom he was not acquainted. Lord Lyttelton, not caring to point out its defects, civilly advised him to try comedy. He wrote one, and solicited the same lord to recommend it to the stage. The latter excused himself, but promised, if it should be acted, to do all the service in his power for the author. Smollett's return was drawing an abusive portrait of Lord Lyttelton in 'Roderick Random,' a novel, of which sort he published two or three." One of Lyttelton's reasons for withholding so long from publication his "History of Henry the Second" is said to have been the fear of Smollett's criticisms, if not abuse.

In 1747, the same year in which Lyttelton lost his wife, and while his father was still living, he published his "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul." Of all the pleasures of which human nature is susceptible, a purer one can scarcely be imagined than that of a pious father rejoicing over the fact of a beloved son, not only extricating himself from the trammels of infidelity, but devoutly exercising his talents to impress upon the minds of others those divine truths which he has succeeded in impressing upon his own. Happily such a blessing, before he quitted the world, was reserved for Lyttelton's excellent father, Sir Thomas. "I have read your religious treatise," he writes to his son, "with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear; the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I don't doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the meantime, I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son.

"Your affectionate father,
"THOMAS LYTTELTON."

In 1749, having been a widower for two years, Lyttelton married a second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Rich, Bart., by whom he had no children. Unfortunately, the happiness with which he had been blest in his first marriage he failed to meet with in the second; the ill-assorted couple separating after a season, never to reunite.[1]

Two years after this second marriage, Lyttelton, on the 14th of September, 1751, not only succeeded to a baronetage by the death of his father, but at the same time inherited a large estate, including the beautiful family seat of Hagley Hall, in Worcestershire. In 1754 he was constituted a privy councillor and cofferer of the king's household; and, the same year, published his "Dialogues of the Dead," which, as Johnson admits, "were very eagerly read."

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[1] Lyttelton's second wife survived him twenty-two years, dying on the 17th of September, 1795.

On the 22d of November, 1755, Lyttelton was appointed to the highest office he ever held in the state, that of chancellor of the exchequer, an appointment apparently peculiarly ill suited to his particular abilities. "Had they dragged Doctor Halley from his observatory to make him vice-chamberlain," writes Horace Walpole, "or Doctor Hales from his ventilators to act Bayes in the 'Rehearsal,' the choice would have been as judicious. They turned an absent poet to the management of the revenue, and employed a man as visionary as Don Quixote to combat Demosthenes." "Our friend, Sir George Lyttelton," writes Walpole, two months afterward, to Conway, "opened the budget; well enough in general, but was strangely bewildered in the figures. He stumbled over millions, and dwelt pompously upon farthings."

According to Walpole, the "warmest prayer" of Sir George Lyttelton's heart was to go to heaven in a coronet; a wish which, taken in the sense of Walpole's witticism, he lived to have gratified. On the 19th of November, 1757, on his being deprived, by a change of ministry, of his post of chancellor of the exchequer, he was created a peer of Great Britain by the title of Lord Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley, in the county of Worcester.

The last and most ambitious of Lord Lyttelton's published works was his "History of Henry the Second," the labour of many years. Nervously sensitive to adverse literary criticism, and perhaps, as we have hinted, standing in especial awe of Smollett, who was now editor of the *Critical Review*, Lyttelton, in order to ensure as much as possible the correctness of his *magnum opus*, brought it out with a deliberation, labour, and expense probably unexampled in the annals of authorship. "The story of this publication," writes Doctor Johnson, "is remarkable. The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression, but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expense of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds." The cost of employing especial punctuators was another heavy expense to the author. The result was that, though the printing of the work had commenced in 1755, not only was it not completed till 1771, but, notwithstanding all this delay, precaution, and cost, when a third edition of the history appeared, there was found appended to it a supplementary list of no fewer than nineteen pages of errors. To George Montague, Horace Walpole writes in July, 1767, on the publication of the second edition of Lyttelton's first three volumes: "Have you waded through or into Lord Lyttelton? How dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven and twenty years together!" And again, to Lady Ossory, Walpole writes no less sarcastically on the completion of the work in 1771: "Lord Lyttelton has published the rest of his 'Henry the Second,' but I doubt has executed it a little carelessly, for he has not been above ten years about it." Nevertheless, notwithstanding Walpole's sarcasms, and the occasional dulness and verbosity of Lord Lyttelton's work, it may still be consulted with advantage to the student of history.

Uncomplainingly, and even cheerfully, as Lord Lyttelton to all appearance descended into the vale of years, his unhappy estrangement from the wife of his choice, combined with the irreclaimable libertinism of his only son, could scarcely have failed to cast occasional gloom and anxiety across his path to the grave. His household gods, indeed, lay shivered around him. "Poor Lord Lyttelton," writes Mrs. Delany, a few days after his death, "is happily released from a miserable life; the wretched conduct of his wicked son, they say, broke his heart." His accomplished friend, Mrs. Montagu, also writes to Lord Kames: "When I consider how unhappy his former, how blessed his present condition, I am ashamed to lament him; the world has lost the best example, modest merit the most zealous protector, mankind its gentlest friend." Lord Lyttelton died at Hagley, on the

22d of August, 1773, at the age of sixty-four. Of the last illness and death of the converted skeptic the following affecting particulars were communicated to Mrs. Montagu by Doctor Johnston, of Kidderminster, the physician who attended him during the closing stages of his fatal disorder:

"On Sunday evening the symtoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain, and though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties seemed stronger when he was thoroughly awake. His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation of the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength and for his death very sufficiently. Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, 'It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to prolong life;' yet he was easily persuaded for the satisfaction of others to do or take anything thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery. On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great melancholy, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. 'Doctor,' he said, 'you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and in public life, I have made the public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatever.' At another time, he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about anything.' On the evening when the symptoms of death came on him, he said, 'I shall die, but it will not be your fault.' When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord. You must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22d, when, between seven and eight o'clock, he expired, almost without a groan."

The Lady Valentia who is here introduced with her husband was Lord Lyttelton's only surviving daughter, Lucy, married to Arthur, Viscount Valentia, afterward first Earl of Mountnorris. "His lordship," writes Doctor Beattie to the Earl of Kinnoul, "died, as he lived, a most illustrious example of every Christian virtue. His last breath was spent in comforting and instructing his friends. 'Be good and virtuous,' said he to Lord Valentia, 'for know that to this you must come.' The devout and cheerful resignation that occupied his mind during his illness did not forsake him in the moment of dissolution, but fixed a smile on his dying countenance. I sincerely sympathise with your lordship on the loss of this excellent man. Since I came last to town, I have had the honour and happiness to pass many an hour in his company, and to converse with him on all subjects; and I hope I shall be the better, while I live, for what I have seen and what I have heard of Lord Lyttelton."

Lord Lyttelton lies buried at Hagley, where, on the right side of the monument erected by him to the memory of his first and beloved wife, Lucy Fortescue, is engraved the following inscription :

"This unadorned stone was placed here,
By the particular desire and
Express directions of the late Right Honourable
George, Lord Lyttelton,
Who died August 22nd, 1773, aged 64."

Lord Lyttelton was succeeded in his title by his son, Thomas, the libertine peer, at whose death, without issue, on the 27th of November, 1779, the English barony became extinct.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REV. SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.

THERE were, apparently, at this period of our annals, but few Etonians who were more beloved by their contemporaries for their virtues, or more admired for their early display of genius, than was Sneyd, or, as the "Alumni Etonenses" designate him, Sneydus Davies. The son of the Rev. John Sneyd, D. D., Prebendary of Hereford and St. Asaph Cathedrals, he was born at Shrewsbury on the 30th of October, 1709. Educated on the foundation at Eton, he was the author, at the age of eighteen, of a copy of Latin verses entitled "Res est sacra Miser," printed in the first volume of the "Musæ Etonenses," in 1755. In the partial opinion of his schoolfellow, Lord Camden, he was, next to Nicholas Hardinge, the best classical scholar of his age. "I have often," writes Judge Hardinge, "heard the chancellor [Lord Camden] speak of him as of an admired friend and favourite in Eton School." Judge Hardinge himself also speaks of his father's contemporary as "a man of consummate genius and of exemplary virtue."

In 1728 Sneyd Davies was elected from Eton to King's College, Cambridge; in 1732 he took his degree as B. A., in 1737 as M. A., and in 1759 the honour of D. D. was conferred upon him. In 1732 his father's death, which took place in that year, put him in possession of a competency for the remainder of his life, by transferring to him the rectory of Kingsland, in Herefordshire, of which the former had been impropriator, together with a portion of his father's landed property in the Vale of Clwyd, near St. Asaph.

It was the lot of this learned and amiable man, and it was a lot which was thought to occasion him much secret disquietude, to see schoolfellow after schoolfellow, and friend after friend, though gifted with abilities scarcely superior to his own, promoted one by one over his head to the highest offices in Church and state. Not only did Pitt, Fox, Hanbury Williams, Lyttelton, and George Grenville, who were, within a year or two, of the same standing with him at Eton, thus pass over him, but, of his two most intimate friends at school, Frederick Cornwallis rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and Charles Pratt to be Earl Camden and Lord Chancellor of England. To the former, when Bishop of Lichfield, be it mentioned that he was indebted for a canonry in Lichfield Cathedral, as well as for the mastership of St. John's Hospital in that city, and for the archdeaconry of Derby. "All accounts of him that have reached me," writes Judge Hardinge, "describe him as the most amiable of human beings; cheerful, though modest, and pious, without parade of his religion; friendly, humane, public-spirited, and virtuous in every sense of that word." "In my girlish days," writes, in somewhat inflated language, a contemporary poetess, Anna Seward, "I knew him well, and always shed tears of delight when I listened to him from the pulpit; for his manner of preaching was ineffable; a voice of tremulously pathetic softness; religious energies struggling through constitutional timidity; but in all his words, his looks, his manners, within and without the church, there looked out of a feeble frame a spirit beatified before its time."

It was evidently on the merit, not of his classical, but of his English literary compositions, that the friends and admirers of Sneyd Davies anticipated for him a more than ephemeral reputation. Posterity, however, has failed to confirm the verdict passed on them by his contemporaries. Besides the usually prosaic character of the subjects which he selected for his themes, his verse seems to be signally devoid of that tenderness and delicacy of sentiment and expression without which poetry, whatever merit of a different kind it may possess, would scarcely appear to be deserving the name. His best poetical production, if we agree with Judge Hardinge, is his epistle to his friend, Lord Camden; and nearly equal to it in merit is his epistle to Cornwallis:

> "In Frolic's hour, ere serious thoughts had birth,
> There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
> The Muse would take me on her airy wing,
> And waft to views romantic," etc.

A third epistle, congratulating his friend, Nicholas Hardinge, on his escape from the fatigues of the House of Commons to his seat, Knoll Hills, Derbyshire, we would also venture to point out, as concluding with a successful couplet:

> "Here feast, when wrangling Senates are at rest,
> Repos'd on Latian flowers and Attic thyme."

To eulogise the blessings, not of love, but friendship, was, indeed, evidently the tendency of Sneyd Davies's poetical flights. No suspicion of his having at any time been enamoured of one of the fair sex ever entered the minds of his friends. To him, we are told, women were "as if they formed no part of the world around him."

Partially affected by paralysis, the Rector of Kingsland, toward the close of his existence, would seem to have lived the life of a literary recluse. "Davies," writes one of his ardent admirers, Lady Knowles,[1] "resigned the world. He took little concern even in his own pecuniary affairs, but lived in his library, where his books, like those of the Hermit in Vaucluse, were his friends." Not that his affections had grown less tender, or his former friendships less steadfast. He loved to the last, we are told on the same authority, those whom he had loved in youth, besides attaching to himself the immediate circle of kind faces that surrounded him. "Warm and affectionate," continues his eulogist, "he attached every human creature to him, high and low."

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[1] Wife of Admiral Sir Charles Knowles. Judge Hardinge writes of her on one occasion as his "sister-enthusiast for Davies."

Of the last days of this gifted and amiable man no particulars appear to have reached posterity. We learn only, from his epitaph in Kingsland Church, that he died on the 20th of January, 1769, in his sixtieth year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. WILLIAM COOKE, HEAD MASTER OF ETON, PROVOST OF KING'S COLLEGE, AND DEAN OF ELY.

THIS able and learned scholar was yet but an Eton boy when he composed a Greek tragedy, "Θεηλατος Σοφια," a production of which Mathias speaks with commendation, and which naturally achieved for its author an unusually precocious literary reputation. He was born in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, on the 15th of October, 1711. Before having been sent to Eton, he is said to have been educated at Harrow, where his family was residing in 1718; but as he was not yet eleven years old when elected on the foundation at Eton, his scholastic obligations to Harrow were probably not very considerable. In 1731 he was elected to King's College, Cambridge, whence, after having taken the degree of B. A. in 1735, he returned to Eton as an assistant master. In this situation his merits before long became so conspicuously displayed that, in May, 1743, at the early age of thirty-two, he was unanimously chosen head master. Unfortunately, however, his strength proved unequal to the severe labours and constant confinement now demanded of him, and accordingly, in 1745, after an interval of only two years, a sense of duty not only compelled him to resign the post, but to exchange the congenial society of Eton for the comparative solitude of Sturminster Marshall, in Dorsetshire, to the valuable rectory of which place the provost and fellows had opportunely been enabled to present him.

Happily, the newly imposed retirement of the late head master was cheered by the companionship of a young wife, Miss Catherine Sleech, — daughter of Richard Sleech, D. D., canon of Windsor, — to which lady he was married in January, 1746, and by whom he became the father of twelve children, six sons and six daughters, of whom nine were living in October, 1784. Of these, his second daughter, Catherine, married Dr. Samuel Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester, and afterward Bishop of St. Asaph, a prelate to whose virtues his accomplished father-in-law bore testimony in an elegant Latin inscription on the bishop's monument in Worksop Church, Nottinghamshire.

Time, before long, restored Doctor Cooke to the society of the friends of his youth. In 1748, three years after his resignation of the head-mastership, he was elected a fellow of Eton, in addition to which advancement he was, the same year, enabled to bid farewell to the rectory of Sturminster Marshall, on being presented to the more accessible one of Denham, in Buckinghamshire, about eight miles from the

"Distant spires and antique towers"

so familiar to him from boyhood. Here, in the discharge of the double but mild duties required of him at Eton and Denham, he continued to reside till 1768, when the demands of his numerous family compelled him to accept the lucrative rectory of Stoke Newington, in Middlesex, in the gift of the Rev. Charles Weston. In the meantime, he had taken his degree as D. D. in 1765, and the same year had been appointed by a fellow Etonian and contemporary, George, Earl of Halifax, to be his chaplain.

In 1772, in consequence of the death of Doctor Sumner, the provostship of King's College became vacant, an event thus incidentally referred to, on the 18th of March in that year, by Gough, the antiquary, to his friend, Mr. Tyson: "Doctor Cooke, Fellow of Eton, is to be provost, it is said, without opposition; but the younger part do not like him, as he is supposed to be a strict disciplinarian. He is old, and has a large family, and is a good scholar." Notwithstanding, however, the hostility of the "younger part" of the community of King's, some of whom had probably smarted under his discipline when head master, he was, on the 25th of March, unanimously elected to the provostship, this promotion being followed, on the 9th of August, 1780, by his being appointed Dean of Ely.

Doctor Cooke lived to the great age of eighty-six, when he passed away, sincerely regretted and respected by the college in which he had alike spent the heyday of his youth and the greater portion of his declining years. "We lament," writes an Etonian of somewhat later date, "the loss of a provost venerable in advanced age, dignified in his deportment, and of classical erudition, deep, useful, and extensive. In the extremest boundary of human life, without the throbs of agony, or the cold gradations of dissolution and decay, and supported and sustained by female filial piety, — that blessed bounden duty! — he came as a shock of corn to the ground in his season. Such was William Cooke, D. D., Provost of King's College!"

Doctor Cooke died at Bath on the 21st of November, 1797. In the south vestry of King's College Chapel a marble tablet, bearing a Latin inscription, was raised to his memory.

CHAPTER XIX.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

In the month of March, 1728, shortly before the philanthropic General Oglethorpe brought under the notice of the House of Commons the frightful atrocities perpetrated by the authorities of the Fleet Prison on the unfortunate prisoners committed to their charge, there happened to be seated in the parlour or tap-room of the prison tavern an unoffending London tradesman, whom ill success in his business had rendered a bankrupt and deprived of his liberty. Suddenly, without any apparent provocation, this person was seized upon by the myrmidons of the warder and deputy warder of the prison, by whom he was flung into a damp and nauseous dungeon, in which, such were the sufferings he endured during a six weeks' confinement without fire or covering, that his reason forsook him and he died. Such, as far as can be ascertained, was the fate of Edward Arne, the father, not only of the subject of the present memoir, but of his sister, the celebrated tragic actress, Mrs. Cibber. At all events, his names, and those of the unhappy prisoner who perished in the Fleet, were the same, and presumably, at least, they were one and the same person.

The father of Doctor Arne and of Mrs. Cibber was an upholsterer, carrying on business at the sign of the "Two Crowns and Cushions," in King Street, Covent Garden, in which thoroughfare his two distinguished offspring were born. His own name was not an unfamiliar one to the public in the days of Queen Anne and George I. It was, for instance, at his house in King Street that the four Indian kings, commemorated in the *Spectator* (No. 50), were lodged in 1710; in addition to which he was the original of the garrulous political upholsterer immortalised by Addison in the *Tatler* (Nos. 155 and 160). His son, Thomas Augustine Arne, composer of the once popular opera of "Artaxerxes," and of the exquisite music set by him to Milton's masque of "Comus," was born on the 28th of May, 1710. Destined by his father to follow the profession of the law, it was probably with the view of advancing him in that calling that he was placed at Eton. He had, however, almost in infancy, imbibed a passion for music, a predilection which, it would appear, was not only a source of much vexation to his father, but at Eton was the occasion of constant interruption to the studies of his companions, as well as to his own. "I have been assured by many of his schoolfellows," writes Doctor Burney, "that his love for music operated upon him too powerfully, even while he was at Eton, for his own peace or that of his companions; for, with a miserable cracked common flute, he used to torment them night and day when not obliged to attend the school."

From Eton young Arne was removed to a desk in a lawyer's office, to the duties of which, however, he showed so much repugnance that every hour he could borrow from them was devoted to the cultivation of his darling pursuit. "At home," writes Doctor Burney, "he had contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he used to practise in the night while the rest of the family were asleep." Had his father overheard him, the probability was, as we are told, that he would have thrown the instrument, if not the lad himself, out of the window.[1] When in want of money, it was his custom, as he himself told Doctor Burney, to borrow a servant's livery, by which means he gained a free admission to the upper gallery of the opera, which in those days was appropriated to the domestics of the noble and the wealthy, who happened to be in attendance on their masters or mistresses. With the exception of some lessons on the violin which he contrived to obtain from Michael Festing, an eminent performer on that instrument, the future composer may be said to have been a self-taught musician. At length, an unforeseen and rather curious incident had the effect of gradually reconciling the father to his son's inconvenient predilections. "His father," continues Doctor Burney, "accidentally calling at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood upon business, found him engaged with company, but sending in his name, he was invited up-stairs, where there was a large company and a concert, in which, to his great astonishment, he caught his son in the very act of playing first fiddle. Finding him more admired for his musical talents than knowledge in the law, he was soon prevailed upon to forgive his unruly passion, and to let him try to turn it to some account. No sooner was the young musician able to practise aloud in his father's house, than he bewitched the whole family. On discovering that his sister was not only fond of music, but had a very sweet-toned and touching voice, he gave her such instructions as soon enabled her to sing for Lampe, in his opera of 'Amelia.'" This sister, the future Mrs. Cibber, was, it may be mentioned, her brother's junior by about seven years; her first appearance on the stage taking place in 1736, when she performed the character of Zara in Aaron Hill's tragedy of that name. Young Arne was himself only eighteen when he produced his opera of "Rosamond" upon the stage.

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[1] A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross. — *Pope.*

Altogether this emiment man is computed not only to have either composed or set for the stage as many as thirty musical entertainments, but for many years his numerous songs, cantatas, catches, and glees delighted, while they improved, the public taste. "The melody of Arne at this time," observes Doctor Burney, "forms an era in English music. It was so easy, natural, and agreeable to the whole kingdom, that it had an effect upon our national taste, and till a more modern Italian style was introduced in pasticcio English operas, it was the standard of all perfection at our theatres and public gardens." He may or may not have been correctly accredited with any share in the composition of "God Save the King;" but at all events he was the composer of "Rule Britannia," than which, since the time of Tyrtæus, no national melody has perhaps ever elicited such rapturous outbursts of popular enthusiasm. It was first, we believe, introduced to the public in Mallet's altered masque of "Alfred," in 1740.

About the year 1736, this successful composer married Miss Cecilia Young, daughter of Anthony Young, organist of St. Catherine Cree Church, in Leadenhall Street. She was a pupil of Francesco Geminiani, and was considered the best English female singer of her time.

On the 6th of July, 1759, the University of Oxford evinced their appreciation of Arne's genius by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Music.

Doctor Arne having been what is currently called a man of pleasure, we are the less surprised to find his affairs, as in the cases of too many men of pleasure and vivacious genius combined, in a constant state of embarrassment. Next to music, his ruling passion seems to have been the libertine pursuit of women. Neither do his manners, any more than his morals, appear to have been improved either by his Eton education or by the society which he frequented. According to Doctor Burney, he had kept indifferent company too long to be able "to comport himself properly at the Opera House, in the first circle of taste and fashion; he could speak to 'the girls in the garden' very well, but, whether through bashfulness or want of use, he had but little to say to good company."

Doctor Arne died of a spasmodic disorder of the lungs on the 5th of March, 1778, in his sixty-eighth year. Neglectful as he had unhappily been of his religious duties, religion, nevertheless, mercifully afforded him peace at the last. Finding himself on his death-bed, and a prey to remorse, he sent for a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, in which persuasion he had been educated; received at his hands the spiritual consolation of which he stood in need and having chanted, it is said, a hallelujah, almost with his last breath, expired contrite and devout. His remains rest, where lie interred so many other erring but brilliant sons of the Drama or the Orchestra, either in the vaults or churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Doctor Arne's widow survived him many years; dying, it is said, in or about 1795, no fewer than sixty-five years after her first and brilliant appearance on the boards of a London theatre.

CHAPTER XX.

RICHARD, EARL TEMPLE, K. G.

THE brilliant political success achieved by the house of Grenville in the last century has been set forth in graphic words by Lord Macaulay in one of his admirable essays. "Within the space of fifty years," he writes, "three first lords of the treasury, three secretaries of state, two keepers of the privy seal, and four first lords of the admiralty, were appointed from among the sons and grandsons of the Countess Temple." Of these notable persons, the most considerable, in point of antecedence of birth, wealth, and political influence, may be said to have been Richard, Earl Temple, the predecessor of the Marquises and Dukes of Buckingham, and the subject of this biographical sketch.

At the time that the future Earl Temple was simply Richard Grenville and an Eton scholar, the then princely Lord of Stow was Richard, Viscount Cobham, his maternal uncle, to whom we have already had occasion to advert as having been immortalised by Pope, and as having been the companion in arms of the great Marlborough. Lord Cobham had three sisters, — Mary Temple, who became the mother of Gilbert West, the poet; Hester, who married Richard Grenville, Esq., of Wotton, in Buckinghamshire; and Christian, who became the mother of the "good" Lord Lyttelton. Having no children of his own, Lord Cobham, who died on the 15th of September, 1749, bequeathed his large property to his second sister, Mrs. Grenville, who, on the 18th of the following month, was created Countess Temple, with the remainder of the dignity of Earl Temple to her male issue. By Mr. Grenville Lady Temple was the mother of the subject of the present memoir; of his brother, George Grenville, the future prime minister; and of Lady Hester Grenville, who became the wife of the illustrious Chatham. Hence emanated that prolific succession of first lords of the treasury and of the admiralty, of secretaries of state and keepers of the privy seal, enumerated by Lord Macaulay.

Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, was born on the 26th of September, 1711. On quitting Eton, where it probably was that he acquired the nickname of "Gawky," which clung to him in after life, he set out with a private tutor, a M. de Lizy, on a protracted tour of more than four years' duration, over France, Italy, and Switzerland. Shortly after his return to England, which took place in 1734, the influence of his uncle, Lord Cobham, procured his return to Parliament as member for the town of Buckingham ; the county of Buckingham subsequently returning him to consecutive Parliaments till his succession to the peerage.

On the 9th of May, 1737, at no less classical a spot than Marble Hill, Twickenham, the charming villa of the celebrated Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, the future Earl Temple married an amiable and accomplished young lady, Miss Anna Chamber, the well-endowed daughter and coheiress of Thomas Chamber, Esq., of Hanworth, in Middlesex, by his wife, Lady Mary, eldest daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley. Having been left an orphan at an early age, the young lady had been brought up under the protection and roof of her aunt, the well-known Lady Betty Germaine, to whose guardianship she certainly did no discredit. The marriage, as far as we are able to judge, proved happy for both persons. Whatever, indeed, may have been the faults of Lord Temple, to his wife he seems to have been ever considerate and kind. In their correspondence she is his "little woman," and Lord Temple is her "dear long man." As regards her accomplishments, Horace Walpole has not only included her in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," but also paid her the compliment, in the year 1764, of printing her "Select Poems" at his private press at Strawberry Hill. It was not till she was forty years old, he tells us, that "she discovered a turn for genteel versification, which she executed with facility, and decked with the amiable graces of her own benevolent mind."

On the 6th of October, 1752, having just completed his forty-first year, Richard Grenville, by the death of his mother, succeeded to the earldom of Temple, an event which, two years after its occurrence, was followed by a scarcely less important one in his career, the marriage of his sister, Lady Hester Grenville, to his old schoolfellow, William Pitt. Whatever amount of interest Lord Temple may hitherto have taken in the politics of the day, from this period only it is that we discover in him that inordinate ambition, that keenness in political plotting and counterplotting, which continued to characterise him almost to the close of his career. Free as yet from any jealousy of his illustrious brother-in-law, he wisely and heartily united his political interests and fortunes with those of Mr. Pitt, the result being that, on the latter forming an administration in 1756, the Lord of Stow was appointed to the considerable post of first lord of the admiralty. From this period till their famous disunion in 1766, the most perfect accord and affection seem to have existed between the two kinsmen. Thus when, on the 9th of April, 1757, Pitt quitted office, Lord Temple accompanied him into private life; and again when, on the 29th of June the same year, Pitt returned to power, Lord Temple also returned with him; not, indeed, to his former post at the admiralty, but as keeper of the privy seal. Subsequently, during the whole of the great war so gloriously carried on by Pitt against France, Lord Temple was not merely his colleague, but his staunch partisan and confidant. Lastly, in the month of October, 1761, on the memorable occasion of Pitt submitting to a "trembling Council" his bold and wise advice for an immediate declaration of war with Spain, Lord Temple alone, of all his colleagues, warmly supported the suggestion ; and, on finding it overruled by the Council, once more retired with his kinsman into private life. From this period he continued uninterruptedly in opposition.

In the meantime, in December, 1758, Lord Temple had been constituted lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Bucks ; a post, however, from which, in May, 1763, he was dismissed, in consequence of the encouragement extended by him to the celebrated political offender, John Wilkes, for visiting whom, while a state prisoner in the Tower of London, he had given grave umbrage to George III. and his Tory ministers. But apparently the great object, about this time, of Lord Temple's ambition, was the blue ribbon ; though on what especial grounds he founded his claims to it we do not readily perceive. "To the Garter," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "nobody can have slenderer pretensions. His family is scarce older than his earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward; and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt or tournament." Nevertheless, on the 4th of February, 1760, less than three months from the date of Walpole's letter, Lord Temple received the Order of the Garter at the hands of his sovereign.

To Lord Temple, in his public capacity, no very glowing encomiums can be awarded. It was, in fact, to his high rank and family influence; to the knowledge which he had acquired of the details of public business; to his zeal and skill as a party politician; to his inordinate ambition; to his patronage of the boldest and most scurrilous opposition writers; and especially to his connection with Pitt, that he was mainly indebted for the powerful influence which he contrived to exercise over the politics of his time. When Wilkes and Churchill wrote their bitterest libels, their instigator is said to have been Temple. "They had a familiar at their ear," writes Walpole, "whose venom never was distilled at random, but each drop administered to some precious work of mischief. This was Earl Temple, who whispered them where they might find torches, but took care never to be seen to light one himself." That he warmly aided and abetted the shameful personal attacks of the lampooners and caricaturists on the reputations of the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute, seems to be tolerably obvious. "Those who knew his habits best," writes Lord Macaulay, "tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul crooked labyrinth below."

Yet, on the other hand, Lord Temple was certainly not deficient in private virtues. If he was a bitter enemy, he was also a staunch friend. In private life he was amiable and unaffected. His purse was ever open to those whom he loved. When, in 1755, Mr. Pitt was dismissed from the lucrative post of paymaster of the forces, we find Lord Temple writing in the most delicate manner to his sister, Lady Hester, entreating her to use all her influence with her husband to induce him to accept a thousand pounds a year from him "till better times." Again, with like liberality, when his brother, James Grenville, in 1761, resigned his office of cofferer of the household, we find Lord Temple charging his estate with a bond of £5,000, to be paid at his death to Mr. Grenville's two sons, and in the meantime settling on each of these nephews one hundred a year. Wilkes, also, must have been under great pecuniary obligations to him. The sum of £400 or £500, which, from time to time, we find the demagogue obtaining from his noble friend, must have amounted in the aggregate to a very considerable sum.

Lord Temple's unbending deportment in the royal closet, his factious propensities, and craving for mob applause, naturally led to his being an object of dislike and suspicion alike to George II. and to George III. Sooner, exclaimed the former monarch on one occasion, than submit to Lord Temple's haughty bearing, he would resign his crown. So averse, indeed, was he to him, that on the occasion of Temple's investiture with the Garter at Windsor Castle, the air and gesture of repugnance with which the old king threw, rather than placed, the blue ribbon across the earl's shoulder, are said to have been quite unmistakable.

It was the misfortune of Lord Temple that his political jealousies and impetuosity lost him for a time the friendship of the two men whom he most valued in the world, his brother-in-law, Pitt, and his brother, George Grenville. Senior to the latter by only thirteen months, they had been devoted playfellows in the nursery, and afterward schoolfellows at Eton; yet sincere, unquestionably, as was the affection which the elder bore the younger brother, it was apparently not without signal dissatisfaction that the former had seen his younger brother, not only opposing him on essential political points, but mounting above him to the highest political office in the realm. In his opposition, indeed, to his brother's administration, in 1763–65, Temple had been moderation itself when compared with the hostility and aversion which he had previously manifested toward Lord Bute, when that nobleman had been at the head of the government; yet the mere fact that his brother George had chosen to follow the fortunes of the upstart Tory, Bute, in preference to those of the head of his house and his brother in blood, had evidently inflicted a deep wound on the mind of the excitable Temple. Happily, however, in 1765, when Lord Bute no longer stood in the path of either, a reconciliation was brought about between the two brothers, their first meeting taking place on the 22d of May in that year, at Lord Temple's house in Pall Mall, now a part of the present war department. Neither was this renewal of harmony between them merely of an evanescent character. In the course of the following month, for example, we find George Grenville happily domesticated at Stow; nor was this restored good understanding between the brothers ever afterward interrupted.

With regard to the more famous misunderstanding between Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, the date ascribable to it would seem to be the year 1765, and the cause of it Temple's confirmed jealousy at the preëminence of his illustrious brother-in-law, a jealousy which first manifested itself at the critical juncture when George III. accredited his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, as his envoy to Mr. Pitt at Hayes, in hopes of inducing the latter to take part with his sovereign by exerting himself to form a ministry on the ruins of George Grenville's doomed administration. The remarkable interview between the duke and Mr. Pitt, which was the result of his Royal Highness's journey to Hayes, took place on the 12th of May in Mr. Pitt's sick-chamber. The duke, as he had most probably anticipated, found the Great Commoner haughty, pompous, and exorbitant in his demands, yet not altogether impracticable. Unhappily, however, Pitt's evil genius, Lord Temple, had at this period acquired an extraordinary influence over his actions, and Temple, who had been invited to the conference, was at this time rapidly posting toward Hayes. That, in proceeding thither, it was with the preresolved determination of breaking off the negotiation between his brother-in-law and the court, but little doubt seems to exist. The primary object, in fact, of his ambition at this time was to cement a political alliance between "the three brothers," — as Temple, George Grenville, and Pitt were then usually styled, — a union which he trusted to see progress into the most compact and paramount political party in the state, and, as the originator of which, he doubtless hoped that the largest share of influence and authority would accrue to himself. His brother George, it is very true, had only very recently been the object of his unsparing sarcasm and abuse; but, on the other hand, by having more recently given still direr offence to Temple's bitterest enemies, the Princess Dowager and Bute, he had alike reinstated himself in his brother's good opinion, and paved the way for that formal reconciliation between the brothers which had, as we have already intimated, taken place within this very month. At all events, by whatever motives Temple may have been actuated, it became evident from the time that he made his appearance in Pitt's sick-chamber that the discussions were tending to take a turn unfavourable to the Duke of Cumberland's earnest wishes and hopes. No sooner did Temple begin to take a part in the deliberations than fresh difficulties presented themselves, rendering Pitt's hesitation to close with the offers of the king more and more manifest. "I cannot help saying," writes the duke, in reference to Temple, "that I think he was more verbose and pompous than Mr. Pitt." Eventually, as may be surmised, the influence, if not the arguments, of Temple prevailed. No one, however, could be more fully aware than Mr. Pitt how urgently his country required his services at this time, and accordingly it was not without a sigh, probably not without some uneasy feelings of self-reproach, that he rejected the liberal overtures of his sovereign. The fact, indeed, has been recorded that, at the moment of his parting with Temple, he mournfully addressed to him the words of Virgil:

> "Extinxti me teque, soror, populumque, patresque
> Sidonios, urbemque tuam."[1]
> — *Æneid*, lib. iv. ver. 682.

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[1] You, by this fatal stroke, and I, and all
Your senate, people, and your country, fall.
— *Pitt's Translation.*

And yet the blame of the failure of the negotiation would seem to have been laid by his contemporaries on Pitt. "There is neither administration nor government," writes Walpole to Lord Hertford; "the king is out of town, and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever."

But, though the negotiation had been thus interrupted for a time, it can scarcely be said to have been at an end. On the 17th of the following month, for instance, there arrived at Hayes a second ducal visitor; the king's emissary on this occasion being the future premier, Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton, whose instructions were, in the event of his finding Pitt in a compliant humour, to invite him to a private conference with his sovereign. Of this proposition, it is at present sufficient to observe that in Temple's absence it was assented to without much hesitation by Mr. Pitt; the invalid contenting himself with preferring a humble request, that, in consideration of his lameness, his Majesty would be graciously pleased to receive him in one of the apartments on the basement floor of the palace.

The appointed interview between the king and Pitt took place on the 19th of June, at the Queen's House, as Buckingham Palace was then styled, and lasted for three hours and a quarter. The principal conditions demanded by Pitt were the appointments of Lord Temple to be first lord of the treasury, and of the Duke of Grafton and himself to be secretaries of state. These and other requisitions were cheerfully acceded to by the king, and accordingly, when Pitt made his parting bow to his sovereign he had sufficiently good reason to congratulate himself on his prospects of success. A second interview, moreover, which took place between them on the 22d, was no less satisfactory; one of the results being the despatch of a messenger to Stow, desiring Temple to attend the king on the Tuesday following. "Let me, my dear lord," writes Pitt to him, "express my most earnest desire that you will be so good to set out to-morrow morning, and, if I may beg the favour, that you will come and take a bed at Hayes the same night. I am just returning to that place, finding it quite necessary to sleep in the country." The king's manner to him Pitt describes as having been most gracious. "I will only say," he continues to write, "that things have advanced considerably in the audience of this day. The first audience was, as this, infinitely gracious, but not equally material." Thus invited and encouraged, Temple, having passed the night of Tuesday, the 24th, at Hayes, repaired to Buckingham House, where, at ten o'clock in the morning, he was ushered into the royal presence. So far, however, from his journey to London being calculated to serve any good purpose, he might as well

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have remained at Stow. Instead of closing with the handsome terms tendered to him by the king, the earl, in very mysterious language, and to the great mortification of his sovereign, unhesitatingly declined the high post which was offered him. His motives in so doing, unless we assign them to impatience at the marked preference manifested by the king in having sent in the first instance for Mr. Pitt instead of for the impracticable earl, are to this hour inexplicable. "He had a delicacy," he told the king, "which must always remain a secret." In vain his sovereign urged him to reconsider his decision; in vain, after he had quitted the royal closet, the Duke of Grafton told him that he would "forfeit all character" if he refused; in vain his friend, George Onslow, implored him, "for the sake of his country, for the sake of us all," to accept the treasury. Temple was inexorable. To his brother George, with whom in the course of the day he held an affectionate conference, he spoke the same mysterious language which he had used in the royal closet. In addition, he said, to the great difficulty of managing the House of Commons, he had another reason, "of a tender and delicate nature," which he must decline to explain.

The motive could scarcely have been an unwillingness to step too rapidly into the shoes of his brother George, inasmuch as Charles Townshend expressly assures us that "there would have been no difficulty in that quarter." "Lord Temple," writes Lord Chesterfield to his son, "positively refused; there was evidently some trick in it, but what, is past my conjecturing: *Davus sum, non Œdipus*."

That the failure of the negotiation was a source of great mortification and pain to Pitt, there exists overwhelming evidence to prove. The negotiation, writes Charles Townshend, was broken off "against Mr. Pitt's judgment, declaration, and most earnest remonstrance." Thus at one time we find Pitt talking of Temple's secession as an amputation; and at another, writing to Lord Lyttelton that this crisis of his life was the most difficult and painful, on all accounts, that he had yet experienced. He has, indeed, been severely censured for not having attempted to form an administration at all hazards, yet the explanation which he gave the king would surely seem to be sufficiently satisfactory. His health, he said, was such that, without the support of his powerful family connections, the Grenvilles, it would be hopeless for him to attempt the formation of a vigorous administration. To Thomas Townshend he held the same language. Had he been younger, he said, or had he had a single friend to whom he could have entrusted the treasury, he would not have shrunk from the task, notwithstanding the defection of Temple. To Lady Stanhope he writes on the 20th of July: "All is now over as to me, and by a fatality I did not expect; I mean Lord Temple's refusal to take his share with me in the undertaking. We set out to-morrow morning for Somersetshire,[1] where I propose, if I find the place tolerable, to pass not a little of the rest of my days."

Of a third and last occasion on which, in 1766, Lord Temple's impracticability interfered with the return of Mr. Pitt to the service of his king and country, we have already introduced a brief account in our memoir of the latter illustrious statesman. Happily, however, as will be seen by the following announcement, which appeared in the *Political Register*, November 25, 1768, their estrangement proved of no long duration:

"In consequence of repeated solicitations on the part of the Earl of Chatham, a most cordial, firm, and perpetual union this day took place with his noble brother-in-law, Earl Temple. Mr. Grenville has heartily acceded."

Accordingly, before the end of the month, we find Temple, on his part, paying a visit to his brother-in-law at Hayes, and Pitt, in his turn, guaranteeing to pay a return visit to Temple at Stow. It was not, however, till the month of July the following year, that the illustrious valetudinarian seems to have been well enough to keep his engagement. "Your goodness," he writes to Temple, on the 14th of that month, "has encouraged us to come in the true patriarchal way, and to bring you no less than three children, Hester, Harriet, and Pitt, who are almost in a fever of expectation till the happy day comes." Half-way between Hayes and Stow, the patriarchal exodus was recognised by, and attracted the observation of, Edmund Burke. "Lord Chatham," he writes, on the 30th, "passed by my door on Friday morning in a jimwhiskee drawn by two horses, one before the other. He drove himself. His train was two coaches and six, with twenty servants, male and female. He was proceeding with his whole family, Lady Chatham, two sons, and two daughters, to Stow. He lay at Beaconsfield; was well and cheerful, and walked up and down stairs at the inn without help."

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[1] To his seat at Burton Pynsent.

For a graphic sketch of Lord Temple in his later years, we are indebted to the pen of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who, in 1776, was his fellow guest at Gosfield Hall, in Essex, the seat of Robert, Earl Nugent, father of Lady Mary Grenville, afterward Marchioness of Buckingham. "When I visited Gosfield," he writes, "among the guests who attracted most attention, might justly be reckoned the late Lord Temple, then far advanced in life, and very infirm. In his person, he was tall and large, though not inclined to corpulency. A disorder, the seat of which lay in his ribs, bending him almost double, compelled him, in walking, to make use of a sort of crutch;

but his mind seemed exempt from any decay. His conversation was animated, brilliant, and full of entertainment. Notwithstanding the nickname of 'Squire Gawky,' which he had obtained in the satirical or party productions of those times, he had nevertheless the air and appearance of a man of high condition when he appeared with the insignia and decorations of the Garter, seated at table." There formerly existed, and probably still exists, at Stow, an outline sketch of Lord Temple by Lady Mary Grenville, confirmatory, it is said, of the accuracy of Sir Nathaniel's picture.

It was the fortune of Lord Temple to survive nearly every one of such of his more famous Eton schoolfellows or friends as have bequeathed a reputation to posterity. Fielding had preceded him to the grave in 1754; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in 1759; his brother, George Grenville, in 1770; Lord Lyttelton in 1773; and Lord Chatham in 1778. Moreover, to his infinite and lasting sorrow, he had in the interim followed to the tomb a companion far more tenderly loved by him, — the wife of his bosom, the "little woman" of the playful correspondence of his early manhood. Lady Temple died on the 7th of April, 1777. Lastly, to the detriment of the comfort of his declining years, the only child which she had ever borne him, a daughter, Elizabeth, had been snatched from him by death, before the completion of her fourth year.

Lord Temple, as he advanced in years, seems to have taken less and less interest in the political occurrences of his time. His chief occupations are said to have been the improvement and adornment of Stow; his chief consolation being the society of his nephews and nieces, of whom his favourite appears to have been the heir to his title and estates, the eldest son of his late brother George, afterward first Marquis of Buckingham.

Lord Temple's end was a violent one, having been occasioned by his being thrown from a pony-carriage in the Park Ridings at Stow, from which spot he was carried away with a hopelessly fractured skull. After having lingered for a few days in a state of unconsciousness, he expired on the 11th of September, 1779, having nearly completed his sixty-eighth year.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

Of the many brilliant and ambitious youths with whom the subject of this memoir was a contemporary at Eton, there was probably not one to whose imagination it ever occurred that the apparently apathetic schoolfellow, who cared so little to join their sports and to share their mirth, would eventually mount over the heads of one and all by raising himself to be Prime Minister of England. Yet such was the high distinction which lay in reserve for George Grenville!

George Grenville, second son of Hester, Countess Temple, and younger brother of Richard, Earl Temple, was born on the 14th of October, 1712. From Eton he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, and from Christ Church to one of the Inns of Law, whence, in due time, he was called to the bar. By the desire, however, of his maternal uncle, Lord Cobham, he subsequently abandoned law for politics; was returned to Parliament, by his uncle's interest, for the town of Buckingham, and continued to represent that borough in the

House of Commons till his death. The success which befell him in his new avocation justified Lord Cobham's interference in his nephew's affairs. In the month of January, 1742, an effective speech which he made in the House of Commons assisted to acquire him a parliamentary reputation. On the 25th of December, 1744, he was appointed a lord of the admiralty, and, on the 23d of June, 1747, a lord of the treasury. His next appointment, which took place on the 6th of April, 1754, was as treasurer of the navy, a situation which, with the exception of one or two short intervals, he was still continuing to hold when, in the month of October, 1761, the memorable schism in the Cabinet, on the question of the expediency of declaring war against Spain, led to the retirement of his kinsmen, Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, into private life. Mr. Grenville, however, to whom peace was synonymous with economy, and to whom economy was the first of political virtues, not only saw no reason for imitating the family example, but, to the mortification of his haughty brother and brother-in-law, chose to attach himself to the rising fortunes of the peacemaker, Bute, in reward for which, on the 28th of May, 1762, concurrently with Bute's elevation to the premiership, he was appointed secretary of state, and, on the 6th of October following, first lord of the admiralty.

In the meantime, Mr. Grenville, in 1749, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Wyndham, Bart., and sister of Charles, Earl of Egremont, by whom, besides other children, he became the father of George, first Marquis of Buckingham, of Thomas Grenville, the late accomplished and venerable bibliographer and statesman, and of William, created Baron Grenville, who, like his father, rose to be Prime Minister of England. "Mrs. Grenville," writes Earl Russell, "was a strong-minded, probably an ambitious woman, and was believed to exercise great influence over her husband's political conduct; her excellence as a wife and mother, and the purity of her domestic life, caused her to be respected by all parties." Mrs. Grenville, it may here be mentioned, died at her husband's seat at Wotton, in Buckinghamshire, on the 5th of December, 1769.

Mr. Grenville had in the meantime nearly reached the zenith of his political ascendency and success. When, for example, in the month of April, 1763, Lord Bute resigned, or rather was driven from, his high position, it was at his recommendation, as has been generally supposed, that George III. sent for George Grenville, and pressed upon him the post for which his ambition had probably been long sighing, — the premiership. In hazarding this advice to his youthful sovereign, it was Bute's intention, according to his enemies, to have made use of Grenville as a mere political puppet; he himself continuing to enjoy the solid advantages of power, while he left to his nominee the empty title of premier. If such was really the case, and if Bute really regarded Grenville as the mere plodding and tractable being which this supposition implies, he was destined to be signally disappointed. Not that, in thus forming a low estimate of Grenville's character and abilities, Bute was alone in his error. Probably as yet there was not one of Grenville's own colleagues, possibly not one even of his own nearest relations, who had discovered how deep-rooted and all-absorbing was the ambition which lurked beneath the cold manner and uninviting aspect of this remarkable man. "He had hitherto," writes Walpole, "been known but as a fatiguing orator and indefatigable drudge, more likely to disgust than to offend." Even after he had become first minister of the Crown, the House of Commons seems to have treated him with no great respect. "I wish," said Sir Fletcher Norton one day to him in the House, "that the right honourable gentleman, instead of shaking his head, would shake an argument out of it."

Unfortunately, Grenville was afflicted with certain infirmities of mind and temper which could scarcely fail to mar his efficiency and popularity as first minister of the Crown. In his intercourse with others there was no amenity, no openness, no geniality, no tact. His nature was suspicious and unforgiving, his manners cold and ungracious, his countenance unprepossessing. He was, moreover, distinguished by a self-conceit and a self-confidence which were proof against the most persuasive arguments and the most incontrovertible facts. To persuade him that on any occasion he had been wrong in his political capacity is said to have been next to an impossibility.

As a statesman there was no grandeur in Grenville's policy. Vigorous as he was at times as a speaker, there was nothing ennobling in his eloquence, nothing enlightened in his conceptions, and no expansion in his views. When called upon to direct the helm of government, he carried with him to the service of the state qualifications which would have been invaluable in a manager of a great mercantile establishment, but which were often rendered worse than barren when brought to bear on the interests of a great empire. Economy, as we have already observed, was in Grenville's opinion the first of political virtues. It was a virtue, however, which, successfully as he may have turned it to account in the management of his domestic concerns, was more than once turned to very untoward purposes by him when he applied it to the affairs of the public. To the famous and ruinous consequences of his pettifogging endeavour to wring a paltry tax from America, we may at present content ourselves with simply adverting.

Unquestionably, the fittest arena for the display of Grenville's peculiar abilities was the House of Commons. A warm assertor of its infallibility as a national senate, it was here that his financial knowledge, and thorough acquaintance with the business of the state, gave him a preëminent advantage over his contemporaries. Of the duties, the precedents, and constitution of that assembly he was intimately cognisant. Even after the longest and most fatiguing debate, it seems to have been no effort to him to sit down and write a long account of it to his sovereign. As Burke said of him: "He took public business, not as a duty he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy." He seemed, in fact, to have no delight out of the House of Commons. Once, when he was seized with a fainting-fit in the House, George Selwyn, amidst loud cries from the members for ammonia and cold water, was overheard exclaiming, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?"

Nevertheless, George Grenville was possessed of many of the qualifications requisite to fill high office with credit, if not distinction. His abilities were much above mediocrity; his personal courage was unquestionable; the interests of his country were ever near to his heart; his private and political integrity were alike unimpeachable. As a man of business, he was punctual and indefatigable. Having been called to the bar, he had the advantage of carrying with him into public life a competent knowledge of the law. In his youth, instead of having associated with the hazard players at White's, with the Macaronis at the Cocoa Tree, or the jockeys at Newmarket, the future premier had lived laborious days in gloomy chambers at one of the Inns of Court. Since then he had served a long apprenticeship in various departments of the state, of the business and duties of which he is said to have made himself thoroughly the master. Lastly, a well-merited reputation for strict morality and religion raised him high in the estimation of an influential party in the community. "Mr. Grenville," writes Bishop Newton, "was not only an able minister, but was likewise a religious good man, and regularly attended the service of the church every Sunday morning, even when he was in the highest offices."

On his elevation to the premiership, Grenville, following a precedent furnished by Sir Robert Walpole, and afterward by Mr. Pelham, combined in his own person the two offices of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. His principal supporters in the government at this time were the Earls of Egremont and Halifax; his most formidable opponents, we need scarcely repeat, were Pitt and Temple.

Needless also, perhaps, it may be to mention that it was from a sarcasm delivered by Pitt during the debates on the obnoxious cider tax in the House of Commons, in 1762, that Mr. Grenville derived his once familiar sobriquet of "the Gentle Shepherd." Grenville, in the course of his speech on the occasion, had provoked the high displeasure of Pitt by ascribing to the late glorious war, or rather to the profligate extravagance with which he insisted that it had been conducted, the necessity of imposing such additional taxation upon the country. "I call upon the honourable gentlemen opposite to me," he querulously drawled out, "to say where they would wish to have a tax laid? I say, sir, let them tell me where! I repeat it, sir! I am entitled to say to them, — tell me where?" Pitt instantly and indignantly rose from his seat, and, fixing his eye contemptuously on his brother-in-law, convulsed the House with laughter, as mimicking Grenville's languid and monotonous tone of voice, he repeated the words of a then familiar song by Howard:

> "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where!"

This sarcasm was followed up on the part of Pitt by a terrific volume of invective, which he had no sooner concluded than Grenville, in a transport of fury, sprang upon his feet. "If gentlemen," he commenced, "are to be subjected to such contemptuous treatment —" Pitt, however, was satisfied with his triumph, and accordingly, again rising from his seat, and bowing to Grenville with a glance of the most withering disdain, he walked deliberately out of the House. It was "the most contemptuous look and manner," writes Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, "that I ever saw;" and he adds, "So much ingenuity and insolence I never saw or heard before."

The Grenville administration was assuredly not a model one. The mistakes committed by Grenville during its brief duration of little more than two years — his famous and fatal crusade against Wilkes and the press; his far more fatal attempt to wring an insignificant revenue from America by means of his memorable Stamp Act; the tedious and insolent lectures with which he was accustomed to wear out the patience of his sovereign in the royal closet; his incessant and querulous remonstrances against the imaginary secret influence of Lord Bute behind the throne; and lastly, the gross insult offered by the Grenville ministry to the king, in persuading him to stigmatise his own mother by consenting to the exclusion of her name from the Regency Bill — are matters of history. That, under these circumstances, a high-spirited monarch like George III. should have become exasperated against, and disgusted with, his first minister, was little more than was to be expected. "When Mr. Grenville," said the king, "has wearied me for two hours, he looks at his watch to see if he may not tire me for an hour more." Of the effect which these fatiguing harangues produced on the king's mind, Grenville has himself enabled us to form some conception. "The king," he writes, on the 20th of April, 1765, "seemed exceedingly agitated and disturbed: he changed countenance, and flushed so much that the water stood in his eyes from the excessive heat of his face." To the close of George III.'s life, it is said that he never alluded to Grenville's tiresome declamations without a shudder. Sooner, he said on one occasion, than admit Mr. Grenville into his closet, he would meet him at the end of his sword.

In the meantime, the king's repeated and fruitless endeavours to shake off his present ministers, by inducing Mr. Pitt to accept office, had only rendered his situation the more embarrassing and humiliating. Grenville, for instance, exasperated by the king's unconcealed aversion for him, and exulting in the admitted inability of his royal master to compose a government without him, grew more and more imperious in his exactions, and more and more wearisome in his lectures in the royal closet. At length, however, in the month of July, 1765, chiefly in consequence of the exertions and great personal influence of the Duke of Cumberland, the day of the king's deliverance happily drew near. The duke's first appeal was made to the opposition Whigs; but the deaths of some, and the defection of others, had by this time sadly thinned the ranks of that once formidable party. Some of them, moreover, objected that any administration unsupported by Pitt must speedily fall to pieces; and Pitt, unless supported by Temple, had, as we have previously shown, already twice refused to direct the councils of his sovereign. Again, some of the opposition Whigs were too old, and the majority of them too young, to expect to fill with sufficient credit those high offices of the state to which, had they been possessed of greater experience, they might fairly have aspired. Fortunately, however, there was one individual, the old Duke of Newcastle, who not only still maintained a powerful influence over the Whig party, but whose passion for patronage and power still continued unchilled by years and neglect; and accordingly, by the united exertions of the two dukes, the respectable Rockingham administration was in due time constructed. The Marquis of Rockingham was placed at the head of the treasury; the Duke of Grafton and General Conway were appointed secretaries of state, and Newcastle lord privy seal, with the dispensation of the patronage of the Church.

Grenville, in the meantime, vain and self-confident, had been buoyed up, almost to the last moment, by the delusion that his services were indispensable to his sovereign. The partiality or flattery of his friends and followers tended to confirm him in this conviction. Not a day passed, he tells us, but he received communications from "a great variety of persons," expressive of their indignation at the ill treatment which he had experienced. The lord chancellor, he says, told him the "kingdom was lost" if he retired, while Lord Mansfield, he adds, expressed himself in similar terms. It was, indeed, a common pleasantry at the time that the king must necessarily continue Mr. Grenville as his first minister, there being no other person in a tie-wig to preside at the Treasury Board. Unalarmed by the length of time which was suffered to elapse without his being resummoned to the royal closet, the delay was attributed by the sanguine minister to a natural unwillingness on the part of the king to compromise his dignity, or rather, to use Grenville's own expression, to a natural "unwillingness to speak first." In the opinion of Grenville's colleague, Lord Egmont, a "gentle behaviour" toward their sovereign on the part of ministers would set all to rights. Still no summons came from the king, and Grenville was probably beginning to feel somewhat uneasy, when the following peremptory communication was placed in his hands:

The Lord Chancellor to Mr. Grenville.

"Wednesday, July 10, 1765.

"Dear Sir:—I have this moment received his Majesty's commands to signify to you his pleasure, that you attend his Majesty at St. James's this day, at 12 o'clock, with the seal of your office.

"I am very unhappy at conveying so unpleasing commands, as I have the honour to be with great respect, etc., Northington."

Of Grenville's farewell interview with his sovereign in the royal closet, he has himself bequeathed us some account. To his energetic request to be informed in what manner he had incurred his

Majesty's displeasure, the king returned a curt and apparently haughty reply. Too much "constraint," he said, had been put upon him by his late ministers, who, instead of consulting him, had expected him to "obey." Grenville, as he himself informs us, "started at that word." True it is that during the parting harangue delivered by the discarded minister, — an harangue, by the bye, which seems to have been even more than commonly verbose and lengthy, — the king listened to him with exemplary patience and marked civility; yet, neither in the royal closet, nor at the levee which followed, could Grenville elicit from his sovereign a single farewell expression of approbation. At the levee, he says, the king asked him but "one cold question."

Although Mr. Grenville never again held an appointment under the Crown, he continued, in his capacity of a member of the Commons, to afford to his country, to the close of his career, the valuable assistance of his official knowledge and experience, especially on constitutional and financial questions. One of the last acts of his public life was the introduction by him, in March, 1770, of a bill for regulating the proceedings of the House of Commons on controverted elections: a bill described by Hatsell as "One of the noblest works for the honour of the House of Commons, and the security of the Constitution, that was ever devised by any minister or statesman."

Attempts have more than once been made to shift from Mr. Grenville to others the odium of having been the author of the fatal American Stamp Act. Whether, however, the idea was suggested to him by others, or whether it originated in himself, seems to be a question of very secondary importance. Grenville unquestionably it was who first of all introduced the project to the consideration of Parliament; he it was who was the cause of its becoming a part of the law of the land; and lastly, to the close of its existence, he persisted in defending it as a sagacious and salutary measure.

Mr. Grenville, beneath an unprepossessing aspect and an unfortunate austerity of manner, is said to have possessed a kind, and even a tender heart. As with the public, so with his private purse, he was a strict and careful economist. In his other domestic relations, as husband, father, and friend, those who knew him best represented him as exemplary almost to blamelessness. He died on the 13th of November, 1770, in his fifty-ninth year.

Mr. Grenville's death appears to have much modified the aversion which George III. had conceived for him during his lifetime. For instance, we not only find the king, about a fortnight after the event, condoling with Lord Suffolk on the loss of his friend, "that great and good man, Mr. Grenville," but, nine years after, speaking of him in similar terms of eulogy at the council-table at Buckingham House. The fact is, that to Mr. Grenville's more sterling qualities — to his unwearying diligence and private and political integrity — the king, whatever grounds he may have had for complaining of him in other respects, had never at any time failed to do adequate justice.

CHAPTER XXII.

FREDERICK CORNWALLIS, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE Hon. Frederick Cornwallis — apparently, with the exception of the late Archbishop Sumner, the only Etonian who has risen to be Primate of England — would seem to have been indebted for his elevation to that high dignity rather to the amiable qualities of his heart than to his head, and to his patrician birth rather than to either. He was a younger son of Charles, fourth Baron Cornwallis; a brother of Charles, first Earl Cornwallis; and uncle to Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis. The archbishop was born on the 22d of February, 1713.

From Eton, Frederick Cornwallis was transferred to Christ's College, Cambridge, of which society he became in due time a fellow. In 1736 he took his degree of B. A., and in 1748 as D. D. His first preferments of any importance in the Church were as chaplain to George II., and as canon of Windsor. On the 18th of February, 1750, he was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield and

Coventry, and on the 28th of November, 1766, Dean of St. Paul's.

By his elevation to the episcopacy, Doctor Cornwallis, it may be here mentioned, was afforded the gratification of having it in his power to appoint as his domestic chaplain his old Eton schoolfellow, Sneyd Davies, who, in his correspondence at this time, does ample justice to the merits of the new prelate in his several capacities of his diocesan patron and friend. Doctor Cornwallis, as may also be here incidentally stated, is reported to have been the first Archbishop of Canterbury who, abolishing the practice of keeping a separate table for his chaplains, received them uniformly as his daily guests at his own board.

Among the virtues which distinguished Bishop Cornwallis may be classed a disinterestedness which well became the exalted position which he attained. When, for instance, in 1762, the veteran Duke of Newcastle, after his prolonged dispensation of the patronage of the state and especially of the Church, was degraded from power and place, it was to the credit of the future archbishop that the respect and attention due from him to the fallen minister continued undiminished to the last. In according him this commendation, it should be mentioned that, notwithstanding nearly the whole of his brother prelates were indebted to the duke either for their mitres or for translation to some more valuable see, not one of them, with the exception of Cornwallis, had the delicacy to present himself at his Grace's farewell levee at Newcastle House. It is but fair, however, to observe that Dr. Philip Young, Bishop of Norwich, had not only the excuse of being absent from London at the time of the duke's disgrace, but that he ever remained a staunch partisan of his former patron.

It was not till Doctor Cornwallis had almost completed his forty-sixth year, nor till he had sat for almost nine years on the bench of bishops, that, on the 8th of February, 1759, he entered into the marriage state. The lady of his choice, by whom he had no children, was Caroline, daughter of the Hon. William Townshend, third son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend. She survived the archbishop nearly thirty years, dying at so late a date as the 17th of September, 1811.

The elevation of Doctor Cornwallis to the archbishopric of Canterbury took place on the 13th of August, 1768. Undoubtedly it was neither to superlatively brilliant abilities nor to profound erudition that he was indebted for his advancement; but, on the other hand, if mild and endearing manners, if unaffected courtesy, if piety, benevolence, strong good sense, and toleration in matters of Church and state, are to be regarded as either indispensable or desirable qualities in an Archbishop of Canterbury, then the qualifications of Bishop Cornwallis for that exalted post must be admitted to have been of no common order. Even

Horace Walpole, chary of his encomiums as he usually is where the dignitaries of the Church are concerned, eulogises him as "a most amiable, gentle, and humane man."

"When he was a young man at the university," writes Bishop Newton, "he had the misfortune of a paralytic stroke on his right side, from which he has never recovered the full use of his right hand, and is obliged to write with his left; but this notwithstanding, he has hitherto enjoyed uncommon good health, and never fails in his attendance on the multifarious business of his station. He has greatly improved Lambeth House; he keeps a hospitable and elegant table; has not a grain of pride in his composition; is easy of access; receives every one with affability and good nature; is courteous, obliging, condescending, and, as a proof of it, he has not often been made the subject of censure, even in this censorious age."

"The noble hospitality," said to have been exercised by Archbishop Cornwallis at Lambeth Palace, was, after all, apparently not more sumptuous than was compatible with the maintenance of his high ecclesiastical dignity, and with the examples set him by his predecessors. On the other hand, however, when we find him permitting his fashionable wife to enliven with balls and assemblies those hallowed apartments which had immemorially been the habitation of the learned and the pious, it surprises us but little that the propriety of such merrymakings should have been seriously questioned by serious individuals. To the Dissenters, the innovation would seem to have been more especially offensive; and accordingly, one of the most influential members of their persuasion, the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, availed herself of the privileges of her high rank to obtain an interview with George III., to whom, as head of the Church, she mildly preferred her complaint against the primate. That the appeal was not made in vain, the following letter — than which, since the days when Queen Elizabeth threatened to "unfrock" Bishop Heton of Ely, perhaps no more peremptory and effective a reprimand has been administered to an English prelate by his sovereign — will sufficiently indicate:

The King to Archbishop Cornwallis.

"My good Lord Prelate: — I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence; I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned.

"From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and on still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately; so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your Grace into his almighty protection!

"I remain, my lord primate,
"Your gracious friend,
"G. R."

Archbishop Cornwallis expired at Lambeth Palace in the seventieth year of his age, on Tuesday, the 19th of March, 1783, being the corresponding day and month in which, in the year 1758, his last predecessor but one, Archbishop Hutton, had breathed his last. It was further remarkable that, so late as the Friday preceding the death of each, they had severally been present in the discharge of their parliamentary duties in the House of Lords.

Since the death of Cardinal Pole, no Primate of England had been interred in the great cathedral church of the see of Canterbury, and accordingly, in conformity with more recent precedents, the body of Archbishop Cornwallis was interred in the parish church at Lambeth, in a vault under the communion table. It may be mentioned that, on breaking the ground for its reception, the workmen met with a leaden coffin, which, on being opened, presented the interesting spectacle of the remains of the amiable and polished Dr. Thomas Thirlby, the deprived Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, who more than two centuries previously, while in the hospitable custody of Matthew Parker, the second Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, had breathed his last under the roof of the adjoining episcopal palace. Habited so as to present the appearance of a pilgrim, and having a slouched hat under the left arm, the body was found to be in an excellent state of preservation; the features were perfect, the limbs flexible, and the beard of great length and beautifully white.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOHN, EARL OF BUTE, K. G.

THIS celebrated "favourite," as he has commonly, but somewhat invidiously, been designated, was the son of James Stuart, second Earl of Bute, by Lady Anne Campbell, daughter of Archibald, first Duke of Argyle. He was born in 1713, and consequently when, on the death of his father in 1722, he succeeded as third Earl of Bute, he was only nine years old. As far as we have been enabled to discover, Eton was the only academic institution to which he was indebted for such amount of scholarship as he succeeded in acquiring. On the 24th of August, 1736, at the age of twenty-three, he married Mary, only daughter of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by her husband, Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., of Wortley, in Yorkshire; in February the following year he was elected one of the sixteen representative peers for Scotland, an honour subsequently reconferred upon him during many successive Parliaments; and lastly, as far as his Scottish preferments were concerned, he was appointed the same year a lord commissioner of police.

The remarkable elevation of Lord Bute, from comparative obscurity to the highest distinction in the state, was notoriously brought to pass by the excellent footing on which he contrived to establish himself at the small court of Frederick, Prince of Wales, at Leicester House and Kew, sequent on a mere accident having introduced him to the notice of that prince. Whether, however, as has been stated, he first attracted the intention of Prince Frederick by his successful performance of the part of Lothario, in Rowe's tragedy of the "Fair Penitent," at the Duchess of Queensberry's, or whether, as has been differently alleged, a shower of rain, by interrupting a cricket-match at Clifton, was the occasion of his being first introduced to the prince for the purpose of making up a rubber of whist for the amusement of the latter, are questions which it seems unnecessary to agitate. At all events, under whatever circumstances the introduction may have taken place, it was not unnaturally followed by invitations to Leicester House; in due time the prince nominated Bute to be one of the lords of his bedchamber; and lastly, he not only distinguished him by admitting him to terms of the closest intimacy, but is said to have impelled the princess, his consort, to adopt a line of demeanour toward his new friend, such as could scarcely have failed to magnify his importance in the eyes of the different members of her husband's court.

"Her simple husband," writes Walpole, "when he took up the character of the regent's [Orleans] gallantry, had forced an air of intrigue even upon his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allées* with Lady Middlesex, he used to bid the princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the prince was dead, they walked more and more, in honour of his memory."

In the meantime, however, so long as the prince lived, Lord Bute's political influence at Leicester House had probably been but limited. "Bute," once observed the prince of his friend, "is a fine, showy man, and would make an excellent ambassador in a court where there is no business." But with the death of the prince, on the 20th of March, 1751, the star of Bute not only rose far higher in the ascendant at Leicester House, but, as he must at once have perceived, the event, coupled with the tender impression which he was more than suspected of having created in the heart of the princess, opened to him a wide and seasonable field for the exercise of those ambitious instincts of which his conduct subsequently afforded ample proof that his nature was susceptible. "The princess dowager," writes Lord Waldegrave, "discovered other accomplishments [in him] of which the prince, her husband, may not perhaps have been the most competent to judge." At all events, he had not only already secured for himself a powerful and lasting hold over the friendship, if not the affections, of the widowed princess, but in due time, and apparently to her full satisfaction, contrived to establish almost as powerful, and far more momentous an influence over the mind of her eldest son, Prince George, at this time a docile youth in his thirteenth year, in the enjoyment of every prospect of succeeding, before the expiration of many years, to the throne of his grandfather, King George II. "The princess dowager and Lord Bute," writes Lord Chesterfield, "agreed to keep the prince entirely to themselves; even at his levees, where none are seen as they are, he saw nobody, and none saw him." Obviously the obtainment of such influence, especially by a Scotchman and a Tory, could scarcely fail to arouse the jealousy and displeasure of the old Whig king and of his Whig ministers, the Pelhams, and accordingly it was resolved by the latter to neglect no constitutional means of separating the prince from his mother and her obnoxious favourite. It was in vain, however, that George II., abetting the views of his ministers, endeavoured to tempt his grandson with the hand of a beautiful young princess, a daughter of the Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel; nor was it less in vain that, on the prince coming of age on the completion of his eighteenth year, the king made an attempt to establish him either at St. James's or in Kensington Palace, by offering him suitable apartments in either or both of those royal residences, with an income of

£40,000. To each of these propositions the prince turned a deaf ear. To use the words of Walpole, in the one case he "declared violently against being *Wolfenbuttled;*" while with regard to the second proposal, at the same time that he gratefully acknowledged the liberality of his grandfather's offers, he feelingly pleaded the great unhappiness which a separation from his mother would entail upon them both. Filial tenderness, of course, was not to be met with severity, and accordingly ministers, not unwilling, perhaps, to ingratiate themselves with the heir to the throne, not only desisted from further fruitless opposition to the prince remaining with his mother, but even prevailed upon the king to gratify his grandson's earnest desire to have Lord Bute placed at the head of his new establishment, with the appointment of groom of the stole. That this submission, however, to their wishes was very reluctantly conceded by their royal master, there seems to be ample reason for believing. So confirmed, indeed, was the king's dislike of Bute, or rather, we should say, so unmistakably was that aversion manifested by the rudeness of his manner to him on the occasion of his delivering to him the gold key of office, that the lord chamberlain, the Duke of Grafton, deemed it best quietly to slip the bauble into the earl's pocket, at the same time whispering his advice to him to bear with the affront. "Sir," once observed the petulant old monarch to Henry

Fox, "it was you made me make that puppy, Bute, groom of the stole."

As may be conjectured, George III. had no sooner succeeded to his grandfather's throne than the long-dreaded influence of Bute began to make itself manifest. When, for instance, three or four hours after the death of George II., the prime minister, the Duke of Newcastle, was sent for to attend the new sovereign at Carlton House, the person into whose presence he was in the first instance ushered was Bute. "My Lord Bute is your good friend; he will tell you my thoughts," were subsequently the significant words addressed by the young king to the veteran duke at their first interview in the royal closet. Moreover, the king's first speech to the Privy Council was apparently composed, and his first speech from the throne evidently supervised, by Bute. Thus, in the original draft of the latter, as drawn up by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, one of the sentences had, as is well known, originally run: "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Englishman;" whereas the king, at the instigation, it is said, of Bute, altered the phrase to Briton. "I suppose," writes the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke, "you will think Briton remarkable; it denotes the author to all the world."

That Bute had long meditated the ejectment of the Whigs from power, and his own consequent elevation to the post of first lord of the treasury, in the room of the Duke of Newcastle, cannot, we think, be doubted. Contenting himself, however, in the first instance, with holding the subordinate post of groom of the stole to his young and too partial sovereign, it was not till five months after the king's accession that he deemed himself strong enough to deal his first blow at those "great Whig families" who for so many years had tyrannised over the king's grandfather and great-grandfather. Then, however, it was that, as a preliminary measure, the king, by Bute's advice, was induced, in the month of March, 1761, to dismiss from the post of chancellor of the exchequer an efficient statesman, Henry Bilson Legge, a younger son of William, first Earl of Dartmouth. Three days afterward, a much more important change took place in the removal of the Earl of Holdernesse from the post of secretary of state, and the appointment of Bute himself in his room. That the great Whig lords should have submitted to these significant changes without a struggle manifestly appears, on first reflection, to be almost inconceivable. Certainly the cards, at this time, had they chosen to play out the game, would seem to have been entirely in their favour. Bute, it should be borne in mind, was not only at the head of no political party in the country, but his cold and ungracious manners stood fatally in the way of his attaching to himself new friends and partisans. He was, moreover, wholly unconversant with official functions and duties; though in his forty-eighth year, he had never once, we believe, risen to speak in Parliament; and lastly, beyond the precincts of the court, he was as yet known to the public only in the threefold unpopular capacity of a Scotchman, a Tory, and a royal favourite. On the other hand, the party to which he was bold enough to bid defiance either consisted of, or was backed by, the vast fortunes and the enormous borough interest of the great Whig families, consisting principally of the powerful houses of Russell, Lennox, Fitzroy, Cavendish, Manners, Bentinck, Wentworth, and Pelham. Only very recently, the Cabinet, consisting of fourteen members, had, in addition to the Earls of Harrington, Sandwich, Gower, and Bath, comprised in its ranks no fewer than eight men of ducal rank, — the Dukes of Newcastle, Argyle, Bedford, Devonshire, Grafton, Richmond, Montagu, and Dorset. Of this aristocratic cabal, the only one not of patrician birth was the Earl of Hardwicke. As a compact body, their power was overwhelming. The secret service money was at their disposal; the Church and state, owing to their long tenure of office, were stocked with their partisans; and lastly, they had the inestimable advantage of being supported by the commanding talents and unbounded popularity of Pitt.

Nevertheless, formidable as appeared to be the chances against Bute, there were circumstances in his favour of which he seems to have displayed no want of acuteness in availing himself. The great Whig families, for instance, had become divided among themselves. Not only were they disagreed on the momentous question of continuing or discontinuing the war with France, but the powerful Pelham and Russell factions had ceased to be allies; the Duke of Rutland was dissatisfied with his office of steward of the household; the Duke of Bedford was angry at General Conway having been selected to command the British forces in Germany; the Duke of Newcastle was stealthily intriguing to turn Pitt out of the ministry; and lastly, Fox was more than suspected of being engaged in a plot to turn out Newcastle. Moreover, not only did Bute possess the inestimable advantage of enjoying to the full the trust and confidence of his sovereign, but the Whigs by treating, or affecting to treat, him with the profoundest contempt had committed the irreparable mistake of undervaluing, and therefore neglecting to take steps to counteract, the real, though informal, importance which he had realised for himself in the state. That a mere Scotch representative peer — one who had not only never served any apprenticeship under the state, but who was also unconnected by the ties of blood or family interest with any of the great English Whig lords — should have the audacity to throw down the gauntlet to them was a proceeding the actuality of which was long in forcing itself upon their convictions. Moreover, least of all men could the most arrogant of statesmen, Mr. Pitt, have imagined, in the height of his power and popularity, that he was about to be supplanted by one whom, not altogether without reason, he had been accustomed to regard as a mere led-captain of the king's mother, the mere fortunate hanger-on of a court. Nevertheless, Pitt was destined to be the next who fell. On the 5th of October, 1761, he delivered up his seals of office to the king in the royal closet; on the 29th of May following, the dismissal of the Duke of Newcastle invested Bute with the posts of first lord of the treasury and prime minister; and lastly, four months afterward, on the 22d of September, he was installed a Knight of the Garter.

In the opinion of Bute's enemies, and their name had now become legion, a superficial taste for poetry, antiquities, botany, and the fine arts, a leg of unrivalled symmetry, and a talent for figuring in drawing-room theatrical performances, constituted the sole accomplishments to which he had any claim. "The earl," writes his schoolfellow, Horace Walpole, "had so little knowledge and so little taste, that his own letters grew a proverb for want of orthography." According to Lord Waldegrave, also, Bute, though anxious to be thought "a polite scholar and a man of great erudition," possessed but a trifling stock of learning. That these statements, however, are to a great degree unjust, we cannot but think. When M. Dutens, for instance, visited him at his seat at Luton in 1733, he found the earl's library to consist of no fewer than thirty thousand volumes; in addition to which his cabinet of mathematical instruments and of astronomical and philosophical apparatus was considered to be one of the most complete in Europe. Charles Fox was of opinion — and the opinion is borne out by the noble gallery of pictures which Bute left behind him — that, as a collector of pictures, and works of *virtu*, he was a "still more magnificent man" than his contemporary, Lord Lansdowne. He certainly possessed a taste for architecture as well as for painting; and lastly, it seems to have been owing to the taste for floriculture which he instilled into the mind of his royal master, when Prince of Wales, that the public are now indebted for the unrivalled national botanical gardens at Kew. That he extended his patronage to artists and men of letters even Walpole admits. True, indeed, it is that the persons whom he patronised were chiefly his own countrymen, as, for instance, Home, Mallet, Smollett, Murphy, and Macpherson, the putative translator of Ossian; but still, exceptionable as the selection may have been, it was creditable to him as a minister to have succoured genius at all. Doctor Johnson, at all events, who lay under a like obligation to him, never failed to do full justice, not merely to the abstract benefaction, but to the delicacy and consideration with which Bute conferred upon him the state provision which went so far to cheer the declining years of the great lexicographer.

That Bute was cold and proud by nature, that he was a narrow-minded politician and an inefficient minister, may, without much fear of contradiction, be asserted. But, on the other hand, that he was the harsh and forbidding domestic tyrant, such as his political opponents have represented him to have been, may, we think, with equal safety be denied. Lady Hervey, for instance, whose praise is of value, writes, on the 15th of December, 1760: "So much I know of him, though not personally acquainted with him, that he has always been a good husband, an excellent father, a man of truth and sentiments above the common run of men. They say he is proud. Perhaps he is; but it is like the pride they also accuse Mr. Pitt of, which will always keep them from little, false, mean, frivolous ways; and such pride may all that I love, or interest myself for, ever have." That his heart was susceptible of the kindest natural feelings, more than one anecdote might be adduced to prove. To George Grenville Mr. G. Elliott writes, on the 27th of May, 1756: "I passed all yesterday with Lord Bute, whom I found deeply affected with the death of Bothwell, his old tutor, to whom, more from habitude than on any other account, he was much attached." To the poor and the deserving Lord Bute's purse was ever open. "He employed me often," writes M. Dutens, "to assist industrious artists who might be saved from ruin by a little sum given in the moment of want; and I have been many times employed by him to visit the prisons, in order to release insolvent debtors whom he did not personally know, and who never knew their benefactor."

Next to the overthrow of the Whig party, the paramount object of Bute in his new capacity of first minister was to effect an honourable and lasting peace. Not only, he said, in introducing his famous pacificatory measure to the House of Lords, was he convinced that all the dearest interests of the country required peace, but he trusted that any share which he might have in putting an end to the existing war might be recorded on his tomb. Nor was his appeal on this occasion to his fellow peers made in vain. Not only, to the surprise of his friends as well as his enemies, was his speech distinguished by admirable good sense, temper, and propriety, but the Duke of Cumberland, much as he was prejudiced against him, even went so far as to pronounce it to be "one of the finest he ever heard in his life." On the success which continued to attend Bute's further efforts to bring the war to a close, as well as on the means by which that success was achieved, we have already, in our memoir of Lord Holland, dwelt at a length which renders it unnecessary to say more in this place than that, in the House of Commons, the peace preliminaries were approved of by a large majority of 319 against sixty-five, and in the House of Lords were carried without a division. The victory thus achieved by Bute was complete. England, as Walpole observes, was lying "submissively prostrate" before him; those, as Dodington had predicted to him, "who had been at his throat were now at his feet."

Signal, however, as has been Bute's triumph, and high as he continued to stand in the favour of his sovereign, success had entailed upon him an unpopularity, the full amount and prejudicial consequences of which he could scarcely have anticipated. "Lord Bute," writes Bishop Warburton, in one of his letters, "is a very unfit man to be Prime Minister of England: first, he is a Scotchman; secondly, he is the king's friend; and thirdly, he is an honest man." Another disadvantage which he had to labour against was his imperfect knowledge of, if not inaptitude for, public business. He is "inexperienced," he confesses to Charles Yorke after about a four months' tenure of office; and he adds that "the weight and labour of his office are too much for him." Well, indeed, at this time, may he have sighed for a speedy escape to the quiet groves of his favourite Luton, or perhaps even to the bleak moors of his native Bute. Still more energetic, for instance, are the complaints which, in the course of the following month, we find him pouring forth to his friend, "dear George," as he usually addresses George Grenville at this time. It had been entirely, he said, in compliance with the earnest entreaties of his sovereign that in the first instance he had been induced to accept the seals as secretary of state, and afterward the premiership; he had soon become tired of the former post, and was now heartily weary of the other. For some weeks past, he said, he had been urging the king to allow him to retire into private life, but so afflicted was his Majesty whenever he renewed the entreaty, that for hours afterward he had known him sit with his head reclining on his arm, without speaking a word. Not then, he added, for the purpose of conferring any benefit on himself, but in order to emancipate from the tyranny of a "wicked faction" the most amiable prince that ever sat upon a throne had he determined to remain at his post and confront the worst.

Bute's position had indeed become a most unenviable one. Universally denounced by the Whigs and their myrmidons, not only as the apostle of arbitrary power, but as the secret and malign adviser of his youthful sovereign, and as the paramour of his sovereign's mother, he found himself exposed to a storm of execration and invective almost without a parallel in the annals of party virulence. At the theatres, every offensive word spoken by the actors, that could be made applicable to him, was immediately responded to by the audience. A line reflecting on royal favourites, spoken by Mrs. Pritchard in Cibber's comedy of "The Careless Husband," was received with rounds of applause.[1] On all sides the unlucky minister was assailed by the lampooners, the caricaturists, and the pamphleteers, from the caustic prose of Wilkes and the fierce verse of Churchill, to the low and scurrilous effusions of Grub Street. In one caricature of the time, entitled "The Royal Dupe," the young king is represented as being lulled to sleep on his mother's lap, unconscious of the presence of Bute and Fox, the former of whom is engaged in stealing his sceptre, and the other in picking his pocket. But the grossest form of popular attack was in the daring and indelicate manner in which the wits and lampooners associated the name of the first lord of the treasury with that of the mother of his sovereign. Placards, containing the words, "No Petticoat Government! No Scotch Favourite!" were affixed to the walls of Westminster Hall and of the Royal Exchange. The princess was even driven from the theatres by the filthy epithets hurled at her from the galleries. On one occasion the mob was bold enough to parade through the streets of London a gallows, from which were suspended a jack-boot and a woman's petticoat, the former being a miserable play upon the earl's Christian name and title, and the petticoat typical of course of the princess dowager. Not less offensive was a paper which appeared in the *North Briton*, in which, under the names of Queen Isabella and "the gentle Mortimer," Wilkes symbolised the tender connection which was presumed to exist between Bute and the royal lady who had founded his fortunes. But grossest of all was a frontispiece to one of the numbers of Almon's *Political Register*, in which Bute is represented as being secretly introduced into the bedchamber of the Princess of Wales; the identity of the apartment being rendered unmistakable by a widow's lozenge, which, with the royal arms delineated upon it, is suspended over the head of the bed. As for Bute, so fierce was the outcry raised against him that it became perilous for him to appear in the streets at night, unless in disguise, or even by day unless protected by pugilists. "He went about the streets," writes Lord Chesterfield, "timidly and disgracefully, attended at a small distance by a gang of bruisers, the scoundrels and ruffians that attend the Bear Gardens." "A gentleman, who died not many years ago," writes Lord Macaulay, "used to say that he once recognised the favourite earl in the piazza of Covent Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and wig drawn over his brows." Not since the infamous Lord Chancellor Jeffreys had been discovered and apprehended in a sailor's dress in Wapping, had a British statesman been exposed to more imminent peril at the hands of an infuriated rabble. On one occasion, in fact, when on his way in a sedan-chair to the House of Lords, it was only by the timely arrival of the horse-guards that he was preserved from maltreatment similar to that which had befallen Jeffreys.

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[1] *Lady Easy:* Have a care, madam! An undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.—*The Careless Husband*, Act iv., Scene I.

Bute had been less than eleven months prime minister, and was still to all appearance in the full possession of power and royal favour, when, in the month of April, 1763, the world was amazed by the news that "Othello's occupation" was no more. Declining health, combined with the unpopularity in which he had unhappily been the means of involving his sovereign as well as himself, were doubtless, as he told his friends, among the main reasons for his resignation. His medical advisers, he wrote to the Duke of Bedford, had warned him that a constant attendance to business might prove fatal to him. Some time since, he added, he had received a "solemn promise" from the king that he should be allowed to retire as soon as peace might be obtained, and his Majesty had now been reluctantly induced to fulfil that promise. "Lord Bute," writes Lord Barrington to Sir Andrew Mitchell, "resigned last Friday. He will have no office, and declares he will not be a minister behind the curtain, but give up business entirely. The reasons he gives for this step are that he finds the dislike taken to him has lessened the popularity which the king had and ought to have; that he hopes his retirement will make things quiet and his Majesty's government easy." There were, however, evidently other causes calculated to dissatisfy Bute with the further tenure of his exalted post. Vexation at the hatred and contempt with which he was regarded by the middle and lower classes; disgust at the scandalous scurrilities to which he had been the means of exposing the mother of his sovereign; the incapacity of many of his colleagues in the Cabinet; the fear of personal violence at the hands of the rabble; and lastly, fear of impeachment in the event of the Whig lords returning to power, were motives apparently quite powerful enough to induce a much bolder and less sensitive man than Bute to desire to quit the helm. "Single in a Cabinet of my own forming," he writes to a friend; "no aid in the House of Lords to support me except two peers [the Earls of Denbigh and Pomfret]; both the secretaries [the Earl of Egremont and George Grenville] silent; and the lord chief justice [Lord Mansfield], whom I brought myself into office, voting for me, but speaking against me; the ground I stand upon is so hollow, that I am afraid, not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin. It is time for me to retire." Moreover, as far as his personal interests were concerned, Bute had few inducements to tempt him to remain in power. He had gratified his ambition by filling the exalted post of first minister of the Crown; he had secured the Order of the Garter for himself, and an English peerage for his eldest son, he had succeeded in accomplishing the two great objects of his political existence, the bringing the war to a close and the overthrow of the Whig oligarchy; by the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, he had become the possessor of a princely fortune, and consequently the emoluments of office had ceased to be any longer of importance to the wealthy proprietor of Luton and Cardiff Castle. Lastly, he had the good fortune to be endowed with those redeeming tastes and accomplishments which alike afford occupation to, and throw a grace over, retirement. "I never knew a man," writes his frequent guest, M. Dutens, "with whom one could be so long *tête-à-tête* without being tired, as Lord Bute. His knowledge was so extensive, and consequently his conversation so varied, that one thought oneself in the company of several persons; with the advantage of being sure of an even temper in a man whose goodness, politeness, and attention were never wanting toward those who lived with him."

Had Bute, at and from this time, been suffered by his contemporaries to sink quietly into that state of comparative insignificance which is the natural lot of a fallen and inefficient statesman, he might very possibly to the close of life have enjoyed all those blessings which affluence, literary tastes, and the society of a devoted wife and children may be expected to confer. Unfortunately, however, for his peace of mind, his unpopularity, with its attendant dangers and troubles, long survived his loss of influence and power. For many years to come, not only the uninitiated multitude, but even the best informed of the great Whig grandees, persisted in regarding and denouncing him as the secret adviser of his sovereign behind the throne, and consequently as the author of half the wrongs by which they severally considered either themselves or their country to be oppressed. Thus even so well-informed a nobleman as Lord Chesterfield writes, on the 30th of October, 1767, long after the king had ceased to exchange a syllable in private with his early friend and adviser: "Whatever places or preferments are disposed of come evidently from Lord Bute, who affects to be invisible, and who, like a woodcock, thinks that if his head be but hid, he is not seen at all." "I have known people, who ought to have been better informed," writes M. Dutens, "maintain that Lord Bute directed public affairs, and preserved the greatest influence, twenty years after he had resigned all his places; I have even seen letters of solicitation addressed to him, as well as anonymous threatening letters, which he made me read, and then threw into the fire." The earl, in fact, powerless as he had become either to serve his friends or to injure his enemies, had the misfortune to find himself an object of jealousy and suspicion to consecutive administrations; not the least exasperated against him being that of his immediate successor and former dear friend, George Grenville. It was in vain that Grenville was personally and solemnly assured by his sovereign that his apprehensions were groundless; it was in vain that the king showed him a letter from Bute himself, "speaking with the greatest regard imaginable of Mr. Grenville, and advising the king to give his whole confidence to him;" it was in vain that he explained to him that Bute had himself been one of the first to point out the mischief occasioned to the king's affairs by the constant association of his name with that of his sovereign, and had consequently volunteered to "retire absolutely from all business." Grenville not only continued obstinate in his contrary convictions, but, some time afterward, had the temerity to invade the royal closet, accompanied by another member of the Grenville ministry, the Duke of Bedford, who insolently charged the king with still listening to "the pernicious advice" of Bute; styling him most offensively "this favourite," and even proceeding to such lengths as to threaten him with the block. According to Junius, it was on this occasion that the duke so worked upon the king's feelings that, when he quitted the apartment, he left his Majesty in convulsions.

To the members of the succeeding Rockingham administration, Bute was manifestly scarcely less an object of jealousy and distrust than he had been to their immediate predecessors, the Grenville party. Not only, for instance, at a decisive meeting of eighteen Whig "lords and gentlemen," at the private residence of the Duke of Newcastle, was it unanimously resolved, as a condition of their accepting office, that "neither directly nor indirectly should Lord Bute have any concern or influence in public affairs," but throughout Lord Rockingham's limited tenure of office, as appears by the confidential correspondence of the day, every movement of Bute's, every journey he made from Luton to London, every ride or walk he took in the neighbourhood of Kew or Carlton House, were regarded by the Whigs in power as unmistakable proofs of the "Favourite's" maintaining a secret and insidious intercourse alike with his sovereign and with his sovereign's mother.

"The Scotch Thane,"[1] writes, for example, Lord Hardwicke to Lord Rockingham, "is always hovering between Luton and South Audley Street;" the Duke of Richmond is "told" that on such a day the earl was seen stealing from his own garden at Kew to that of the princess dowager; and lastly, his Grace is informed that on a subsequent day Bute was observed coming by a by-road from

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[1] A name under which Lord Bute was very commonly made to pass in the lampoons of the period.

Ealing; "so that 'tis probable," adds the duke, "he had again been to meet his Majesty at Kew." Happily, however, it would seem, from the curious contemporary diary of a spy, employed in all probability by Lord Temple, that Bute was neither at Kew, nor was he in the neighbourhood of Ealing, on either of the days suggested by the Duke of Richmond.

That, in fact, not only at this period; but to the close of his existence, Bute was entirely innocent of any secret and unconstitutional meddling with the opinions or actions of his sovereign, we feel fully justified in repeating our conviction. We have, for instance, to this import the solemn and reiterated assurance of the king himself; we have further the word of General Conway — a word that was never discredited — that neither he nor his colleagues in the Rockingham ministry, reasonable cause as they may originally have had for suspicion, could discover any "overlooking influence" behind the throne; we have Bute's own denial of the truth of the charge, as publicly delivered by him in the House of Lords; and lastly, we have his solemn word of honour, as published to the world by his son, Lord Mountstuart, in 1778, that, from the period when the Duke of Cumberland succeeded in organising the Rockingham ministry, in July, 1765, he had not only had no communication with the king, either directly or indirectly, on any political subject, but that, except at a levee or at a drawing-room, he had never once been in the king's presence.

Yet, on the other hand, that at least one ill-advised and officious attempt was made — not, indeed, by Bute himself, but by his powerful friends — to reinstate him in the favour of his sovereign, appears to be certain. "His [the king's] aunt, the Princess Amelia," writes Lord Brougham, "had some plan of again bringing the two parties together; and, on a day when George III. was to pay her a visit at her villa at Gunnersbury, near Brentford, she invited Lord Bute, whom she had probably never informed of her foolish intentions. He was walking in the garden, when she took her nephew down-stairs to view it, saying there was no one but an old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some years. He had not time to ask who it might be, when, on entering the garden, he saw his former minister walking up an alley. The king instantly turned back to avoid him, reproved the silly old woman sharply, and declared that if she ever repeated such experiments, she had seen him for the last time in her house." That this anecdote is in the main true, we have the confirmatory evidence of the late King of Hanover. "I believe," writes his Majesty, "that it was on account of Lord Bute's having been invited to Gunnersbury, unknown to the king, that he seldom or ever saw Princess Amelia afterward."

To Bute, the charges so pertinaciously and so unjustly brought against him, of exercising a secret and malign influence over the mind of his sovereign, were the occasion, as may be readily supposed, of constant annoyance and distress. Party hatred, in sooth, threats of impeachment, abuse, ridicule, and fear of mob violence, pursued him as unsparingly among the glades of Luton as in his half-deserted saloons in South Audley Street. To complete, moreover, the mortification which he must have felt, we have seen his royal master pointedly, though it must be admitted neither unwisely nor causelessly, turning his back upon his old servant among the flower-beds of Gunnersbury. To Lord Hardwicke the disgraced earl writes on the 26th of July, 1767, immediately after the dissolution of the Rockingham ministry: "I know as little, save from newspapers, of the present busy scene, as I do of transactions in Persia, and yet I am destined for ever to a double uneasiness; that of incapacity to serve those I love, and yet to be continually censured for every public transaction, though totally retired from courts and public business."

At length, not only sick in body as well as in mind, but also borne down by a load of family afflictions, the half broken-hearted earl resolved to exile himself for a time from his native country. Accordingly, in the month of July, 1768, we find him writing to his friend, John Home, the author of

"Douglas:" "I will apprise you how to direct to me, as I shall leave my name behind me for these vipers to spread their venom on. For, believe me, whatever advantage to my health this odious journey may be of, I know too well the turn of faction to suppose my absence is to diminish the violence I have for so many years experienced, — a violence and abuse that no fear has made me too sensible of; and perhaps the more, that I may think I merit a distinguished treatment of a very opposite nature from a people I have served at the risk of my head. I have tried philosophy in vain, my dear Home; I cannot acquire callosity; and were it not for something still nearer to me, — still more deeply interesting, — I would prefer common necessaries in Bute, France, Italy, nay, Holland, to fifty thousand pounds a year within the atmosphere of this vile place." Not less bitter is the language which, fifteen months afterward, we find the expatriated statesman addressing to Home from Venice.

"Near three months of this envenomed sirocco," he writes to him, on the 5th of October, 1770, "has lain heavy on me; and I am grown such a stripling, or rather a withered old man, that I now appear thin in white clothes that I looked herculean in when I was twenty. I hope I may get better, if permitted to enjoy that peace, that liberty, which is the birthright of the meanest Briton, but which has been long denied me." According to Walpole, Bute was "wandering about Italy incognito," under his family name, and former family title, of Sir John Stuart. In France, curiously enough, his loss of his sovereign's favour was at this time no less persistently discredited than appears to have been generally the case in England. On his arrival at Barèges, for instance, whither he had proceeded to drink its mineral waters, the French court appointed him the same guard of honour at his lodgings as if he had been a prince of the blood.

Bute's prediction that his absence from England would have no effect in diminishing party violence, proved only too correct. For instance, during the formidable popular riots of 1769, one of the most violent attacks of the rabble was on the earl's mansion in South Audley Street; and again, on the 1st of April, 1771, we find the effigies of Bute and the princess dowager carried in carts to Tower Hill, on which spot, after having been beheaded by chimney-sweepers, in the presence of a large concourse of people, they were committed to the flames.

Nor, even at this late period in the annals of Bute's life, had the popular belief in his continued influence behind the throne become limited to the credulity of street rioters and Grub Street lampooners. Only in the preceding year, for instance, the august Chatham, after thundering in the House of Lords against the "invisible, irresponsible, and most pernicious counsels of a favourite," had exclaimed, "That favourite is at the present moment abroad, yet his influence, by his confidential agents, is as powerful as if he were at home. Who does not know the Mazarinade of France, — that Mazarin absent was Mazarin still? And what is there, I would ask, to distinguish the two cases?" Needless, possibly, it may be to point out that the main pith and bitterness of this famous tirade lay in the odious analogy which it suggested between the notorious liaison of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, and the corresponding tender connection which was presumed to exist between Bute and the king's mother. Such, at all events, was the inference left to be drawn from the words of the illustrious statesman when hurried away by the violence of party prejudice and dislike.

In the course of the year 1772 Bute had the misfortune to be deprived by death of a friend, with whom, for more than twenty years, he had associated on terms of the truest confidence and sympathy; that beloved friend being no other than the royal lady to whom we have just referred. Their intercourse may or may not have been of a purely platonic nature, but, at all events, our suspicions can scarcely fail to be aroused when we find that the earl's visits to the princess at Carlton House were usually made in the dusk of the evening, and then not in any recognised conveyance of his own, but in the sedan-chair of her lady of honour, Miss Vansittart, with the curtains, moreover, close drawn.[1] Neither does cause for suspicion rest here. "The eagerness," writes Walpole, "of the pages of the back-stairs to let the princess know whenever Lord Bute arrived, and some other symptoms, contributed to dispel the ideas that had been conceived of the rigour of her widowhood." And again Walpole writes, "I am as much convinced of an amorous connection between Bute and the princess dowager as if I had seen them together." Yet, after all, these bold conclusions are founded on no tangible proof. "It is certain, on the one hand," writes Lord Chesterfield, "that there were many very strong indications of the tenderest connections between them; but, on the other hand, when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs, the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which make them often be unjustly suspected, and the improbability of knowing exactly what passes in *têtes-à-tête*, one is reduced to mere conjectures." Whether, however, Bute's connection with the princess was really of a tender nature or not, it was certainly blended with a friendship and loving-kindness which death only was able to bring to a close. If, for instance, any reader of these pages should chance to visit the site of Luton Park, in Bedfordshire, his attention will be attracted to a plain Tuscan pillar, surmounted by an urn, which, according to tradition, was raised by Lord Bute in honour of his royal mistress, but which, in fact, was erected in the days of the former possessors of Luton, the Napiers, to the memory of some lamented scion of their house. But, if the visitor will raise his glance to some height up the pillar, he will be rewarded by detecting a brief Latin inscription, bearing date the year in which the princess died; the same being a silent, yet eloquent tribute from the fallen minister to the memory of the royal lady whose friendship and sympathy had so often consoled him in hours of difficulty and danger, and when his name had become a byword of reproach and contempt.

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[1] "He never for difficult times had a fit heart,
So he called for his chair and sought out Miss Vansittart."

Dum memor ipse mei,
dum
Spiritus hos reget artus.
A —— o —— N
1772.

The neglect which, for nearly a third of a century after his loss of power, Bute continued to encounter from the world, certainly presents, when contrasted with his former brilliant and coveted position, a sad and humiliating example of the vanity of human greatness. To his old friend, Home, he writes on the 25th of March, 1773: "Think, my friend, of my son Charles being refused everything I asked! I have not had interest to get him a company, while every alderman of a petty corporation meets with certain success. I am now in treaty, under Lord Townshend's wing, for dragoons in Ireland: if I don't succeed, I will certainly offer him to the emperor."[1] During the last quarter of a century of Lord Bute's life, he appears to have principally resided, in almost complete retirement, in a marine villa, which he had built on the edge of the cliff at Christchurch, in Hampshire, overlooking the Needles and the Isle of Wight. "Here," we are told, "his principal delight was to listen to the melancholy roar of the sea, of which the plaintive sounds were probably congenial to a spirit soured by what he believed to be the ingratitude of mankind."

> "Populi contemnere voces
> Sic solitus; populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
> Ipse domi." —*Horat.*, Sat. i. lib. 1.

Lord Bute died at his house in South Audley Street, on the 10th of March, 1792, in his seventy-ninth year.

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[1] The son referred to by Lord Bute was the late Lieut-Gen. Sir Charles Stuart, K. B. He died March 26, 1801, in his forty-ninth year.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

This laborious literary antiquary, whose voluminous MS. collections have so long proved serviceable to the student of history and antiquities, was the son of William Cole, a landed proprietor in Cambridgeshire, in which county his son was born at Little Abington, near Baberham, on the 3d of August, 1714. At Eton, where he studied for five years on the foundation, he is said to have impressed himself on the minds of his schoolfellows chiefly as a quiet, studious boy, devoted to curious old books with quaint frontispieces. Nor was this the only indication which he then gave of precocious antiquarian predilections. During his Eton vacations, for instance, it was his delight to employ himself in copying armorial bearings from the painted glass windows of such churches as were accessible to him; Baberham Church, and Moulton Church in Lincolnshire, being among those included in his archæological peregrinations.

Having — probably from the want of a timely vacancy — missed his fair chances of being elected to King's College, the young antiquary, on the 25th of January, 1733, was entered by his friends as a student at Clare Hall, Cambridge, at which college he was still residing when, by the death of his father, on the 14th of January, 1735, he came into possession of the neighbouring paternal estate. By this augmentation of his worldly means, he was not only enabled to enter himself a gentleman commoner at King's College, where he could enjoy the double advantages of superior apartments and accommodation with the society of his old Eton associates, but became, as a proprietor of the soil, a person of some slight consideration in the county in which he was pursuing his studies as an undergraduate. In 1736 he took his degree as B. A., and in 1740 as M. A. In 1739 he was appointed a justice of the peace for Cambridgeshire, and in 1740 a deputy-lieutenant of that county.

It was not till Cole had exceeded the age of thirty, that he carried into effect the resolution at which he had arrived, of making the Church his profession ; and accordingly, in December, 1744, he was admitted into deacon's, and in 1745 into priest's, orders. The first preferment which he held in his new calling was the rectory of Hornsey, in Middlesex, to which he was collated by Bishop Sherlock in November, 1749, but which, in consequence of the rectory house being in a ruinous condition, and the bishop nevertheless insisting on his residing among his parishioners, he resigned in January, 1751, into other hands. He was in the next instance presented, in 1753, to the rectory of Bletchley, in Buckinghamshire; a living, however, which, as in the former case, he retained but for a limited period; resigning it spontaneously, on the 20th of March, 1768, as impelled by his sense of justice and duty, to his patron's grandson, the Rev. Thomas Willis.

Apparently, the next feature of any interest in the generally uneventful career of the Cambridge antiquary was a visit of instruction and pleasure which he paid to the Continent in 1765, in company with his old schoolfellow, correspondent, and friend, Horace Walpole. From neither Walpole's letters, written during their absence, nor from the diary kept by Cole during their excursion, does it appear that any event of marked interest or importance occurred to either in the course of their peregrinations.

With the exception of a temporary domicile at Waterbeche, in Cambridgeshire, Cole's constant place of habitation, after he had resigned the living of Bletchley in 1768, was Milton, near Cambridge, from which circumstance he derived his once familiar designation of "Cole of Milton," and at which spot he passed the remainder of his days. Not that his long continuance at Milton was the result of any want of encouragement to fix his abode elsewhere. On the 10th of June, 1774, for example, he was presented by the Provost and fellows of Eton College to the vicarage of Burnham, in Buckinghamshire; yet eligible, on more than one account, as was the situation, and more especially, we might presume, from the propinquity of the place to his old friends at Eton, he could never, it would seem, prevail upon himself to make Burnham his home.

Cole, in his ecclesiastical capacity, appears to have been not only strongly prejudiced in favour of the ceremonies and observances, but also of the discipline, if not of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Claims to be regarded as a liberal and enlightened Protestant he certainly had none. The fathers, for instance, and martyrs of the Reformation he held in little estimation; Puritans and Dissenters seem to have been his aversion; and lastly, so little averse was he to the practice of intolerance in Church government, as to consider that Archbishop Laud had laid the Church of England under greater obligations than any prelate had done who had filled the metropolitan chair since St. Augustin. Entertaining such convictions as these, the sobriquet of "Cardinal" Cole, which he acquired from his contemporaries, was probably not ill applied.

Cole's celebrated MS. collections, of which fifteen volumes were compiled before he quitted the university, consist of no fewer than one hundred folio volumes, fairly written in his own hand. Of this vast historical and antiquarian store, doubtless the most valuable portion are the materials amassed by him toward the construction and future publication of an "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," or memorials of Cambridge scholars, intended to be a companion to Anthony Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses." On the whole, impaired in value as the collection unquestionably is by the interpolation of untrustworthy conversational anecdotes, by modern literary gossip, and by minute domestic details, its importance can nevertheless scarcely be said to have been exaggerated. Nor can Cole be accused of having been chary of placing his voluminous materials at the service of his brother antiquaries and topographers; and accordingly, when, among the persons indebted to him for literary assistance, we discover no less eminent names than those of Gough, Granger, Doctor Ducarel, Grose, Nichols, Horace Walpole, and James Bentham, we are bound to accept the fact as reflecting infinite credit alike on the liberality of the collector and on the value of his collection.

Cole's character, as may already have been gleaned from these pages, appears to have been in no slight degree tinged with eccentricity. What kind of estimate, for instance, are we to form of the organisation of a man's mind, who at one moment could concentrate all his interest in the transcription of a bishop's register or of an abbot's chartulary, and at another moment could stoop to commit to his journals such trifling memoranda as the following?

"*January 25, 1766.* Foggy. My beautiful parrot died at ten at night, without knowing the cause of his illness, he being very well last night."

"*February 1.* Saturday. Fine day; cold. Will Wood, junior, carried three or four loads of dung into the clay-pit close. Baptised William, the son of William Grace, blacksmith, who I married about six months before."

"*March 3.* I baptised Sarah, the bastard daughter of the widow Smallwood, of Eton, aged fifty, whose husband died about a year ago."

"*March 6.* Very fine weather. My man was blooded. I sent a loin of pork and a sparerib to Mr. Cartwright, in London."

"*March 27.* I sent my two French wigs to my London barber to alter them, they being made so miserably I could not wear them."

"*June 17.* I went to our new archdeacon's visitation at Newport Pagnel. I took young H. Travel with me on my dun horse, in order that he might hear the organ, he being a great psalm-singer. The most numerous appearance of clergy that I remember. Forty-four dined with the archdeacon; and, what is extraordinary, not one smoked tobacco."

"*August 16.* Cool day. Tom reaped for Joe Holdam. I cudgelled Jem for staying so long on an errand."

In the year 1779, owing to the apparently trifling incident of his having accepted an invitation to dine with his friend, the master of Emmanuel College, Cole, on his returning after the dinner from Cambridge to Milton, was exposed to an accident which, under the circumstances, might easily have proved very serious, if not fatal, in its consequences. To Horace Walpole he describes this nocturnal adventure. "As I was very well," he writes, "I went with pleasure, meaning to come away when the moon was risen, but he much pressing me to stay and play a game at whist, and eat a piece of brawn only for supper, I was tempted to do so, though utterly against my practice; never tasting anything after tea for these twenty years, and staying supper at Cambridge but once, and that at Doctor Lort's chambers seven years ago, for these twelve years. I stayed till eleven; and Mr. Masters, my neighbour, being there also, we got into our separate carriages at the college gate. It seems his driver was drunk; for, about a mile on this side of my house, I observed my driver turn about twice or three times to look behind him, and then jump down and run to the assistance of Mr. Masters, who was making a horrible outcry, as his servant was under his horses' feet, and the horses trampling upon him. The instant my horses found themselves at liberty, with the reins on their backs, they set out at full gallop, and so continued till they passed through the turnpike in my village, which the gatekeeper had unluckily set wide open, not to interrupt me, on hearing the rattle of the wheels on the earth, though it then began to thaw and was dripping rain. All this while I was seated at the bottom of the chaise, with my legs out of it, and resting on the footboard, with an intention to have jumped out, as occasion might offer; but, observing the swiftness of the hinder wheels, was afraid of my gown's being entangled in it, and so might be dragged along after the carriage. I had let down all the glass at first, and in doing so, some way or other, had dropped my hat. This added to my fright; for always keeping myself so immoderately warm, and hardly ever stirring out, I concluded, if I escaped being dashed to pieces, I should certainly catch a bad cold and fever, being exposed so late to the wind and weather and rain, and without any hat. Providence, however, was more propitious than are my deserts; for the horses, being used to a good smooth road, galloped on, without any ill accident, the whole mile, and cleared the turnpike, where the keeper standing, and seeing no driver, he ran at full stretch and stopped the horses, and saved my life; for had they gone a furlong farther, to the short turn out of the road to the lane leading to my house, where were two small road bridges, and ugly ditches on each side, all had been over. Thank God! I got in bed in five minutes, and my servant, frightened to death, soon after came in also. Mr. Masters was forced to walk home three miles, — discharged his servant at the turnpike, — his harness broke to pieces, and his shafts to his chaise left on the road. That he was horribly frightened is evident from a civil letter, very uncommon with him, next morning; and yesterday he came to see me, and gave my servant five shillings and many kind expressions."

The manner in which it behoved him to dispose of his MS. collections at his death was to Cole a matter of anxious deliberation. He had at one time thought of bequeathing them to King's College, Cambridge, but, latterly at least, his old college had evidently fallen somewhat low in his good opinion. "I have long wavered," runs one of his quaint memoranda, "how to dispose of all my MS. volumes. To give them to King's College would be to throw them into a horsepond; and I had as lieve do one as the other. They are generally so conceited of their Latin and Greek, that all other studies are barbarism."

Eventually Cole bequeathed his MS. collections to the British Museum, with an injunction that they were to remain unopened till twenty years after his decease. As they were known to contain much personal gossip, if not scandal, the period at which the restriction was to terminate was naturally anticipated with much curiosity by the many, and with disagreeable apprehensions by the surviving few. "I well remember," writes Mr. Isaac Disraeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," "the cruel anxiety which prevailed in the nineteenth year of these enclosures; it spoiled the digestions of several of our literati, who had had the misfortune of Cole's intimate friendship or enmity."

The indefatigable antiquary expired tranquilly on the 16th of December, 1782, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. "It is with much concern," writes, two days afterward, their common friend, Mr. Essex, to Gough, the antiquary, "I now write to acquaint you that our old friend, Mr. Cole, is no more. He was confined to his bed for the first time last Thursday se'nnight. On Tuesday, the 10th, he sent for me and Mr. Lombe, the attorney, having, as he said, no time to lose, and gave directions about his will, which he had written himself, but desired him to put it into proper form, with some few alterations." For six days longer, however, he lingered on. "He died," continues Mr. Essex, "on Monday, the 16th instant, about half after five in the afternoon, perfectly resigned, and sensible to the last moment, without a sigh or groan. He took a very affectionate leave of me, for the last time, about three hours before he died."

By his own desire, Cole's remains were interred beneath the belfry of St. Clement's Church, Cambridge.

CHAPTER XXV.

DR. CHARLES LYTTELTON, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Charles Lyttelton, an Eton contemporary and brother antiquary of Cole and Horace Walpole, was the third son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley Hall, in Worcestershire, by Christian Temple, sister of Pope's Lord Cobham. Born in 1714, he was five years younger than his brother George, "the good Lord Lyttelton."

From Eton Charles Lyttelton removed to University College, Oxford, and thence to the Inner Temple, where he studied law, and whence he was called to the bar. He was still young, however, when he changed the profession of the law for that of the Church. Having entered into holy orders, he was collated by Bishop Hough, on the 13th of August, 1742, to the rectory of Alvechurch, in Worcestershire, and in December, 1747, was appointed chaplain to George II. In the meantime, on the 28th of March, 1745, he had taken his degree as LL. B., and, on the 18th of June the same year, his degree as LL. D. In May, 1748, the deanery of Exeter was conferred upon him, and on the 21st of March, 1762, he was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle. It may be mentioned that for the latter high preferment he seems to have been principally indebted to the pressure put by his powerful friend and relative, George Grenville, upon their former schoolfellow, Lord Bute, at that time prime minister.

In 1765, on the death of Hugh, Lord Willoughby of Parham, Doctor Lyttelton was unanimously elected president of the Society of Antiquaries, a station in which, if we may accept the judgment of Nichols, "his distinguished abilities were eminently displayed." To antiquarian study he rendered good service, not only by contributing several excellent papers to the "Archæologia," but by bequeathing at his decease his valuable MSS. to the Society of Antiquaries. Of those communications, the most noteworthy seems to have been a treatise which he composed on the authenticity of a copy of Magna Charta in his own possession, which treatise had the honour of being answered by Judge Blackstone.

In social life, the character of Bishop Lyttelton appears to have been in every respect an estimable one. According, for instance, to his brother antiquary, Doctor Milles, Dean of Exeter, in a speech delivered by him on succeeding the bishop in the presidency of the Society of Antiquaries, "His doors were always open to his friends, amongst whom none were more welcome to him than the friends of literature, which he endeavoured to promote in all its various branches, especially in those which are the more immediate objects of our attention." "His literary merit," added the dean, "received an additional lustre from the affability of his temper, the gentleness of his manners, and the benevolence of his heart, which united every member of the society in esteem to their head, and in harmony and friendship with each other."

Bishop Lyttelton died, unmarried, at his house in Clifford Street, London, on the 22d of December, 1768, at the age of fifty-four. To Doctor Hurd, Bishop Warburton writes on the occasion: "A bishop more or less in the world is nothing; and, perhaps, of as small account in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder."

The remains of Bishop Lyttelton repose in the burial-place of his family, in Hagley Church, beneath the roof which it had once been his favourite occupation to emblazon with the armorial bearings of his race.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DR. JEREMIAH MILLES, DEAN OF EXETER, F. R. S.

JEREMIAH MILLES, the successor of Bishop Lyttelton in the presidentship of the Society of Antiquaries, and the friend in whose arms that prelate drew his last breath, was born in 1714, the same year as his schoolfellow, the bishop. He was nephew to Dr. Thomas Milles, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, who appointed him his heir. On quitting Eton, he entered as a gentleman commoner of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; took his degree as M. A. in 1735, and as D. D. in 1747.

Having taken holy orders, and been collated by his uncle, Bishop Milles, to a prebend in Waterford Cathedral, to which was annexed a living near that city, the future dean would have been content to take up his abode in Ireland, but that the habits and customs of that country proved to be so little in union with his tastes or prejudices, as to decide him, after a short residence there, to return to England. Here he not only had the good fortune to gain the affections and the hand of a virtuous and amiable young lady, Edith, daughter of Dr. John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, but, besides her hand, received from the archbishop the united rectories of St. Edmund the King and St. Nicholas Acon, in Lombard Street, London, together with that of Merstham, in Surrey, and the sinecure rectory of West Terring, in Sussex. In 1762, on the elevation of his friend, Doctor Lyttelton, to the see of Carlisle, he was appointed Dean of Exeter in his room, and in 1769 was elected to be his successor in the presidential chair of the Society of Antiquaries.

Dean Milles, like Bishop Lyttelton, was the contributor of several learned papers to the "Archæologia." The great literary error of his life was his public advocacy of the genuineness of Chatterton's famous forgeries, the "Rowley Poems;" an error which entailed on the dean an amount of hostile criticism and ridicule from which his reputation never recovered.

Assuming that full faith is to be placed on the long adulatory inscription on the tomb of Dean Milles in the church of St. Edmund the King, he must have been a man of singular virtues and of rare accomplishments. Irrespective, however, of all monumental eulogy, his contemporaries, it must be admitted, have borne fair testimony to the piety and integrity of his life, as well as to the amenity of his disposition and manners. As a father, and latterly as a widower, charged with the welfare of a youthful family, his conduct appears to have been especially amiable and deserving of praise. "I have been a frequent witness," writes Gough, the antiquary, "of the domestic happiness of Doctor Milles, who kept his children in that friendship and affection with him and one another, which all who knew him will bear testimony to with me." His amiable and affectionate wife, it should be mentioned, had preceded him to the grave on the 9th of June, 1761, at the age of thirty-five, bequeathing him three sons, who severally attained to manhood, and two daughters. The dean himself expired on the 13th of February, 1784, at the age of seventy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES PRATT, EARL CAMDEN.

THIS great lawyer and enlightened statesman was the son of Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, of which latter jurist it may be mentioned that he was called to the bar in the reign of Charles II., and lived to be an eminent lawyer during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and George II. The mother of Charles Pratt was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Wilson, canon of Bangor, by which lady, as well as by a previous wife, Elizabeth Gregory, the lord chief justice was the father of a numerous family. His son Charles, the future paragon of his family, was born in 1714.

Left a widow in 1724, in no very affluent circumstances, the mother of the future lord chancellor, then only ten years old, was probably only too well content to obtain for her promising son a nomination to the foundation at Eton. In Long Chamber, Charles Pratt must not only have been intimately associated with Cole, Ashton, and Jacob Bryant, but it was at Eton also, according to a high authority, that his memorable friendship with Lord Chatham commenced; a fact, however, which, inasmuch as the latter was six years his senior, and the one a colleger and the other an oppidan, seems to justify a certain amount of incredulity. At all events, the same cheerful and affectionate disposition, which in after life secured him so many friends, was not less the charm of his boyhood, and may, therefore, have early endeared him to schoolfellows older than himself. At Eton also, as was another of his characteristics in after life, he seems to have been a cursory and superficial, rather than a laborious reader; a characteristic, however, the less to be deplored in his particular case from his being gifted in an eminent degree with the faculties of appreciating what he read, and of remembering what he had learned. Altogether, from his love of classical literature, and the readiness with which he acquired a mastership of the classical languages, he passed through Eton with no mean reputation for youthful scholarship. In 1731 he was elected to King's College, in 1735 he took his degree as B. A., and in 1739 as M. A.

In 1735, after having obtained his fellowship at King's, Charles Pratt removed from that college to chambers in the Inner Temple, where he devoted himself to the study of the law till called to the bar in 1738. If, however, as was neither unreasonable nor improbable, he had taught himself to foster sanguine hopes of achieving an early and brilliant success in his profession, those hopes were destined to be signally disappointed. Not only, be it taken into consideration, must he have been conscious of the possession of superior abilities, but, as the son of so distinguished a lawyer as the late Lord Chief Justice Pratt, he might reasonably have flattered himself that the reflected rays of his father's fame would illumine and foster the dawn of his own professional career. Unfortunately, however, for many years to come, nothing could be much more disheartening than his prospects. It was to no purpose that he devoted his days to the law courts at Westminster, and his nights to the study of those juridical and constitutional questions which rendered him in later years preëminent on the bench; nor was it to any better purpose that, as a further hoped-for advantage, he selected, as the arena for the earliest exercise of his latent powers, the Western Circuit, on which the figure and fame of his late venerable father, as presiding judge, had not yet faded from men's memories. To use his own words, his father's reputation, as far as he could recollect, had never been "worth a guinea" to him. Thus time rolled on without a single brief having been delivered to him by a solicitor's clerk, or a single client having knocked at the door of his chambers; till at length so gloomy became his prospects, as to require from time to time, it is said, the most earnest entreaties of his friends to dissuade him from abandoning the law as a profession and seeking to better his fortunes in the service of the Church. "For a long time," as he subsequently imparted to his nephew, Judge Hardinge, "he had been very poor, very obscure, and very little employed."

At length, after eight or nine years of "hope deferred," accident, or, as some suspected, the premeditated connivance of an eminent professional friend, had the happy effect of revolutionising the fortunes of the neglected and desponding lawyer. It so happened that in the course of a somewhat important trial on the Western Circuit, in which he had fortuitously obtained a brief as junior counsel to Robert Henley, afterward Lord Chancellor Northington, the latter, either being seized, or affecting to be seized, by an attack of gout, withdrew to his lodgings, leaving his client's case to be conducted in his absence by his junior counsel. Needless it may perhaps be to add, that so propitious a chance of raising himself above ill-fortune was eagerly and triumphantly turned to account by Pratt. Not only did he succeed in obtaining a verdict for his client, but his eloquence drew forth the cheers of the audience, the judge complimented him on the ability with which he had conducted the case, and lastly, before he quitted the court, so many retainers had been presented to him by the solicitors in attendance, that at the next assize town at which he arrived, he found full business on his hands.

Pratt's newly acquired reputation followed him to his chambers in the Inner Temple, where, as may be readily credited, he had no longer reason to complain that his mornings were undisturbed by clients, or his evenings unoccupied with briefs. Gradually, but steadily, by his thorough knowledge of law, by his assiduity, and ingratiating address, he raised himself to high distinction in Westminster Hall; although it was not till the month of July, 1757, on the accession of his friend, Lord Chatham, to power, that he reaped from the partiality of that illustrious man the first great prize which he enjoyed in his profession, the attorney-generalship, to which was added the customary honour of knighthood. Willingly, as far as Lord Chatham's own feelings were concerned, would he have placed his friend at once on the woolsack, but that, never having hitherto sat in Parliament, nor as yet filled any high law office under the Crown, so unusual an advancement was deemed by others likely to prove detrimental to the interests of the public service. It should be mentioned that Pratt's acceptance of the attorney-generalship was followed almost immediately by his election to the House of Commons for the borough of Downton, in Wiltshire.

Of the friends who came forward to congratulate the future lord chancellor on this, his first step to the woolsack, there was probably not one who more heartily rejoiced in his advancement than his old schoolfellow, Sneyd Davies, who formerly, to quote from his own poetical productions, had —

"In Life's gay morning, when the jovial hours
With bounding feet had laughed themselves away,
Enchanting season, blissful prime, where Thames
Flows by Etona's wall, and sees around
Her sons wide-swarming" —

discovered how promising were the parts of his friend, and exhorted him in no indifferent verse to —

"Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame;
Nor deem the task severe, its prize too high
Of toil, and honour for thy father's son."

Thus encouraging in him an ambition which he had happily kept in constant view, and predicting a result which, no less happily, was at last on the eve of accomplishment.

It was about this period — when the distinguished lawyer was, to use the words of Lord Campbell, "on the shady side of forty" — that he essayed to increase his happiness by entering into the marriage state; the lady on whom his selection fell being Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Nicholas Jeffreys, Esq., of the Priory, in Brecknockshire. She brought him, it is said, a considerable fortune; and though no romance gilded their courtship, their union is said to have been so well-assorted a one as to have conduced to the happiness of both. By this lady, who died on the 10th of December, 1779, he became the father of several children, of whom his eldest daughter, Frances, married Robert, first Marquis of Londonderry, and his eldest son, John, who succeeded him as Earl Camden, was installed a Knight of the Garter in 1797, and in 1812 was elevated to a marquisate.

From the post of attorney-general Sir Charles Pratt, as he must now be designated, was advanced, in December, 1761, to the chief-justiceship of the court of Common Pleas, the duties of which high charge he is admitted to have performed with unsurpassed dignity, temper, and impartiality. Here he had presided about fifteen months, when, in April, 1763, during the premiership of his former schoolfellow, George Grenville, it was his lot to sit in judgment on one of the most momentous constitutional cases which for years past had been submitted to the wisdom of a British judge. We allude, as may be surmised, to the arrest of the notorious John Wilkes, on account of the publication of the libellous forty-fifth number of the *North Briton*, by what was called a "general warrant," — that is to say, by a warrant which empowered the seizure and detention not only of any suspected person or number of suspected persons, but also of their respective private papers, without accompanying it with any specification of the names of the accused, or of the offences with which they were

Earl of Camden.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

charged. This most arbitrary, though admittedly not unprecedented, procedure was unquestionably illegal, and accordingly as such was subsequently denounced in eloquent language by Chief Justice Pratt. "To enter," he said, "a man's house by virtue of a nameless warrant, in order to procure evidence, is worse than the Spanish inquisition; a law under which no Englishman would wish to live an hour. It is a daring public attack upon the liberty of the subject, and in violation of the 29th chapter of Magna Charta, which is directly pointed against that arbitrary power." "If," were the chief justice's further words, "the other judges, and the highest tribunal in this kingdom, the House of Lords, shall prove my opinions erroneous, I submit, as will become me, and kiss the rod; but I must say that I shall always consider it as a rod of iron for the chastisement of the people of Great Britain."

It was by virtue of this infamous warrant that, on the night of the 29th of April, Wilkes's house in Great George Street, Westminster, had been suddenly entered, and his papers taken possession of by three messengers from the secretary of state's office, his own arrest being deferred till the following morning. He was conducted in the first instance into the formidable presence of the two secretaries of state, the Earls of Halifax and Egremont, of whom the former had signed the order for his arrest, and, after having been subjected to an examination in their presence, was committed to the Tower. Here, during the first day or two of his incarceration, he was treated with great rigour; not only his friends, but even his counsel, being refused admittance to him. These restrictions, however, having been subsequently relaxed, he had the gratification of being visited from time to time in the Tower by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Temple, and other powerful friends in opposition, till at length, having succeeded in obtaining a writ of habeas corpus, he was brought, on the 6th of May, before Chief Justice Pratt. The judgment of the great lawyer, unfavourable as it was to the ministry of the day, was decidedly and unflinchingly pronounced. Without dwelling at this juncture on the question of the legality or illegality of general warrants, he delivered it as his own, as well as the unanimous opinion of his brother judges, that, inasmuch as Wilkes was a member of the House of Commons, he was exempt from arrest for libel, and was therefore entitled to immediate release from imprisonment. In the meantime, the public mind had been kept during the day in a state of the intensest feverish expectation. Not only were the precincts of the court of Common Pleas, including Westminster Hall and New Palace Yard, thronged with anxious thousands, but the judgment of the chief justice was no sooner made known to the multitude than the old hall rang with a shout of exultation such as its walls had not resounded with since the acquittal of the Seven Bishops.

Even those who had been the most accustomed to regard with abhorrence the private vices and political violence of Wilkes felt their choler rise as they reflected on the circumstances of his arbitrary arrest, and subsequent unauthorised ill treatment.

The eminent service thus rendered by the chief justice to the cause of the Constitution, combined, as it subsequently was, with his judicial condemnation of general warrants, led to his name becoming as familiar as a household word on the lips, not only of the lower, but of the middle classes of Great Britain. The citizens of London placed his portrait, the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in their Guildhall; the merchants of the city of Dublin voted him the freedom of their guild in a gold box; and lastly, the cities of Exeter, Norwich, and Bath, following the example of Dublin, also voted him the same distinction. So general, indeed, became his popularity, that, according to Lord Campbell, one of the sights which foreigners on visiting London were most desirous to behold was "the great Lord Chief Justice Pratt."

On the 16th of July, 1765, the chief justice was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Camden, of Camden Place, in the county of Kent; the double object of the Rockingham administration, from whom the obligation came, being apparently to gain a step in popular favour by these means, as well as to propitiate their powerful political adversary, Lord Chatham, by the advancement of his friend. "The news," according to the Duke of Grafton, "was received by the nation with much applause."

As long as Lord Camden had continued to sit in the House of Commons, he had rarely, if ever, risen to address that assembly. In the House of Lords, however, notwithstanding he constantly found himself opposed to no less formidable an antagonist than Lord Mansfield, he speedily distinguished himself as a ready, a dignified, and an eloquent speaker. So early, for example, as the month of January, 1766, Lord Chatham characterises one of his friend's speeches as "divine;" and again, the following month, he writes, "Lord Camden grows in fame and public confidence." Naturally, of the more momentous questions which about this period came under the consideration of Parliament, the one on which Lord Camden's eloquence was calculated to shine most conspicuously was that which appertained to the disastrous policy of Great Britain in taxing her American colonies; a question on which it is superfluous perhaps to add that the great lawyer cordially and persistently contended for the cause of reason and justice. So warm and earnest, indeed, during the discussions on the famous Declaratory Clause in 1766, was the language used by him in his advocacy of American rights, as not only, on more than one occasion, to startle the Tory principles of some of his brother peers, but to give so much offence to George Grenville, the author of the fatal Stamp Act, that, denouncing it in the Lower House as a libel upon Parliament, he threatened to have the printer of the words brought to the bar of the House of Commons. Lord Camden, however, was not to be deterred from the free expression of his convictions. "My position," he exclaimed, "is this; I repeat it; I will maintain it to my latest hour; taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded on the laws of Nature. It is more; it is itself an eternal law of Nature; for whatever is a man's own is absolutely his own. No man has a right to take it from him without his consent, either expressed by himself or his representatives. Whoever attempts to do it attempts an injury. Whoever does it commits a robbery. He throws down and destroys the distinction between liberty and slavery." "I would ask," writes King Stanislaus of Poland about this time, to General Lee, "why it is that the right of sending representatives to the British Parliament is not accorded to the colonies; representation and taxation would then go together, and the mother and daughters would be indissolubly united."

The return of Lord Chatham to power the following year led, almost as a matter of course, to the elevation of his friend to the lord-chancellorship; and accordingly, on the 30th of July, 1766, the Great Seal was delivered by George III. to Lord Camden, at a council held at St. James's. To all, except the high Tories, the appointment appears to have given the greatest satisfaction.

Lord Camden continued to fill the high post of lord chancellor till the opening of Parliament in the month of January, 1770, when, being greatly dissatisfied with the conduct of his colleagues in the Grafton administration, he prepared to follow the example of Lord Chatham, who, in the interim, had been impelled by a like dissatisfaction, combined with ill-health, to retire into private life. Accordingly, on the day the peers reassembled, Lord Chatham had no sooner prepared the way for what followed by concluding a withering and magnificent philippic against ministers, than the chancellor rose from his seat, and, to the utter dismay of his colleagues, proceeded to arraign them as traitors to the Constitution, and as enemies to, if not conspirers against, the liberties of their country. "I accepted the Great Seal at first," he said, "without conditions; I meant not therefore to be trammelled by his Majesty, — I beg pardon, by his ministers. But I have suffered myself to be so too long; for some time I have beheld with silent indignation the arbitrary measures which they were pursuing. I have often drooped and held down my head in council, and disapproved by my looks those steps which I knew my avowed opposition could not prevent. I will, however, do so no longer, but will openly and boldly speak my sentiments. Ministers," added the chancellor, "had by their violent and tyrannical conduct alienated the minds of the people from his Majesty's government; he had almost said from his Majesty's person. A spirit of discontent had extended itself into every corner of the kingdom, and unless means were devised for allaying the universal clamour and dissatisfaction, he knew not but the people in their despair would become their own avengers, and assume to themselves the redress of their manifold grievances."

After the uttering of such language as the foregoing, it was of course unlikely that Lord Camden should be allowed long to remain chancellor; and accordingly, on the 17th of January, agreeably with directions which he received from the secretary of state's office, he resigned the Great Seal into the hands of his sovereign. That night he is said to have slept sounder than he had slept for years. From this period, till the formation of the second Rockingham administration, when he was appointed president of the Council, his usefulness to his country was confined to such services as he was able to render her as a private peer in Parliament, as a stanch and consistent friend of freedom, and as a luminous propounder of the laws and Constitution of England. His new tenure of office lasted only from the month of March, 1782, till April, 1783, when the formation of the unnatural "Coalition

Ministry," by Fox and Lord North, drove him again into private life.

Once more only the eminent lawyer and patriot was called upon to serve his country. On the 1st of December, 1784, early in the days of the first and liberal administration of the younger William Pitt, Lord Camden was prevailed upon to lend a helping hand to the government of the son of his old friend and schoolfellow, by returning to his former post of president of the Council; thus affording an interesting precedent of a veteran statesman of seventy serving under the banner of a young prime minister of five and twenty. Here, too, let us mention that, on the 13th of May, 1786, he was advanced in the peerage to be Viscount Bayham, of Bayham Abbey, in the county of Kent, and Earl Camden; and lastly, notwithstanding his increasing age, he continued to hold the presidency of the Council till his death, extending over a period of ten years.

With the single exception of his having been at one period of his life a sufferer from the gout, Lord Camden, after a long enjoyment of continuous good health, appears to have glided into the vale of years, contented, cheerful, and with all his faculties unimpaired. Though never addicted to excess, there had been a time when his habits, harmonising with the geniality of his disposition, had not only inclined him to be convivial, but when, as regarded the delicacies of the table, he is said to have displayed a tendency to epicurism. With the increase of years, however, and probably with the fear of gout before his eyes, he seems to have made strict abstinence the rule of his life. His replies, indeed, to the hospitable invitations of his friend, the Duke of Grafton, to visit him at Euston or Wakefield Lodge, are tantamount to so many protests against drinking heating wines, and eating highly seasoned dishes. To the duke, for instance, he writes in the year 1775: "I am, thank God, remarkably well, but your Grace must not seduce me into my former intemperance; a plain dish, and a draught of porter, which last is indispensable, are the very extent of my luxury. I have suffered a good deal, and have studied stomach disorders to such purpose that I think I am able to teach your Grace, who are yet young, how to arrive at a strong and healthy old age, which I hope will be your lot, for the sake of the public as well as of your friends." Lord Camden, as we have seen, had happily realised for himself the blessing which he desired to confer on his noble friend. Only a few weeks before his death he writes to the Duke of Grafton: "I am more restored than I ever expected to be, and, if I can combat this winter, perhaps may recover as much strength as to pass the remainder of my days with cheerfulness; but I do not believe it possible ever for me to return to business, and I think your

Grace will never see me again at the head of the council-board. It is high time for me to become a private man and retire."

Thus serenely succumbing to the inexorable infirmities of old age, Lord Camden, on the 13th of April, 1794, tranquilly breathed his last at his residence in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, in the eighty-first year of his age. His remains were interred in the vault of his family, in the parish church of Seal, in Kent.

Lord Camden, by his private no less than by his public virtues, has bequeathed an honourable name and shining example to posterity. "He never," in the words of Earl Stanhope, "bartered his principles for place; he never plotted against his colleagues; he never betrayed, nor yet ever fawned upon his sovereign. Such things, far from tainting his conduct, did not even sully his thoughts. On the contrary, while, among his own contemporaries, some displayed more vigour in the fierce contentions of party, none perhaps evinced more honourable steadiness in those friendships and principles for the sake of which alone party is desirable; for the sake of which alone party can be justified. His descendants may well be proud not merely of his talents, but of his virtues. And his country 'will not willingly let die' the honoured remembrance of an orator so accomplished, a judge so firm a friend to liberty, a statesman so far-sighted and pure-minded."

Park, it should be here incidentally mentioned, has included Lord Camden in his continuation of Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," but on no weightier grounds apparently than his having been the reputed writer of a couple of forgotten law treatises, the authorship of at least one of which seems to be very doubtful.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JACOB BRYANT.

"UNUM liceat memorare hodie superstitem, sed provectum annis, et valetudine infirmâ, lumen sæculi, famæque certum posteræ, virum perenni virtutis ingeniique memoriâ dignissimum, Jacobum Bryant, qui inter gravia et recondita scientiarum et historiæ principia, et in Christi fide promovendâ versatissimus, Musis tamen omnibus vacans, Romani carminis vestigia domi et in hospitio tenet, colitque non ut advena, sed ut civis Romanus in ætate Augusti." Such is the testimony borne by one accomplished Etonian to the genius of another; such the tribute paid by a devoted son to the merits of a father's friend!

Jacob Bryant, one of the most learned scholars whom it has been the fortune of Eton to produce, was the son of an officer in the civil service of the customs at Plymouth, in which town the future mythologist and philological writer was born in the year 1715. Having previously been instructed in the elements of classical literature at a private school at Luddesdown, in Kent, he was thence transferred to the foundation at Eton, where, ere long, the rapid progress which he made in his studies, combined with the extraordinary retentiveness of his memory, not only led to his being regarded as a prodigy of youthful learning, but, long after he had left Eton, the intellectual feats which he had there achieved are said to have been still traditionary in the school. Though of diminutive stature and delicate frame, we find him remarkable at Eton for his agility, especially as a swimmer, an accomplishment which enabled him, on a critical occasion, to effect the rescue of Doctor Barnard, afterward successively head master and Provost of Eton, who, when in the form below him at school, was indebted to him for his deliverance from a watery grave. In 1736 Bryant was elected to King's College; in 1740 he took his degree as B. A., and in 1744 his degree as M. A.

About the year 1749 Jacob Bryant, having previously filled the situation of private tutor to Sir Thomas Stapylton, afterward father to Thomas, Lord Le Despencer, was chosen by Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, to superintend in the same capacity the pupilage of his Grace's two elder sons, George, Marquis of Blandford, and Lord Charles Spencer, on their first admission to Eton school. That he discharged his preceptoral duties to the entire satisfaction of the duke may be assumed from the facts of his Grace, on being constituted master general of the ordnance in 1755, select-ing him to be his private secretary, and subsequently appointing him to a lucrative post in that department. Moreover, on the occasion of the duke's last visit to Germany, where he died in 1758, the friend whom he invited, and induced to accompany him, was his former private secretary.

It was probably shortly after the return of Jacob Bryant from Germany that he settled himself at Cypenham, in Berkshire, in the classical vicinity of Windsor and Salt Hill, a spot which, during the remainder of his long existence, continued to be his home and the scene of his literary labours. Here not only was his useful existence gracefully and tranquilly passed, but so contented does he seem to have been with his lot, that, according to the authority of his old schoolfellow, Cole, the antiquary, although the mastership of the Charter House was twice offered to him, the appointment was on both occasions refused. The loss, in the meantime, which he sustained by the death of his kind patron, the Duke of Marlborough, was at once made up to him by the succession as fourth duke of his attached pupil, Lord Blandford, who not only continued to him the liberal allowance — said to be a thousand a year — which had been paid to him by the late duke, but by a legal settlement converted it into an irrevocable annuity. Happily, a love of books and of intellectual retirement, which was common to both, rendered the duke and his former tutor admirably well suited to enjoy each other's society. To the close, indeed, of the scholar's life, not only do the gates of Blenheim seem to have ever opened to him as if it had been to his second home, but during two generations of the house of Spencer, its members, young as well as old, appear to have entertained no other feelings toward him than those of veneration and love.

Jacob Bryant, in fact, was apparently gifted with every qualification calculated to render him an object of admiration and love. His conversation is described as having been the happiest combination of instructive knowledge, of lively anecdote, and innocent fun. Enjoying a strong, though harmless, sense of the ridiculous, it was the bent of his quaint and quiet humour to convulse a whole company with laughter, while he himself sat with every muscle in his face unmoved. He was liberal, hospitable, and charitable. His temper was sweet; his manners gentle and engaging. Moreover, he was not only a deeply read and firm believer of the truth of Christianity, but in all the relations of life fulfilled, in the purest and plainest acceptation of the term, the duties of the Christian character.

The literary work by which Jacob Bryant first established a high reputation for scholarship was his learned dissertation on the wind Euroclydon (Acts xxvii. 14), and on the island of Melita, a work in which he had the boldness to combat the hitherto unanswered theories of Grotius, Bochart, and Bentley. This publication, which first appeared in 1767, was followed, in 1774, by his *magnum opus,* and still highly valued, "Analysis of Heathen Mythology." Other works — sometimes, indeed, paradoxical, yet on all occasions displaying uncommon learning and research — emanated from time to time from his pen; one exceptionable and notable literary failure, however, to which he exposed himself, being his advocacy of the antiquity and authenticity of Chatterton's celebrated metrical forgeries; yet, even in this case, egregiously as he had deceived himself, no less unsparing a rival disputant than Walpole has borne ample testimony to the ability with which he had defended his propositions. "Mr. Bryant," he writes to Cole, "as I expected, reasons admirably, and staggered me; but when I took up the poems called Rowley's again, I protest I cannot see the smallest air of antiquity but the old words." Bryant's remaining literary productions may be passed over with little remark. Ever ready to testify his gratitude to the Spencer family, the mythologist, at the wish and expense of the Duke of Marlborough, produced a splendid volume on the Marlborough Cabinet of Gems; and in 1792, at the solicitation of the duke's beautiful sister, Elizabeth, Countess of Pembroke, — Walpole's "picture of majestic modesty," — he published his "Treatise on the Truths of Christianity." As a writer of Latin verse he had few, if any, superiors to him in his day ; a Latin poem of his production on the Gin Act, composed in the manner of Virgil, and printed in the "Musæ Etonenses," affords perhaps the happiest sample of his merits as a classical versifier ; while, as a writer of English verse, his compositions were seemingly confined to a few lively and scattered trifles, produced either for his own amusement or for that of his friends ; an ode "To a Pair of Stockings," and an ode "To a Cat," being the titles of the only two which we remember to have seen recorded. The former may be found in the "Poetical Calender."

With his sovereign, King George III., the scholar of Cypenham was an especial favourite. Not only during the occasional periods that the court was resident at Windsor were they near neighbours, but had it not been for the great disparity in their social positions, they would probably have been warm friends. Not impossibly, Bryant's intimacy with the Spencer family may in the first instance have recommended him to the king ; George III. not only having every reason to love and esteem the Duke of Marlborough, but there having been a time when the king had entertained a violent passion for the duke's lovely sister, Lady Pembroke, a passion so indelibly retained on his memory, even in extreme old age, as, in the paroxysms of his latest attack of insanity, to recall her form to his imagination, and to bring back her maiden name to his lips. At all events, so especial a favourite was Bryant with his sovereign, that very frequently the king was to be seen, either driving the queen from Windsor Castle to visit him at Cypenham, or else proceeding thither on horseback with an equerry, on which latter occasions he would sometimes remain for hours under the roof of the learned recluse.

It was on the terrace at Windsor, while in company with her accomplished and venerable friend, Mrs. Delany, that Madame D'Arblay, then Miss Fanny Burney, and an attendant on the person of Queen Charlotte, first made the acquaintance of the eccentric mythologist, on whose conversation and personal peculiarities she on more than one occasion dilates. "With eyes," she writes, "that scarce seemed to see, and a rather tottering gait, a thin, little, wizen old gentleman came up to Mrs. Delany, and, after talking with her some time, said in a half whisper, 'Is that Miss Burney?' and then desired a presentation. It was Mr. Bryant, the mythologist. I was very glad to see him, as he bears a very high character, and lives much in this neighbourhood. He talks a great deal, and with the utmost good humour and ease, casting entirely aside his learning."

A few months after this introduction, we find Madame D'Arblay, with the queen's permission, inviting her new acquaintance to dine with her in the apartments appropriated to her and her fellow attendant on majesty, Madame Schwellenberg, at

Windsor. The fact, we should observe, of this expected visit, would seem to have been communicated to the king, since scarcely had dinner been concluded, before his Majesty entered the room, and presently drawing Bryant into conversation, began to question him respecting the particular pastimes or pursuits for which he had been distinguished at Eton.

"'You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant,' said the king; 'but pray, for what were you most famous at school?'

"We all," writes Madame D'Arblay, "expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer, his Latin exercises; but no such thing.

"'Cudgelling, Sir; I was most famous for that.'

"While," continues Madame D'Arblay, "a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularise his feats, though, unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble little frame, whence issued the proclamation of his prowess, you but very inadequately judge the comic effect of his big talk.

"'Your Majesty, Sir, knows General Conway; I broke his head for him, Sir.'"

The shout of laughter which followed this intimation in no degree disturbed the equanimity of the pleasant old man.

"'And there's another man, Sir,' he continued, 'a great stout fellow, Sir, as ever you saw, — Doctor Gibbon, of the Temple, — I broke his head, too, Sir; I don't know if he remembers it.' "[1]

The king presently turned the conversation to the Marlborough family, inquiring of the good-humoured scholar which of the young Ladies Spencer was his favourite.

" 'Upon my word, Sir,' he replied, 'I like them all! Lady Elizabeth is a charming young lady: I believe, Sir, I am most in her favour:[2] I don't know why, Sir; but I happened to write a letter to the duke, Sir, that she took a fancy to; I don't know the reason, Sir, but she begged it. I don't know what was in the letter, Sir: I could never find out; but she took a prodigious fancy to it, Sir.' "

The king, laughing heartily, suggested that there might have been some compliments in the letter to the young lady. " 'Upon my word, Sir,' he replied, 'I am afraid your Majesty will think I was in love with her; but indeed, Sir, I don't know what was in the letter.'

"The converse," Madame D'Arblay informs us, "went on, and the king was so much entertained by Mr. Bryant, that he stayed almost the whole evening: the queen sent for Mr. Bryant, and all the party dispersed soon after."

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[1] In an Eton list for 1732, Gibbon stands next above Bryant, high up in the fifth form, and General Conway between forty and fifty below them on the same form.

[2] There were at this time five young Ladies Spencer, — the Ladies Caroline, Elizabeth, Charlotte, Anne, and Amelia Sophia. Lady Elizabeth, in 1790, married her cousin, John Spencer, Esq.

Some five months after the date of this merry party, we find Miss Burney, accompanied by her venerable friend, Mrs. Delany, driving over from Windsor to Cypenham, to breakfast with the mythologist in his secluded habitation. "The morning," she writes, "was very pleasant; Mr. Bryant was quite delighted with the visit, and did the honours with the utmost activity and spirit, regaling us at once with his excellent anecdotes and excellent brown bread, etc. He gave me *carte blanche* to choose and take whichever of his books I pleased, and put his keys into my hand, that I might examine his store, and send for whatever I wished at any time I desired." Among the books, it may be mentioned, which were thus laid open to the inspection of his guest, the flattered authoress was probably not a little gratified at discovering, "very elegantly bound," her own popular novels, "Evelina" and "Cecilia."

Happily, as the mythologist advanced toward the extreme old age which he eventually attained, the admiration and reverence which his virtues and talents had won for him from his contemporaries, appear to have suffered but little diminution. When, for instance, in 1794, Thomas James Mathias — an Etonian, many years junior to Bryant — published his then eagerly read "Pursuits of Literature," there appeared in it a warm and grateful tribute to the merits of the venerable sage of Cypenham, which not only could scarcely have failed to afford him infinite gratification, but the truth and justice of which seem to have been fully recognised by the new generation for whose edification the work was written. "In speaking of Mr. Bryant," writes Mathias, "I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth winter, and may he yet long live, with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness and willingness of literary communication seldom found. He is admired and sought after by the young who are entering on a course of study, and revered, and often followed, by those who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth, in the strength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by God; he has put on the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

"Nomen in exemplum sero servabimus ævo."

Jacob Bryant may be almost said to have died as he had lived, in the service of literature. He was in the act of reaching down a book from its shelf, when the tilting of the chair on which he was standing occasioned an abrasion of the skin of one of his legs; an injury which, unimportant as it may at first have appeared, eventually turned to mortification, and proved fatal. His death took place on the 13th of November, 1804, at the almost patriarchal age of eighty-nine.

By his own desire, the remains of the mythologist were interred beneath the seat which he had been so long accustomed to occupy in the church of the retired parish in which he had lived and died. His valuable library he bequeathed to King's College, Cambridge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REV. THOMAS ASHTON, D. D.

To the admirers of Horace Walpole's unrivalled letters, there can scarcely be any list of Eton scholars of the last century more interesting than that for 1732, in which, besides the name of Walpole himself, appear, chiefly in the fifth form, and separated by no long interims one from the other, the names of most of the more distinguished of his future correspondents, including Thomas Ashton, Gray, the poet, Richard West, the poet, Cole, the antiquary, Lord Conway, afterward Marquis of Hertford, his brother, afterward Field-Marshal Conway, George Montagu, and George Selwyn. Of these youthful contemporaries, the four who were linked most closely and famously together in the same circle at Eton were Gray, West, Walpole, and the subject of the present memoir; these four constituting, it may perhaps be remembered, the pleasant "Quadruple Alliance" perpetuated by Walpole in his early correspondence. Of these, moreover, it should be mentioned that, amongst themselves, Gray was the Orosmades, West the

Almanzor, Walpole the Tydeus, and Ashton the Plato of their familiar nomenclature.

Thomas Ashton — the son, it is said, of an usher to a grammar school at Lancaster — was born in 1716. From the foundation at Eton he was elected, in 1733, to King's College, Cambridge, whither, in March, 1735, he was followed by his friend, Horace Walpole. "Plato" [Ashton], writes Walpole from there to West, "improves every day; so does my friendship with him." When — apparently in 1739, after the two friends had severally quitted Cambridge — Walpole revisited

"the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot,"

he not only found Ashton residing at Eton in holy orders, but officiating in his new clerical capacity in the college chapel. From the famous old Christopher Inn — the "Christopher" of the days of John Aubrey and the "ever memorable" John Hales — Walpole writes to George Montagu: "The Christopher! Lord! how great I used to think anybody just landed at the Christopher! But here are no boys for me to send for; here I am, like Noah, just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me. By the way, the clock strikes the old cracked sound. I recollect so much, and remember so little — and want to play about — and am so afraid of my playfellows — and am ready to shirk Ashton — and can't help making fun of myself — and envy a dame over the way, that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably! and I could be so jolly a dog if I did not fat, which, by the way, is the first time the word was ever applicable to me. In short, I should be out of all bounds if I was to tell you half I feel, how young again I am one minute, and how old the next. But do come and feel with me, when you will — to-morrow, adieu! If I don't compose myself a little more before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach, I shall certainly be in a bill for laughing at church; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here, was standing up funking over against a conduit to be catechised!"

It must have been about this time, as may be indirectly inferred from Walpole's "Poetical Epistle from Florence," addressed to his friend in 1740, that Thomas Ashton, then no more than twenty-four, was induced to accept the situation of tutor to the fourth Earl of Plymouth, then a child in his ninth or tenth year. Before long, however, other and more acceptable occupation fell to his lot. In 1745 he was chosen a fellow of Eton College; his next preferment, which he resigned in March, 1749, was to the rectory of Aldingham, in Lancashire; two months afterward he was presented by the Provost and fellows of Eton to the rectory of Sturminster Marshal in Dorsetshire; in 1752, he was collated to the rectory of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; in 1759 he received the degree of D. D., and the following year added, it is to be hoped, to his happiness by marrying a Miss Amyand, by whom he had at least one son, Thomas, who, surviving his father, died at Bristol on the 8th of December, 1781, at the age of nineteen. Lastly, in May, 1762, he was elected preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

Whatever merit Thomas Ashton may have possessed as a scholar, it was from the learning and eloquence displayed by him in the pulpit that his name became a familiar one with his contemporaries. As early, for instance, as the month of May, 1742, Walpole writes to Richard West: "Ashton has preached twice at Somerset Chapel with the greatest applause;" and he adds, "I am sure you would approve his compositions, and admire them still more when you heard him deliver them; he will write to you himself next post, but is not mad enough with his fame to write you a sermon." As a popular London preacher, indeed, Ashton seems scarcely to have had a rival, and consequently solicitations to him to preach on special occasions appear to have been preferred to him from all quarters. In 1745 he printed a sermon on the breaking out of the Scottish Rebellion, and 1746, another sermon on its suppression. In 1756 he preached before the governors of Middlesex Hospital, at St. Anne's, Westminster; in 1759 he delivered a commencement sermon at Cambridge; the following year he preached a sermon at the annual assemblage of the London charity children; another special sermon which he delivered was before the House of Commons on the 30th of January, 1762; and lastly, he preached the Spital sermon at St. Bride's the same year. These sermons, together with others preached by him at Eton, Lincoln's Inn, and St. Botolph's, he published in an octavo volume in 1770. He was also the author of some controversial letters on the practice of electing aliens to vacant places in Eton College.

Doctor Ashton, after having survived for some years a severe attack of the palsy, expired on the 1st of March, 1775, at the age of fifty-nine. Prefixed to his volume of sermons is a fine mezzotinto portrait of him by Spilsbury, from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is also another good mezzotinto portrait of him by McArdell, after Gainsborough.

CHAPTER XXX.

RICHARD WEST.

Richard West, whose gentle disposition, whose uncommon natural abilities and early death have invested with a passing and touching interest an otherwise uneventful career, was born in 1716. His parentage, on the maternal as well as on the paternal side, was an honourable one. His father was Richard West, appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1725; his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the celebrated Bishop Burnet, the historian of the Reformation and of his "Own Time." To whatever extent, however, young West may have inherited his intellectual endowments from his mother, it was to his father apparently that he was indebted for that poetic faculty of which his schoolfellows, Gray and Walpole, thought so highly. The chancellor, it is said, was the author of "Hecuba," a tragedy, a performance borrowed from the Greek of Euripides, which, in or about the year 1726, was performed for three nights only at Drury Lane Theatre, and then, whatever may have been its literary merits, with very indifferent scenic success.

When, before the end of that year, the eminent lawyer breathed his last, his gifted and only son was but ten years old.

At Eton, as Mason, however reluctantly, seems to admit, West would appear to have been esteemed a more brilliant scholar than Gray. At all events, neither of them apparently had at school a more formidable rival to apprehend. "Both Gray and West," writes their schoolfellow, Walpole, "had abilities marvellously premature." As their friendship, which had commenced at Eton, was interrupted only by death, so also did they severally retain a warm and genial affection for the scene of their boyhood. "Gray is at Burnham," writes Walpole to West, "and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton!" "Gray at Burnham, and not see Eton!" writes back West, in similar language of surprise; at the same time enclosing in his reply some pleasing verses commemorative of the happy days and the happy friendships he had enjoyed on "Etonian ground."

"Lost and inwrapt in thought profound,
Absent, I tread Etonian ground;
Then starting from the dear mistake,
As disenchanted, wake.

. . . .

"Oh! how I long again with those,
Whom first my boyish heart had chose,
Together through the friendly shade
To stray, as once I stray'd!

"Their presence would the scene endear,
Like Paradise would all appear;
More sweet around the flowers would blow,
More soft the waters flow."

It was probably nearly at the same time (1734) that Gray removed to Peter House College, Cambridge, that West commenced his studies at Christ Church, Oxford. Here apparently it was that he composed that which seems to have been the most ambitious of his poems, his "Monody on the Death of Queen Caroline," a poem which, though now nearly forgotten, contains a proportion of powerful, and many highly poetical, lines, of which the following quatrain —

"Ah me! what boots us all our boasted power?
Our golden treasure, and our purple state?
They cannot ward th' inevitable hour,
Nor stay the fearful violence of Fate" —

obviously, though perhaps unconsciously, suggested to his friend, Gray, one of the most striking stanzas in his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard:"

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

It was apparently about four years after the composition of his "Monody" that West commenced a tragedy, entitled "Pausanias," sketches of which he submitted to the criticism both of Gray and Walpole, in like manner as Gray, at a somewhat later period, submitted his unfinished sketches of "Agrippina" to West. Toward the close of the last century, it may be mentioned, a portion of "Pausanias" was still extant in MS.

In 1738 West, having removed from Christ Church to London, settled himself in the Inner Temple, and commenced the study of the law. It was in vain, however, that he endeavoured to take an interest in his new profession. Three years afterward, for instance, we find him writing to Walpole that he has contracted a "natural aversion" for his adopted calling; that the course he has taken to qualify himself for it, instead of increasing has diminished his narrow income; that he cannot hope to maintain himself by "poetry and Pausanias;" that, on the other hand, the war with which Europe is threatened holds out to him the prospect of an opportunity "either of distinguishing himself or being knocked on the head;" that, according to the convictions at which he has arrived, "there is little in life to make one fond of it;" that, were he to purchase a commission, it would be tantamount to stripping him of the little fortune he has left; and accordingly, under these circumstances, he expresses a mournful hope that his friends will exert themselves to procure a pair of colours for him, on conditions less disproportioned to his diminished resources.

Whether West's constitution had, at any period of his short life, been strong enough to enable him to bear up against the fatigues and excitement of the military profession may reasonably be doubted. At all events, before eleven months had elapsed from the date of the foregoing appeal to Walpole, and before the desired opportunity of testing his physical powers in the army had presented itself, he was sinking into the grave. For some time past, indeed, though apparently cheered by occasional rays of hope, his health had been irremediably on the decline. "Your letter," writes Walpole to him, only twenty-eight days before his death, "made me quite melancholy, till I came to the postscript of fine weather. Your so suddenly finding the benefit of it makes me trust you will entirely recover your health and spirits with the warm season. Nobody wishes it more than I: nobody has more reason, as few have known you so long." In the meantime, when Gray, in the month of September, 1741, had returned to London from his travels in France and Italy, he found his amiable friend not only prostrated by illness, but overwhelmed by family misfortunes. Since then, however, the spring, as we have seen by Walpole's letter, had faintly revived him, and accordingly, leaving Gray behind him in London, where they had lately been fellow residents, he set out on a visit to Hertfordshire. Thither it was that Gray at this time forwarded to him in MS. his beautiful ode on the spring, but, before it reached Hertfordshire, the invalid was no more. His death took place at Pope's, in the parish of Hatfield, on the 1st of June, 1742, at the age of twenty-six. West's remains rest in the chancel of Hatfield Church, beneath a stone which once bore the following inscription:

"Here lieth the body of Richard West, Esq., only son of the Right Hon. Richard West, Esq., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died the 1st of June, 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age."[1]

The loss of West was deplored in verse both by Gray and Ashton; by the former in a well-known elegiac sonnet commencing

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine;"

and by Ashton in the following stanzas, which have not the less merit that they are little known:

"While surfeited with life, each hoary knave
Grows, here, immortal, and eludes the grave,
Thy virtues immaturely met their fate,
Cramp'd in the limit of too short a date!

"Thy mind, not exercised so oft in vain,
In health was gentle, and composed in pain:

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[1] Unfortunately, at the recent restoration of Hatfield Church, no trace of this interesting memorial could be discovered; neither has it since been replaced by any more modern tribute to the poet's genius.

Successive trials still refined thy soul,
And plastic patience perfected the whole.

"A friendly aspect, not suborned by art,
An eye, which looked the meaning of thy heart;
A tongue, with simple truth and freedom fraught,
The faithful index of thy honest thought.

"Thy pen disdained to seek the servile ways
Of partial censure, and more partial praise:
Through every tongue it flowed in nervous ease,
With sense to polish, and with wit to please.

"No lurking venom from thy pencil fell;
Thine was the kindest satire, living well:
The vain, the loose, the base, might blush to see
In what thou wert, what they themselves should be.

"Let me not charge on Providence a crime,
That snatched thee, blooming, to a better clime,
To raise those virtues to a higher sphere:
Virtues! which only could have starved thee here."

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE MONTAGU, EARL OF HALIFAX, K. G.

GEORGE MONTAGU, Viscount Sunbury, — for such was the title borne by the third Earl of Halifax during his nonage, — was born on the 5th of October, 1716. Amiable, popular, strikingly elegant in his figure and manners, and endowed with abilities much beyond the common average, there was probably, of the young men who about the same time as himself quitted Eton for the university, not one who carried away with him a happier combination of mental and personal accomplishments than the heir of the Halifax branch of the house of Montagu. In the words of Richard Cumberland, the dramatic writer, who afterward served under him as his private secretary: "There was something extremely brilliant and more than commonly engaging in the person, manners, and address of the Earl of Halifax. He had been educated at Eton, and came with the reputation of a good scholar to Trinity College [Cambridge], where he established himself in the good opinion of the whole society; not only by his regular and orderly conduct, but in a very distinguished manner by the attention which he paid to his studies and the proofs he gave in his public exercises of his classical acquirements. He was certainly, when compared with men of his condition, to be distinguished as a scholar much above the common mark. He quoted well and copiously from the best authors, chiefly Horace. He was very fond of English poetry, and recited it very emphatically, after the manner of Quin, who had been his master in that art."

Lord Sunbury at an early age found himself occupied with the duties and cares of a landed proprietor and married man. In 1739, for example, the death of his father put him in possession of the family earldom and estates, and, on the 9th of May, in that year, at the age of twenty-two, he married a "virtuous and exemplary lady," Annie, daughter of William Richards, Esq., on whose succession to the estates of Sir Thomas Dunk, of Tonge, in Kent, the young earl assumed the surname of Dunk. It was to the credit of Lord Halifax's heart, that, on the death of his father, and his own marriage with the heiress of Tonge, he availed himself of the opportunities which those events afforded him of making provision for his sisters, who had apparently been left with but indifferent maintenances. His married life, during the time it lasted, seems to have afforded him all the felicity which he had perhaps anticipated.

"His family, when I came to him," writes Cumberland, "consisted of his lady, with whom he lived in great domestic harmony, and three daughters." "In the lord of the house I contemplated a man regular in his duties, temperate in his habits, and a strict observer of decorum; in the lady, a woman in whom no fault or even foible could be discovered, mild, prudent, unpretending." Of the earl's three daughters, at this time children in the nursery, the two eldest, Ladies Anne and Frances, died unmarried; while the youngest, Lady Elizabeth, married John, Viscount Hinchinbroke, afterward fifth Earl of Sandwich.

Lord Halifax was still a young man when, on the breaking out of the Scottish Rebellion in 1745, he testified his loyalty to the reigning family of England by raising a regiment to oppose the advance of Prince Charles Edward into England. Of this regiment it may be mentioned that he was not only suffered to assume the command of it, though a civilian and under the age of thirty, but that the appointment was subsequently regarded as entitling him to rise to the rank of major-general, to which he was advanced on the 6th of March, 1755, and to the rank of lieutenant-general on the 7th of February, 1759.

But it was not in the military, but in the civil service of the state, that Lord Halifax earned for himself the distinction which entitles him to a place in these pages. The first civil appointment held by him under the Crown was as president of the Board of Trade, the duties of which office he discharged during the long interim between the 1st of November, 1748, and the 21st of March, 1761, apparently to the satisfaction, not only of his colleagues, but of the public. "Lord Halifax, who now presided at the Board of Trade," writes Horace Walpole, "was fond of power and business, was jealous of his own and country's honour, encouraged and countenanced plans and lights for preserving and extending our trade and dominion in that hemisphere [America], and, as much as he could, counteracted the supineness of the administration."

His contemporary, Lord Chesterfield, also bears valuable testimony to the "parts, application, and personal disinterestedness" of his brother earl. "I am persuaded," writes Cumberland, "he was formed to be a good man; he might also have been a great one; his mind was large, his spirit active, his ambition honourable. He had a carriage noble and imposing; his first approach attracted notice; his consequent address ensured respect. If his talents were not quite so solid as some, nor altogether so deep as others, yet they were brilliant, popular, and made to glitter in the eyes of men; splendour was his passion."

In the meantime, Lord Halifax had had the misfortune to lose the exemplary and devoted wife who for thirteen years had alike exercised a salutary influence over her more impulsive lord, and had rendered his home a happy and an honoured one. Lady Halifax died in 1753. "Lady Halifax," writes Cumberland, "was not endowed by nature with shining talents or superior charms of person. She did not aim at that display which conciliates popularity, nor affect those arts which invite admiration. Without any of those brilliant qualities which, whilst they gratify a husband's vanity, too often endanger his honour and his peace, the virtues of her heart and the serenity of her temper were so happily adapted to allay and tranquillise the more impassioned character of her lord, that every man who knew his nature could not fail to foresee the dangers he would be exposed to when she was no longer at his side."

On the 6th of October, 1761, Lord Halifax was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a post in which, from his taste for splendour and the grace of his person and address, he was eminently qualified to shine. His administration, indeed, lasted too short a time for the fair exercise of his abilities and accomplishments, but, on the other hand, it afforded him a favourable opportunity, of which he availed himself, of displaying his disinterestedness. It was, for instance, not a little to his credit that when, during his viceregency, the Irish Parliament added four thousand pounds a year to the salary of the lord lieutenant, Lord Halifax, while he accepted the boon on behalf of his successors, refused, though in very embarrassed circumstances at the time, all participation in it on his own account.

On the 19th of June, 1762, Lord Halifax was appointed first lord of the admiralty, a post which he filled till the 1st of January, 1763, when he was superseded by his former schoolfellow, George Grenville, whom he replaced as secretary of state. It was in this latter capacity, after having held the seals for only a few months, that it was either his misfortune or his fault, as the case may be regarded, to sign the memorable general warrant for the arrest of Wilkes and the seizure of his papers. Lord Halifax held the seals till July, 1765, when, on the formation of the Rockingham administration, he retired from office. On the 26th of February, 1770, on the accession of Lord North to the premiership, he was nominated lord privy seal; and was again, on the 22d of January the following year, appointed secretary of state, which post he continued to fill till a few months before he died. Lastly, it may be mentioned that, in addition to having enjoyed these successive appointments, Lord Halifax had been honoured with the Order of the Garter, and enjoyed by the favour of his sovereign the rangership of Bushy Park.

Unfortunately, during the last few years of Lord Halifax's life, his conduct had presented a painful contrast to the amiable light in which it fell to our lot to represent him at an earlier period of his career. Such, indeed, of his friends as, after Lady Halifax's death, had predicted that evil times would fall upon her lord, had proved only too correct in their surmises. Infatuated by the charms of an extravagant mistress,[1] as well as yielding to other equally unworthy temptations, the conduct of this gifted statesman became in middle life signally and even painfully changed. "His profusion in building, planting, and on a favourite mistress," writes Walpole in 1763, "had brought him into great straits, from which he sought to extricate himself by discreditable means. He aimed at virtues he could not support, and was rather carried away by his vices than sensible of them." Again, the same authority writes in 1765: "Lord Halifax had been guilty of worse corruption: he and his mistress had sold every employment in his gift." The reflections of Richard Cumberland, on the closing career of his former patron, are suggestive even of greater delinquency than is conveyed in the direct accusations of Walpole. "I never," he writes, "knew that man, whose life, if circumstantially detailed, would furnish a more striking moral and a more tragical catastrophe. Nature endowed him liberally with her gifts; fortune showered her favours profusely upon him; Providence repeatedly held forth the most extraordinary vouchsafements! What a mournful retrospection! I am not bound to dwell upon it. I turn from it with horror."

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[1] Miss Falkener, an actress. In a letter to Horace Walpole, George Montagu speaks of her somewhat bitterly as his cousin's "singing woman," who lies in his bosom and "freezes it against all his family."

"Lord Halifax," writes Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany, on the 7th of May, 1771, "has a violent yellow jaundice;" the result being that in less than five weeks from the date of this letter he died. Lord Halifax, writes Walpole, in recording the event, "had outlived the reputation of parts which in his youth he had been supposed to have, his fortune, and his constitution; the latter of which he had destroyed by drinking, and his fortune by waste and deliberate neglect." Lord Halifax expired on the 8th of June, 1771, in his fifty-fifth year.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, author of the exquisite ode, "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," was the only surviving child of Philip Gray, a money-scrivener of London, by Dorothy Antrobus, sister of Robert Antrobus, a fellow of Peter House College, Cambridge, and an assistant master at Eton. The house in which the poet's parents long resided stood on the site of what is now No. 41 Cornhill, London, and in this house, which afterward became his own by inheritance, the poet, on the 26th of December, 1716, first saw the light. In after life, the thought of that early home must have been replete with many mournful memories. There he had seen the life of a patient and beloved mother constantly embittered by the cruelties of a brutal husband; there, too, one young brother or sister after another, amounting to no fewer than eleven, had been hurried to the grave by the same ruthless disorder, suffocation produced by fulness of blood. He himself would have shared the fate of his brothers and sisters but for the presence of mind of a courageous mother, who, in one of the most dangerous paroxysms of her child's complaint, opened one of his veins with her own hand, and thus saved his life. No wonder, from this and from other tender considerations, that the love which Gray bore his mother amounted almost to devotion. To her he was not only indebted for his life, but probably for all the nobler and better qualities which did honour to his nature. To her, moreover, unassisted by his father, he was indebted for the liberal education which enabled him to become famous.[1] "Gray," writes his friend and biographer, Mason, "seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh."

From Eton, where Gray had the advantage of being brought up under the eye of his maternal uncle, Robert Antrobus, he removed, in 1734, to Peter House, Cambridge, carrying with him a well-merited reputation for classical erudition and taste. Here, however, unhappily, the delicacy of his constitution, the life of literary seclusion which he imposed upon himself, and his indifference to the manly sports and social pleasures which absorbed those around him, appear to have early exposed him to certain "impertinencies," as he styles them, on the part of his fellow undergraduates, to which he more than once alludes in his correspondence.

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[1] Gray's mother, it would appear, with the help of one of her sisters conducted a milliner's establishment, independent of her husband.

Justly or unjustly, they charged him with effeminacy; at the same time holding him up to ridicule by bestowing on him the offensive appellation of "Miss Gray." At all events, his habits and those of the majority of the young men around him were widely dissimilar. "I think," writes Cole, "I heard him say he never was across a horse's back in his life."

Undervaluing and caring little or nothing for the study of mathematics, Gray's time at the university would seem to have been principally occupied in improving the graceful scholarship of which he had laid the foundation at Eton; in the study and analysis of history; in mastering a knowledge of modern languages; and in rendering himself familiar with the higher literature of his own and of other countries. With the exception, moreover, of an occasional translation from Statius or Tasso, Gray's poetical flights at this time appear to have been confined to Latin composition. Of these, the well-known examples are his "Luna Habitabilis," printed in the "Musæ Etonenses;" his "Hymeneal on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales," his "Sapphic Ode to Mr. West," and his version of the "Care, salve, beate," of the Pastor Fido.

In the year 1738, at the age of two and twenty, Gray removed from Cambridge to London, with the intention of joining his friend, Richard West, in the Inner Temple, and with him preparing to make the bar their profession. An invitation, however, which he about this time received from his friend and former schoolfellow, Horace Walpole, to accompany him in a classical tour through France and Italy, held out temptations too powerful to be resisted; and accordingly, early in the spring of 1739, the two young men set out together on their projected expedition. Unfortunately, however, it was an intimacy which, when tested by too close familiarity, was unlikely to remain long unruffled. Walpole, for instance, was gay and thoughtless, while Gray was sensitive and retiring. The pursuits, moreover, of the former were at this time disposed to be light, if not frivolous, while all the tastes of the latter were tinged by classical severity. Again, in case of their visiting different foreign courts, as was apparently their present intention, there was the fear that the wide difference which existed between their relative social positions might engender unpleasantnesses between the two friends. Walpole, for example, as the son of the Prime Minister of England, was certain to be favoured and flattered; while Gray, as the scrivener's son, was liable to be mortified by a corresponding amount of inattention, if not neglect. At all events, much heartburning awaited Gray, while much dissatisfaction with his friend was in store for Walpole. "We had not got to Calais," writes the latter, some time after Gray's decease, "before Gray was dissatisfied; for I was a boy, and he, though infinitely more a man, was not enough so to make allowance.[1] Hence am I never mentioned once with kindness in his letters to West. This hurts me for him, as well as for myself. For the oblique censures on my want of curiosity, I have nothing to say. The fact was true. My eyes were not purely classic; and though I am now a dull antiquary, my age then made me taste pleasures and diversions merely modern." Nevertheless, during nearly the whole of the two ensuing years, the travellers would seem to have consorted together on tolerably harmonious terms. Of the route they had pursued in the meantime, little more need be said than that after a sojourn of about two months at Paris, and another of three months at Rheims, in Champagne, they left Geneva behind them, and journeying by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, proceeded thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence, which latter place would seem to have held out no lack of attractions to both. So charmed, indeed, were they with the society and hospitality of the British envoy, Sir Horace Mann, with whom they passed three of the winter months, that, after having devoted a portion of the following summer to visiting Rome, Naples, and the newly discovered ruins of Herculaneum, they returned to the city of the Medici, and there resumed their residence for another eleven months.

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[1] Gray was ten months older than Walpole.

It was at this period that at length the seeming good-fellowship between Gray and Walpole was brought to an abrupt end. They had quitted Florence in the month of April, 1741, with the intention of being present at the fair at Reggio, and of afterward proceeding to Venice, when unfortunately at Reggio the rupture took place between them which had probably been long since expected by their friends in England. At the time, it should be mentioned, that Mason published his "Life of Gray," Walpole was still living, and accordingly it was, doubtless, out of regard for the feelings of the survivor, that Mason refrained from then communicating to his readers the whole of the circumstances of the quarrel as had then come to his knowledge. A more recent biographer of Gray, however, the late Mr. Mitford, has since filled up the chasm. Walpole, it is affirmed, being curious to learn in what colours he was depicted by Gray to their common friends in England, so far forgot what was due to his honour as to open one of his friend's letters, an act of social turpitude which, from what we know of Gray's character, we may safely assume that it was not in his nature to condone. Moreover, admitting this to have been the immediate cause of their disunion, there had obviously occurred other irritating incidents in which Walpole may not merely be presumed to have been in the wrong, but in regard to which he had at all events the magnanimity to enjoin Mason to "charge him with the chief blame."

"The quarrel between Gray and me," he once observed, "arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraints of the university, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, while I was for perpetual balls and plays. The fault was mine." To Mason Walpole entered into still further details. "I am conscious," he writes, "that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions; nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the indolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one, whom presumption and folly made me deem not my superior then in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently. He loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior; I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating; at the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it, — he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider, till we became incompatible."

At all events, at Reggio the two young men parted company; Gray, on his part, wending his way to Venice, whence, pursuing nearly the same route as that which he had formerly traversed with Walpole on their way to the south, he returned, through Italy and France, to his own country, which he reached in the month of September, 1741. Once only the poet deviated from his direct course; not, indeed, in search of diversion, but in order to feast his eyes for the second time on the wild and magnificent scenery which surrounds the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny; this being the interesting occasion of his having inscribed in the album of the fathers his "Alcaic Ode," commencing so exquisitely:

"Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;

Quâm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem."

The arrival of Gray in London was followed, two months afterward, by the death of his father, who, though his income is said to have been much diminished by improvidence, nevertheless left behind him sufficient means to enable his gifted son to pass through life without entailing on himself the labour and anxieties of a profession. Moreover, his widowed mother, in whom all his warmest feelings were at this time centred, he had the satisfaction of seeing comfortably settled with a maiden sister, under the roof of a third sister, Mrs. Rogers, in the retired village of Stoke Pogis, about three miles from Eton;[1] Stoke henceforth, be it observed, became, year after year, more and more intimately associated with the name and genius of Gray. Here, as long as his mother lived, he continued to pay her long and frequent visits; here, if he did not actually compose, he was probably inspired by his first conceptions of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," and the ode, "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College;" here, in the ancient mansion-house of the Huntingdons and the Hattons, he laid the scene of his "Long Story;" here, in a vault in the churchyard, which she had caused to be constructed in her lifetime, his mother lies interred; and here, in the same narrow home, as enjoined by his last will, the remains of the poet himself were eventually laid.

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[1] She had also the advantage of the society of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Antrobus, who now resided at Burnham, also near Eton.

About seven months after the death of Gray's father, another blank was created in the poet's existence by the loss of his amiable and best-beloved friend, Richard West, under the sad circumstances related in a preceding memoir. Gray had, in the meantime (1742), settled himself at Peter House College, Cambridge, where, in order to gratify his mother, he took his degree in civil law, and where — induced by the comparative narrowness of his means, and by the convenient access which the university afforded him to its valuable libraries — he decided on seeking society and a home. Here he resumed that course of deep and multifarious study which, as Sir James Mackintosh has observed, rendered him, with the exception of Milton, the most learned of our poets; and here he matured that refined classical taste which lends to his poetry a splendour of finish unsurpassed by any other composer of English verse. "Perhaps," writes the Rev. W. J. Temple to Boswell, "Mr. Gray was the most learned man in Europe; he was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening."[1] In addition to these accomplishments, Gray was a thorough master of heraldry; his skill in zoology and etymology was extremely accurate; and lastly, not only was his taste for music — which was "formed on the study of the great Italian masters who flourished about the time of Pergolesi" — said to have been exact, but he was himself a performer on the harpsichord; singing occasionally, though "not without solicitation," to his own accompaniment upon that instrument, with great taste and feeling.

The principal events, whether of literary or of every-day interest, which, after Gray's reëstablishment at Peter House, occurred from time to time to diversify the even tenor of his existence, may be narrated at no great length in the following order of date as they occurred.

In 1742, not long after he had written his ode, "On the Spring," Gray composed his ode, "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College;" the publication, however, of both of these poems being, for some reason or other, deferred till after several years had passed over the poet's head.

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[1] Temple's character of Gray has been frequently printed. It appeared for the first time in print in the *London Magazine* for March, 1772.

An event of a different sort of interest was Gray's reconciliation to his former friend, Walpole, which, after having been somewhat ungraciously assented to by the former, took place in 1744, — three years after their rupture at Reggio. "When matters" — writes their common schoolfellow and friend, Cole, in his MSS. — "were made up between Gray and Walpole, and the latter asked Gray to Strawberry Hill, when he came, he without any ceremony told Walpole that he came to wait on him as civility required, but by no means would he ever be there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had totally cancelled."

In 1747 Gray ventured on his first essay in print by the publication of his ode on Eton College, the cold reception of which by the world probably occasioned more vexation to the diffident poet than he would willingly have admitted even to the most sympathising friend. Nor was this the only trouble which befell him about this period; the destruction by fire of his house in Cornhill, some months afterward, entailing upon him much and inconvenient expense. "The house I lost," writes Gray to his friend, Wharton, "was insured for £500, and with the deduction of three per cent., they paid me £485. The rebuilding will cost

£500, and the other expenses, that necessarily attend it, will mount that sum to £650." "I give," runs the poet's will, "to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth, perfumer," etc. As late as the year 1824 the house, it would seem, was still occupied by a perfumer.

In 1749, five years, it is said, after he had commenced the composition of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," Gray prevailed upon himself to commit that beautiful poem to public criticism. Happily its reception by the public proved to be far more cordial than that which had been accorded to his ode on Eton; Gray himself being among the first to express astonishment at the rapidity of its sale, which he modestly attributed to the plaintive and affecting nature of the subject, rather than to any extraordinary merit in the poem itself. "Soon after its publication," writes Mason, "I remember sitting with Mr. Gray in his college apartment; he expressed to me his surprise at the rapidity of its sale; I replied:

"'Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

He paused awhile, and taking his pen, wrote the line on a printed copy of it lying on his table.

'This,' said he, 'shall be its future motto.'" Mason, however, reminding him that Young had already appropriated the line as the motto to his "Night Thoughts," Gray at once altered his intention.

In March, 1753, Gray had the misfortune to lose his beloved mother, a loss which he tenderly commemorated as follows on her tomb in Stoke churchyard:

> "Beside her friend and sister,
> Here sleep the remains of
> DOROTHY GRAY,
> Widow; the careful tender mother
> of many children; one of whom alone
> had the misfortune to survive her.
> She died March XI., MDCCLIII.
> Aged LXXII."

During the two next years Gray would seem to have been unusually assiduous in his homage to the Muses, or, if we may use the phrase applied to him by Walpole, he would seem to have been "in flower." The fragment of his "Ode to Vicissitude" is conjectured to have been written in 1754; a portion of his magnificent poem, "The Bard," was certainly composed in 1755; and the same year he is supposed to have written his ode on "The Progress of Poesy." His age was still only thirty-nine; yet already we find such premature bodily infirmities as are more commonly the penalties reserved for a more advanced age and the consequences of self-gratification, pressing hard upon the abstemious scholar. Already, for instance, in his letters and private diary of this time, we discover, in the listlessness and depression of spirits, the sleepless nights and feverish mornings, which he there records, the approaches of that hereditary complaint, the gout, which had previously occasioned the death of his father, and which, after a few more years of periodical suffering and depression, was destined to prove fatal to the poet himself.

Gray had now been more than twenty years a resident at Peter House, when there befell him certain unpleasant circumstances, which, lightly as they have been regarded by his brother *dilettanti*, were, to use his own expression, "as an era in a life so barren of events as his." He had during many years past, it would seem, ceased to be persecuted by those "impertinencies" on the part of the under graduates of the university, of which we have seen him complaining at an earlier period of his university career, when, in 1756, so intolerable became the annoyance to which he was subjected by a repetition of them, as to decide him on shifting his quarters from Peter House to Pembroke Hall. "Mr. Gray, our elegant poet and delicate fellow commoner of Peter House," writes the Rev. John Sharp, "has just removed to Pembroke Hall, in resentment of some usage he met with at the former place. The case is much talked of, and is this: he is much afraid of fire, and was a great sufferer in Cornhill. He has ever since kept a ladder of ropes by him, soft as the silky cords by which Romeo ascended to his Juliet, and has had an iron machine fixed to his bedroom window. The other morning, Lord Percival and some Petrenchians, going a-hunting, were determined to have a little sport before they set out, and thought it would be no bad diversion to make Gray bolt, as they called it; so ordered their man, Joe Draper, to roar out 'Fire!' A delicate white nightcap is said to have appeared at the window; but, finding the mistake, retired again to the couch. The young fellows, had he descended, were determined, they said, to have whipped the Butterfly up again." The truth of this story, it may be mentioned, is fully borne out by Cole in his MS. notes to Mason's "Life of Gray."

But unpardonable as were the rudenesses to which Gray was at this time exposed, they must, we fear, be admitted to have been in a great degree provoked by his own personal affectations, and by a certain supercilious assumption of superiority which characterised him in his intercourse with persons whom he either disliked or whom he was indifferent to please. Those, indeed, who had enjoyed his intimacy knew him to be warm and steadfast in his friendships, as well as humane, upright, and benevolent; while, on the other hand, the casual sufferer from his cold manner and pretensions perceived in him but the proud, exclusive man of letters; affecting a morbid abhorrence of the slightest tendency on the part of others to coarseness or vulgarity; effeminate in his tastes and habits, and foppish in his dress. "There is no character," writes the Rev. W. J. Temple, "without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was affectation of delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had in some degree that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Congreve. Though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement." Nor was it in regard to his personal habits and appearance alone that Gray's fastidiousness was accustomed to manifest itself. "Mr. Gray's chamber windows," writes Cole, "were ever ornamented with mignonette, or other sweet-scented herbs and flowers, elegantly planted in china vases, as were other parts of his room, in which the utmost neatness and delicacy prevailed, as well as in his person."

It may here be mentioned that, with the exception of a small etching of Gray by Mason, no faithful likeness of him seems to exist. "His person," writes Cole, "was small, well put together, and latterly tending to plumpness."[1] "Gray," said Walpole, "was a little man, of very ungainly appearance."

In July, 1757, rather more than a year after the poet had been driven from Peter House, we find him visiting London for the purpose of negotiating the publication of his noble odes, "The Bard" and "The Progress of Poesy." "I found Gray in town last week," writes Walpole; "he brought his two odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first fruits of my press." The result was the issue of a thousand copies from Walpole's newly established printing-press at Strawberry Hill; the further result, however, scarcely being attended with the brilliant success which Gray's admirers had probably expected would follow publication. The warm encomiums, indeed, which these poems elicited from many competent and eminent judges, including Mason, Warburton, Hurd, and Garrick, were doubtless gratifying enough to Gray, yet, on the whole, their reception by the public at large seems to have been somewhat cold and unappreciative. Before the close of this year, however, the death of Colley Cibber placed the poet-laureateship at the disposal of the lord chamberlain of the hour, William, Duke of Devonshire, by whom it was offered to Gray with the especial and flattering privilege of holding it as a mere honorary sinecure. Gray's pride, however, rebelled against succeeding to a post which of late years had been too unworthily filled not to have been brought into discredit, and accordingly, acceptable as its emoluments would doubtless have been to him as an addition to his little fortune, the offer was declined.

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[1] According to Cole, "his print before Mason's life of him is horrible, and makes him a fury."

In 1759 the opening of the British Museum, and the enticement which it held out to him of consulting the treasures of the Harleian and Cottonian collections, tempted Gray not only to revisit London, but to remain there for three years. Usually, according to his friend, Nichols, "Gray, when he came to town, lodged in Jermyn Street, St. James's, at Roberts's, the hosier, or at Frisby's, the oilman; toward the east end, on different sides of the street."[1] On the occasion, however, of this more protracted visit in 1759, the poet took up his abode in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, in a house previously occupied by Doctor Warton, and possessing the advantage of being situated in the immediate vicinity of the museum.

In 1762 Gray, by the advice of his friends, applied, but applied in vain, to Lord Bute, then first lord of the treasury, for the vacant professorship of modern history at Cambridge. The successful candidate for the post was Mr. Brocket, tutor to Sir James Lowther.

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[1] "In London, when I knew him there," writes Mr. Nichols, "he certainly lived very little in society. He dined generally alone, and was served from an eating-house, near his lodging, in Jermyn Street."

But for the want of space, it would be interesting to accompany the poet on a tour which, in the summer of 1765, he made through the wild and romantic districts of Scotland, a tour which, in his charming letters, he has himself so admirably described. "His account of his journey, so far as it extends," writes Doctor Johnson, "is curious and elegant; for as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events." Part of the summer of 1766 was passed by Gray on a tour in Kent, and of 1767 on a visit to his friend, Doctor Wharton, in the north of England.

In 1768 Gray was cheered by a smile of Fortune, which, had it shone upon him earlier in life, would probably have relieved him from many a painful struggle against the unavoidable necessities of an inadequate income. The professorship of modern history at Cambridge, which had been refused to him by Lord Bute in 1762, having again become vacant, it was, by the personal favour of George III., bestowed, apparently unsolicited, upon Gray. The salary attached to it was £300 a year. To his friend, Mr. Nichols, he writes on the 3d of August, 1768: "On Wednesday his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say that his Majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant professorship. On Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day at his levee I kissed his hand. He made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because everybody that goes to court does so; besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said." To Mason, Gray also writes that the king's language to him was "very gracious." Gratified, however, as Gray evidently was at the flattering reception accorded to him by his sovereign, there was at the same time entailed upon him by his visit to court an amount of annoyance, occasioned by his being squeezed and stared at, which seems to have been almost too much for the endurance of the sensitive poet. "Sir Egerton Brydges informed me," writes Mr. Mitford, "that when Gray went to court to kiss the king's hand for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride which he expressed to some of his intimate friends in terms of strong ill humour." [1]

The following year, on the occasion of the election of the Duke of Grafton to the chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, Gray, prompted by gratitude to his Grace, composed his installation ode, or "Ode for Music," which, on the 1st of July, 1769, was performed in the Senate House at Cambridge. In this poem occurs the beautiful stanza — unsurpassed in sublimity by any passage in Gray's poetry — in which, as Hallam observes, the founders of the University of Cambridge are made to pass before our eyes like shadows over a magic glass.

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[1] It appears to have been the opinion both of Horace Walpole and of Cole, the antiquary, that the person to whose recommendation Gray was indebted for his professorship was his friend Mr. Stonehewer, at this time private secretary to the Duke of Grafton. There seems to be little doubt, however, that this graceful tribute to genius emanated from the king himself.

> "But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
> With solemn steps and slow,
> High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
> And mitred fathers in long order go:
> Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
> From haughty Gallia torn,
> And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
> That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare,
> And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
> The rival of her crown and of her woes;
> And either Henry there,
> The murdered saint, and the majestic lord,
> That broke the bonds of Rome;"

and, radiant above these, the holy foundress of Christ's and St. John's Colleges:

> "Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
> The venerable Margaret see!"

So soon, it may be mentioned, as the ceremony of the installation was at an end, Gray set out from Cambridge on that interesting tour through the lake districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland, of which his letters to his friend, Doctor Wharton, contain so faithful and graphic an account.

But, in the meantime, not only had the poet's constitution betrayed signs of increased impairment, but, about the month of July, 1775, on the 2d of which month his will bears date, he was attacked by an illness which, though he so far recovered from it as to be able to carry into execution a projected autumnal tour in Wales, nevertheless left him, as it had found him, a prey to his old assailants, gout, depression of spirits, and an incurable cough. In May, 1771, he again visited London, probably with the object of obtaining superior medical advice, where, finding himself worse instead of better, he yielded to the recommendation of his physician, Doctor Gisborne, by removing from Jermyn Street to the freer air of Kensington. Here he appears to have remained till July, at the beginning of which month Gray and Walpole met for the last time. "He called on me," writes the latter from Paris, on the 11th of August, "but two or three days before I came hither: he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his stomach; but I expected his death no more than my own; and yet the same death will probably be mine." Once more, after Walpole's arrival at Paris, he received a letter from his early friend; a letter, by the bye, which, considering how little we know of the religious opinions of Gray, contains expressions of no ordinary interest. "He must have a very strong stomach," writes the poet, "that can digest the *crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks in France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England; Shakespeare, for example, I believe, had several to his own share. As to the Jews, though they do not eat pork, I like them, because they are better Christians than Voltaire."

When Gray, after his expedition to London, returned to Cambridge, it was with his health apparently so much improved by the air of Kensington, as to justify a project which he had formed of proceeding on a visit to Old Park, near Durham, the residence of his friend, Doctor Wharton. The intention, however, was destined never to be carried into effect. He was at dinner on the 24th of July, in the hall of his college, when he was seized with nausea, which compelled him to retire to his own apartment, and which, on the arrival of medical advice, was pronounced to be gout in the stomach. On the 29th he was attacked by convulsions, which returning on the 30th with increased violence, on that day, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, he expired. According to the authority of his friend, the Rev. James Browne, master of Pembroke Hall, who attended him in his last moments, the poet, though aware of his danger, and sensible almost to the last, expressed "no visible concern at the thought of his approaching death." "He retained," writes Cole to Walpole, "the use of his senses to the last, but gave proof of their decay a day or two before his death, which was not unexpected, as he told his cousin, 'Molly,[1] I shall die!' The decay I mentioned was this. Seeing the master sitting by him, he said, 'Oh, sir, let Doctor Halifax or Doctor Haberden be sent to.' He certainly meant for physical assistance. Now, Doctor Halifax, the king's professor of law, and his acquaintance, is a divine, and no physician. He gave another proof, some few days before his death, of his apprehensions of it; for being on his couch when Professor Plumptre and Doctor Glynn were consulting about him in the room, giving the master the keys of his bureau, he told him where to find his purse, and to bring him some gold to fee the physicians, which he did with his own hands, and very cheerfully asked them, 'Well, gentlemen, what must this complaint of mine be called, after all?' 'Certainly,' answered the professor, 'the gout in the stomach; but, however,' added he, 'don't be uneasy, as we make no doubt to drive it thence.' When he told the master where to find the purse, he said, 'And, master, if there should be any occasion for it, you will find something else in the same drawer,' — meaning his will, — which was all he said on the melancholy subject." [1]

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[1] Mary Antrobus, to whom he bequeathed his house in Cornhill.

Gray's remains, as has already been recorded, were interred in Stoke churchyard, in the same grave with those of the mother whom he had reason to love so well.

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[1] Doctor Browne was joint executor to Gray, with Mason, the poet.

END OF VOLUME I.

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